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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,  
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## Poetry.

### Barbara Frietchie.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cold September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.  
Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep—  
Fair as a garden of the Lord.  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,  
On that pleasant morn of the early fall,  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—  
Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.  
Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.  
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Blow'd with her fourscore years and ten;  
Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down:  
In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.  
Up the street came the rebel train,  
Stout and Jackson riding ahead.  
Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced, the old flag met his sight.  
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.  
It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with steam and gash.  
Quick as a flash, from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the sicken scarf;  
She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.  
"Shoot if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.  
A shroud of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;  
The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deeds and word:  
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head,  
Dies like a dog!" March on!" he said.  
All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet:  
All day long that free flag tossed  
Over the heads of the rebel host.  
Its folds rose and fell  
Like loyal winds that loved it well;  
And through the hill gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.  
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raid no more.  
Home to her! and let a tear  
Fall for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.  
Ove Barbara Frietchie's grave  
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!  
Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round this symbol of light and law;  
And over the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!  
—Atlantic Monthly.

## Select Literature.

### HYPOCHONDRIA.

The malade imaginaire is, by many, supposed to be more the object of ridicule than of sympathy, but that is a mistaken view; the sufferings of the hypochondriac are as intense as those produced by acute disease; nor are the subjects of this malady always confined to sedentary or enfeebled patients, or those of secondary employments, but it attacks them, of strong constitutions and of active habits and exercises.

One of the most celebrated barristers that Connecticut has ever produced, possessed of vigorous health of body and mind, was, in the prime of his life, often attacked by paroxysms of disordered spleen, which caused him to summon his family physician at the dead of night, under the apprehension that he was about to die.

This practitioner was a great humorist, and was generally successful in dissipating the attack by exciting his patient to a violent fit of rage, either by contradiction or ridicule, and then to cool him off by degrees until by some stroke of pleasantness to produce a fit of laughter.

The late Dr. W., of New York, who, for a long time, practiced physic and surgery in Connecticut, adopted this mode of cure, and had many obstinate cases, which required extraordinary remedies whenever his pharmacy was unsuccessful. One of these was a woman between thirty and forty years of age who lived some two miles distant from his residence, and who had, for some time, been bed-ridden, and who, not unfrequently, would cause him to be summoned at midnight with the alarming news that she was about to expire.

It was in vain that he endeavored to convince her that her disease was chiefly imaginary, and if she would rouse herself to exertion and take exercise, her distressful feelings would pass away. To all such expostulations she would reply that the experiment would produce certain death; that her strength was exhausted, and that she was incapable of locomotion.

After one of these paroxysms of unusual duration, and an exhortation of more than ordinary vehemence, the doctor was departing, when the husband of the sick lady followed him to the door, and, in doleful accent:—

"Doctor," said he, "can nothing be done for poor Sally? She is an awful sufferer."

"You have heard me," he answered, "often tell her that exercise and active employment are the only remedies. If you would call in one of your neighbor's wives and have her dressed, and then, whether she will or no, take her into a wagon and drive a couple of miles; at first, slowly, and the next day repeat the experiment for twice that distance and at greater speed, she would grow better from day to day, and would be well in a month."

"Lord, doctor," replied the husband, "I shouldn't dare to do it. I should have the whole neighborhood on my back, and be charged with the design of killing her."

"Well," said the doctor, "she must be forced out of bed by any means, and the next time she sends for me, I will find some expedient to effect it."

It was not a week afterward, just as the doctor was sitting down to dinner, that the husband came post-haste in great consternation, and begged him to hasten to his wife, who was worse than ever, and he was afraid she would die before he could get home.

The doctor ordered his dinner to be delayed for an hour, and his gig to be sent for him, and stepping into the wagon was driven full speed to the dying woman.

"Well, doctor!" she languidly said, "you are come to see the last of me."

The doctor felt her pulse, and found that nothing new ailed her; and to her question if he could think of no remedy, replied that he knew of none better than to dress herself and go into the kitchen about her business.

"O dear! O dear!" sobbed the patient; "it would kill me outright."

"Nonsense!" said the doctor; "you are as able to do it as your neighbor here, whom you are keeping from her family; and, as for dying, you are likely to outlive your poor husband, whom you are worrying to death by your foolish whim-whams."

"But, doctor," said the good-natured husband, "can't you think of something to help her?"

"Yes!" he answered; "bring your hatchel and put it into the bed, the teeth toward her, and get a bushel of chestnut burrs, and spread them over her."

At this singular prescription the husband laughed, and the nurse followed his example, while the patient impatiently exclaimed:—

"Oh, you barbarous man! to try to make my husband murder me! And you cruel creature!" she said, turning to her mate, "to laugh at such a horrid idea; and I think you, Miss Hopkins, might have had more pity than to snicker at it; but I see plain enough that you all want me out of the way," and then she gave vent to her anger in tears. Meanwhile the doctor departed.

A fortnight afterward, he was standing in his doorway, when a woman, on horseback, came cantering briskly up the road, and, reining to the door, nimbly sprang from the saddle, and stood before him. It was his moribund patient.

"Lord, madam!" he exclaimed; "are you alive?"

"Yes!" was the answer, "alive and like to be, and I am come to thank you for curing me."

"Well," said the doctor, taking her hand, and leading her into the house, "I am heartily glad to see you; but how comes it that you are so well? Did your husband try my prescription?"

"No!" she replied, laughing; "but the very thoughts of those chestnut burrs did the business. But I'll tell you the whole story; and seating herself, she began:—

"A little while after you left the room, John came in.

"Well, Sally," said he, "the doctor has gone, and he says he won't come and see you any more."

"I'm glad o'at," said I; "I'd rather die than ever see his cruel face again."

"You needn't do that," said I, as spiteful as could be; "folks that laugh at dying people ar'n't of much account, any way."

"Oh, very well," she answered; "the next time I'm wanted, you'll have to send twice for me," and off she went in a huff.

John soon after set out for the village, and I was left to myself. I lay a spell fretting and fuming; at last I thought I would dress myself and go to mother's, who you know lives about half a mile off, and die there. So I got ready and began the journey, thinking it was as likely as not I should drop on the road. The lane was shady, and there was a soft breeze blowing, and it seemed to me that every breath I drew gave me new strength. I made but one stop, sitting on a stump, about half way, and got safe to mother's.

"Laws, Sally!" said she, as I opened the door, "who could have thought of seeing you here? and how well you look!"

"Well, indeed!" said I, "when there may not be half an hour's life in me! John's come to town and left me all alone, and I'm come to die here."

"Oh, no, Sally, you mustn't think so,"

said mother, as she kissed me till I cried; "but you are in a fine perspiration; you must lie down and rest, while I get tea ready."

"So she led me into her bed-room, and as she was spreading the quilt over me, and fixing things, I up and told her of the hatchel and the chestnut burrs, and I'm blest if she didn't laugh as loud as John did.

"O mammy! how can you?" said I, bursting out again.

"Well, I won't," she said; "but then the idea was so funny."

"Then she kissed me again till I stopped crying, and went to get tea.

"I lay a spell thinking; at last I fell asleep; and such a quiet nap, of a couple of hours, I had not had for years; at last mother woke me up. She had made a pot-full of her old lysion, and broiled a young chicken; her bread and butter is always excellent; and as I sat down, she helped me to chicken. At first I thought I could not eat a bit; but I picked and picked, until I cleared my plate and handed it back more before; and such a delicious meal I never made before.

"Mother pressed me to stay all night, but I'd got over my pet with John, and thought he would be alarmed if he should happen to come home in the night and find me gone, and off I started for home, and reached it without stopping. I got into the house, and into bed before the folks came in from the fields, and soon fell asleep, and didn't wake until day was breaking; then up I got and went into the kitchen, just as Jerry had built a fire and hung the kettle over. He was almost scared out of his senses at seeing me.

"I set about making a nice Johnny-cake, and breakfast was nearly ready when John drove up. He was amazed when he came in and saw me busy.

"What, Sally! are you up?" he said, in a fright.

"Yes, and doing, as you see," said I, laughing. "Folks that are threatened to be smothered in chestnut burrs ar'n't apt to be caught napping."

"He had how'd for a second or two.

"Why, Sally! you are yourself again," he said, as he came up to me with tears in his eyes. I took him round the neck, and met his kiss.

"I hope I am," said I, as I burst out in a crying.

"All that was soon over. After breakfast I went over and made it up with neighbor Hopkins. I grew stronger from day to day; and there isn't a happier couple in the town than John and I."

Another case was that of a farmer about forty years old, who lived in another direction. This person supposed himself in the last stage of a consumption, without any of the attendant symptoms; and insisting that he was wearing away from day to day, he had abandoned all labor, and passed the greater part of his time in a recumbent position. The doctor tried reasoning and expostulation to rouse him to exertion without effect, and contented himself with giving him some simple pills, whenever he was summoned to attend him, which was generally two or three times a month.

One day the doctor was sitting at a window of his office which overlooked the road, when he perceived a horse and gig approaching at a slow pace; and, when in his gradual progress they had come near enough, he descried his patient, who at length arrived and stopped at his door, and, seeing the doctor at the window, he beckoned him to approach.

The doctor soon was by his side, urging him to alight, which he declined, on account of his extreme debility.

"Doctor," he said, "I want some more pills, and all my people being out at work, I got my neighbor over the way to harness my horse, and help me into the gig, and I have come after them myself.

Being again pressed to alight, as it would take a long time to compound the medicine properly; and all appliances and assistance being offered, he made shift to get out, and leaning heavily upon his supporter, was ushered into the house, and placed on a bed in a room upon the ground floor, while the pills were being prepared.

The room was a rod or two from an orchard, where a neighbor who owned it had shut up a donkey, which was braying sonorously to the surprise and annoyance of the sick man. The pills were, after some time, forthcoming, and when produced:—

"Doctor," said the patient, "what in nature is that critter, which makes such an awful noise?"

"That is the animal which we read of in Scripture, which kings and priests used to ride—the ass," was the reply.

"You don't say so!" said the astonished invalid. "I should like, of all things, to see it."

"Well," said the doctor, "come with me, and we will go into the orchard and examine it."

"I could not do it, to save my life," was the answer.

"Oh, yes, you can. Take my cane and let me support you under the left arm, and we can easily manage it," said the doctor.

The proposition was rejected, until a full blast of the assine trumpet excited the curiosity of the invalid and he was induced to try the experiment.

The beast was haltered, and tied to an apple-tree just within the gate, and was feed-

ing on one of the hay cocks which were scattered through the field, and they were soon beside him.

"Well, I never! Is this the real ass of the Bible, and can anybody ride him?" asked the sick man.

The doctor answered in the affirmative, and seating his companion on the hay, detached the halter, and throwing his leg over the donkey, trotted back and forth.

"Does he go easy?" inquired the invalid.

"Just try him?" said the doctor, "while I lead him on a walk."

After many protestations of impossibility, the sick man was induced to mount, and by the assistance afforded, was fairly seated, and the animal led round the hay cock two or three times at the slowest possible pace; when suddenly the doctor slipped the halter from the ass's head, and snatching up his cane, applied it vigorously to the other end of the animal, and started him off at full speed, while his astounded rider was belaboring:—

"Whoa! stop him! stop him!" with all his might.

The doctor being fleet of foot followed on, and by proper application kept the donkey in brisk motion, notwithstanding the supplications of the rider to stop him. He at length got into a furious passion, and passed from prayers to menaces.

"Oh, darn your skin!" he vociferated, "if I could get off I'd give it to you! Stop him! stop him! I tell you!"

Still the cane descended, till finally the temper of the ass was also aroused, who suddenly planted his forefeet, came to a stand, and pitched his burthen over his head on to a mass of hay. Up jumped the furious invalid, and clutching the cane which the doctor had purposely dropped, he started in pursuit of his tormentor, who maneuvered so as to keep him in motion; suffering him to get almost within striking distance, then bounding beyond his reach, dodging round one apple-tree after another, until the pursuer, out of breath, threw himself prostrate on the grass and gave up the chase.

The doctor eyed his patient, who lay panting, until he burst into an uproarious fit of laughter; then, thinking that it was safe to approach him, he came forward.

"Come, neighbor," he said, "the play is over; let us go into the house."

"One minute more," the patient said, and then went off into another cacophonous fit, which ended, he arose and taking the doctor's arm, walked back to the office.

"You seem to be in a perspiration," said his conductor.

"All over," was the reply; "my shirt is wringing wet."

The host then produced a change of linen, and helping his patient to strip, he rubbed him dry with a coarse towel, and putting him to bed, he brought him a tumbler of gin toddy, and left him to repose.

He soon fell asleep, and was suffered to slumber for a couple of hours, when his outer garments having been dried, he was awakened, dressed, helped into his gig, and he departed homeward, as slowly as he arrived.

The next day the doctor's shirt was returned with a message that Mr. A.—was no worse; which was construed that the experiment had been successful.

Nothing farther was heard from the invalid until the fall harvest, when the doctor having occasion to pass his farm, saw him in his rye-field, busy with all his hands.

"Halloo! neighbor A.," said he; "you seem to handle that sickle pretty lively!"

"Ah, doctor, is that you?" replied the quondam sick man.

"By the way you work," said the doctor, "those last pills I gave you must have done you good."

"Rot the pills!" was the reply. "I ha'n't touched one of 'em. No, that's that ride on the jacks, and that race after you that cured me. Perhaps the rubbing down and the gin toddy helped a little. After I left you, I was jogging on, holding in the mare, who was in a hurry to get home, thinking what awful ridiculous figure I cut on the back of that critter, when I snorted out a laughing, which so startled the mare that she went off on a round trot, and I let her go, thinking that a fellow who could chase another round a ten-acre lot wasn't so mighty sick after all. So next morning I began to stir about, and by degrees I've got to be what you see me, and thanks to you, I can hold my own with any reaper in the field."—Home Journal.

A PLEASANT PRINCELY VISIT.—On the visit of the Prince of Wales to Dean Clough Mills, (says an English exchange,) a pleasing incident occurred in the vast chamber filled with a congregation of gaily busy at their work. As the Prince entered, no more notice was taken of him than of any other individual. The girls drove their trade, and fixed their threads most unconcernedly, but from end to end of the room a song was heard, spread around the machinery—heard everywhere—perceptibly coming from nowhere. It was Brinley Richard's song, "God bless the Prince of Wales." The effect of this subdued but perfect harmony, amidst all the bustle and life of the busy scene, was extremely touching, and highly relished by the Prince and his companions.

Forget not the day of small things.

## In Meum Sanctum Sanctorum.

Unruffled now is my ardent breast,  
That so oft with passion burneth,  
For I have left the vague unrest  
That the world to Hades turneth.  
I do not hear the angry din  
That tells of foes to battle come,  
For I am cloistered now from sin  
In meum sanctum sanctorum.

No incense wreathes round Mammon's shrine,  
From censor I swing piously;  
No grudging palm is clasp'd in mine,  
No eyes look on me enviously.  
I am alone—yet not alone,  
For here are friends, whose converse dumb  
Gives to my mind harmonious tone,  
In meum sanctum sanctorum.

The hoary Sage, from antique town  
That breathes an air of mystery;  
The youthful Poet—bud unblown—  
Singing of Love's blest ecstasy;  
Old school men's verse and essays proud—  
To each well known—forgotten some—  
Come at my will and round me crowd,  
In meum sanctum sanctorum.

Then Churchman, Warrior, Poet, Sage,  
Beset these hearts that I may learn  
These truths and fancies that engage  
The wise in heart, whose deep concern  
Outlives life's durance, when no more  
I may, world-weary, bither come  
To feast upon thy precious lore,  
In meum sanctum sanctorum!

R.

Woburn, July 20th, 1863.

WORKER AND CHILDREN.—I have seen scores of women leave school, leave their piano, and drawing, and fancy work, and all manner of pretty and pleasant things, and bury themselves. You hear of them about six times in ten years, and there is a baby each time. They crawl out of the farther end of the ten years sorrow, and wrinkled, and lank—teeth gone, hair gone, roses gone, plumpness gone; freshness, vivacity, and sparkle, everything that is dewy, and springing and spontaneous, gone, gone, gone, forever.—This our Tract Society book puts very prettily. "She wraps herself in the robes of infantile simplicity, and burying her womanly nature in the tomb of childhood, patiently awaits the sure coming resurrection in the form of a noble, high-minded, world-stirring son, or a virtuous, lovely daughter. The nursery is the mother's, chrysalis. Let her abide for a little season, and she shall emerge triumphantly, with ethereal wings and a happy flight."

But the nursery has no business to be the mother's chrysalis. God never intended her to wind herself up into a cocoon. If He had, He would have made her a caterpillar. She has no right to bury her womanly nature in the tomb of childhood. It will surely be required at her hands. It was given her to sun itself in the broad, bright day, to root itself deep and firm in the earth, to spread its self wide to the sky, that her children in their infancy and youth and maturity, that her husband in his strength and his weakness, that her kinsfolk and neighbors and the poor of the land, the halt and the blind and all Christ's little ones, may sit under its shadow with great delight. No woman has a right to sacrifice her own soul to problematical, high-minded, world-stirring sons, and virtuous, lovely daughters.—Gail Hamilton.

RELIGIOUS COURTESY.—A young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text—Second Epistle of John, verse fifth—"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth—"Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, who have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face, that our joy may be full." From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

TEMPER AND THE VOICE.—The influence of temper upon tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing, as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exist amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many an index to the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments may be, seldom fail to please; besides which, the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their mind.

COLORS AND THE VOICE.—It is stated that the Haytien Minister's rebuff of certain colored brethren in Washington has rendered the black people there very indignant.—When they called upon him he had them shown out the back way.

## A Bachelor's Reverie.

Fifty to-day! Fifty; little chance now of my having a wife, and a house full of "little responsibilities," as Fanny Wright calls them. Heigho! I'm getting to be—no, not a "middle-aged gentleman," for I've been that, any time the last ten years; no, I'm a gentleman declining in years, and may advertise for a housekeeper without giving a handle to scandal to make free with my character. Twenty-five years ago, and I should have afforded the man who foretold this; that I should be sitting this day in an armchair, newspaper in hand, breakfast before me, one foot on a cushion, and only one cup and two eggs on the table. Newspapers are stupid things; I'd much rather chat over my morning meal.—Why the deuce am I not married? Nobody makes tea fit to drink now; and the toast never comes up to me hot. What capital tea Lucy Smith used to make. Poor Lucy! I wonder what made me think of her? People said Lucy and I would certainly make a match; and so we should, I suspect, if it hadn't been for that cursed cousin of hers. I'm sure she would have married me if I had asked her; but I kept putting it off, and putting it off day after day, and he—cut me out, and he banded to him. I was a young gentleman, then, and thought I could marry whenever I liked. They went away to the west, and got rich; he's a member of Congress, and she has grown fat, and rides about in her carriage, with two or three grown-up daughters; pretty girls, too, as I'm told, but they'll never be like their mother. I've a ribbon of hers, that she used to wear round her slender waist, and I bribed her little brother to steal for me, with the loan of my fowling-piece; and sometimes, when it rains, and I feel sentimental, I take it out of my writing-desk, and look at it awhile, and think I'll throw it into the fire—but I don't though, and there it is yet in the secret drawer with my mother's picture, and the last lock of my own hair. They make capital wigs, now, by the way; nobody seems to suspect that my curls are not the natural crop.

Lucy used to say that my hair was beautiful, and I'm almost certain she cut off a lock once, when I was asleep on the sofa. I wonder whether she lost any of her splendid teeth, when she stood out so prettily well, but they're going. Pardon me, said hers would last a long time, and he ought know. I must go to him, and get him to make me a couple of new ones. What shall I do with myself to-day? I've given up business, and made money enough to last me my time. I've no one to leave it to when I'm gone. Where's the use of going on adding dollar to dollar, and acre to acre, unless one has children to set up? Nine marriages in the paper to-day! Nine husbands and nine wives created since yesterday morning. I dare say they'll all have young sprouts—say four apiece on the average; that's thirty-six little mouths to be stuffed with bread and butter, and seventy-two little feet to buy shoes for, and two hundred and eighty-eight little fingers to wash and keep clean! No fool of a job that for the nine papas and mammas! I was always remarkably fond of children.

There is a newly-married couple moved into the house over the way, on purpose to plague me, I do believe; they seem to be very fond of each other, and dreadfully happy. There's a gig comes to the door every afternoon, and he hands his wife into it so carefully, and she smiles at him so brightly as they drive off, that I'm almost tempted to wish they might break their necks before they come back. That's a nice-looking girl that has come to stay with them during the honeymoon; she's the bride's sister, or something, I dare say; the prettiest foot and the most roguish eyes I've ever seen—except Lucy Smith's. I wonder if she's engaged to be married; I don't see any very suspicious young men come to the door, and— But what the deuce is it to me whether she is or not? I'm an old bachelor, and must go down to the grave without leaving any one to cry for me. I should like, though, to see the girl nearer; it's easy enough to get introduced into the house, and though I'm too old to marry, there's no reason that I know of, why an old fellow like me, shouldn't do the polite thing to a new-comer into the neighborhood.—I've a new coat coming home, that, my artist says, will make me look fifteen years younger—rather impertinent, by the way. And I'm not so amazingly old, after all. When I sat down to breakfast, I felt rather bluish, and thought myself quite a Methuselah. Poh, no such thing; I can walk as briskly as ever—almost—I can ride, sing, dance, no, I'd better leave out the dancing; but what of that? I'm a good-looking, middle-aged man, tired of living alone, and hang me, but I'll make one more try for the ring, if I die for it. There's a pretty girl over the way, and I'll send over a basket of grapes with my compliments.

NEWSPAPERS POISONOUS.—It is a dangerous matter now-a-days to "chew paper wads." A little boy was made dreadfully sick in Philadelphia from chewing some pieces of a journal printed on Belgian paper. All sorts of trash are now used in paper-making since the reign of high prices, and the rags used for blanket-making have spread a fatal disease in Philadelphia.

COUNTERFEIT VIRTUES are often a more popular currency than the genuine. A primrose is not necessarily prim, nor a prudent prudent. Martyrs have hung at the stake as a tea-kettle sings over the fire. Crochets are very well in a music-book, but bad in people's heads. Many a woman would rather have a foul ulcer in her soul than a pimple on her nose. Mean souls, like mean pictures, are often found in good-looking frames. In love, all men are fools alike, just as in a dark room they are all of one color. Socrates, being asked the way to honest fame, said, "Study to be what you wish to seem." Human nature is so constituted, that all see, and judge better, in the affairs of other men than in their own. A woman is very likely to keep her first lover a long time, unless she happens to find a second. "Can't you trust me, Mr. Butcher, for a little meat this morning?"—"No, you owe me for that already on your bones."

SLEEPING AT CHURCH.—Dr. A., of Cambridge, was once rather embarrassed by an occurrence in his congregation. An insane man, who had received a public education, and was strongly attached to the doctor, had observed in the forenoon of a warm summer Sabbath, that several of the congregation slept in time of sermon. To prevent the recurrence of the evil in the afternoon, the maniac, having filled his bosom with wind-falls from a neighboring orchard, posted himself in a convenient station in the side gallery, the front being occupied by the college students. Presently, after the service commenced, he observed one asleep, and gently disengaging his hand from his bosom, he aimed its contents at the head of the sleeper. This occasioned some disturbance, but when it subsided, a second sleeper's head was pelted with an apple. The preacher observing the occasion of the disturbance, requested his insane friend to desist. "Dr. A.," said the maniac, "mind your preaching, and I will keep the dogs awake." It will scarcely need to be remarked that for some time there was less inclination to sleep in the audience than usual.

UNBURNING THE LADIES.—At the Urania Theatre, Berlin, all ladies are required to take off their bonnets before entering the theatre to take their places. This provision has been found necessary, since, owing to the present fashion prevailing in that article of female attire, it is almost impossible for a person sitting behind a lady with her bonnet on to see what is going forward on the stage.—At a theatre in Paris, the same end has been attained by placing printed bills containing the following announcement:—"All young and handsome ladies are politely requested to take off their bonnets. All others may keep them on."

MISS BETSEY L. CANBY, a teacher of contrabands at Newbern, North Carolina, writes home that she has a negro pupil, a man, ninety-six years of age. He came to learn his alphabet, that, before tasting death, he might enjoy the pleasure of reading his Bible, and thereby appropriate its sublime consolations for the few remaining days of his earthly pilgrimage.

VALUABLE CATS.—We hear (says an English paper) that a young man, who is about to start for the New Zealand diggings, is making arrangements for the transport to that place of about one hundred cats. It would appear, by the last accounts from that quarter, that cats are worth from one to five pounds sterling each.

A \$250 HAT.—Panama hats are getting to be all the rage in London. The gentlemen are vying with each other as to the quality and cost of their crowns coverings. A hatter in the West End of London, taking advantage of the prevailing fashion, tickets a hat in his window at the moderate figure of fifty pounds.

A beautiful woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to cover herself with a green veil, or any similar abomination, than the sun has to wear green spectacles.

SLEEPY WORK.—A Mrs. Winkworth has succeeded in sealing the mighty C of the Alps. While on the top the lady worked a pair of slippers for Mr. Winkworth.

A gentleman had occasion to advertise for a cook, and, among other applications, was one from a "young lady" of the profession, enclosing her "carte de visite."

It is not our criminal actions that we require courage to confess, but those that are ridiculous and foolish.

Men and women have become extinct; they died sixty years ago, and left no heir! Ladies and gentlemen have usurped their places.



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A WEEK, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .50  
Each subsequent insertion, .37  
One square one year, 10.00  
One square six months, 6.00  
One square three months, 4.00  
Half a square one year, 6.00  
Half a square six months, 4.00  
Half a square three months, 3.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, inserted, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

33-1/2 advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.  
Stoneham—E. T. WHITTIER.  
Winchester—J. H. HOVY.  
Reading—J. E. D. GLEASON.

E. M. HUTTON & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Southey's Building, Court street, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL, circulated largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of non PAYMENT due at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit directly to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1863.

## Conventions.

The Third District Republican Council Convention, was held at Concord, yesterday. Hon. George M. Brooks, of Concord, presided. Thirty-eight cities and towns were represented by two hundred and four delegates. On motion an informal ballot was taken for Councilor with the following result: Whole number of votes, 214; necessary for a choice, 108. James M. Shute, of Somerville, had 111. James M. Usher, of Medford, had 103. A motion to nominate Mr. Shute by acclamation was lost. A formal ballot was then taken with the following result:

Whole number,	216
Necessary for a choice,	109
James M. Shute, had,	112
James M. Usher, "	104

On motion of Mr. Usher, Mr. Shute was nominated unanimously. The convention was well attended and very harmonious, and was speedy enough to make it interesting.

## The Middlesex County Convention.

The Middlesex County Convention was held at Concord, yesterday, immediately after the adjournment of the Councilor Convention, Hon. James M. Usher, of Medford, was chosen Chairman, and Charles Field, of Charlestown, and J. O. Russell of South Reading, Secretaries. The committee on credentials reported forty-one towns represented by two hundred and twenty-one delegates. Mr. J. H. Tyler of Cambridge, was nominated for Register of Probate and Insolvency by acclamation. On motion a formal ballot was taken for candidate for County Commissioner with the following result:

Whole number of ballots,	224
Necessary for a choice,	113
Leonard Huntress of Tewksbury, had,	176
George W. Colburn of Braintree, "	48

On motion, the nomination of Mr. Huntress was made unanimous.

## FATHER KEMP'S CONCERT.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 7th, Father Kemp, with his popular concert company, will give one of their entertainments in Lyceum Hall. Tickets on this occasion will be only 15 cents. Doors open at 7, concert to commence at 8 o'clock, precisely. Their fame will ensure them a crowded house.

## ACCIDENT.—A son of Mr. Jonas P. Barrett,

eight years of age, was run over yesterday by a butcher's cart, the wheels passing over his head and arm. The child was badly bruised but not dangerously, no bones being broken.

## PROMOTIONS.—Second Lieut. Theophilus

F. Page, of North Woburn, Co. H, 28th Reg. Mass. Volunteers, has been promoted to First Lieutenant, vice Fleming promoted. His commission is dated May 29th. Lieut. Page entered the service as a Corporal in the 2d Mass. Regt., and has worked his way up to his present position.

## Corporal Benjamin S. Cutter, of this town,

Co. E, 16th Mass. Regt., has been promoted to Sergeant.

## A new lot of Photograph and Auto-

graph Books, Portfolios and Bibles, is for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

## THE CANYANS IN OHIO.—One of the most

powerful speeches of the present canvass in Ohio was made by U. S. Senator Ben Wade at Marietta, Ohio, Sept. 24th, before a vast audience. We quote his appeal to young men as applicable to other localities:

I see also the young men of this region before me. Let me entreat you to beware how you commit yourselves in this issue. You have all of your manhood life before you. You are full of hope, and bright anticipation gladdens your hearts. The gateway to honor is wide open before you, and already you imagine the prize of distinction within your grasp. Think now how much depends upon the first step you take. This is no ordinary election in which you can safely give a careless vote. Your flag, your country, your all is at stake, and your vote in October will brand you indelibly if you should be unfaithful to your glorious Constitution and the sacred flag of your country.

## FATAL ACCIDENT.—Last Tuesday evening,

a sad and fatal accident occurred on the Woburn Branch Railroad, near the depot. The facts appear to be as follows:—As the train was here at 7 o'clock, was approaching the depot, and just as the engine and baggage car had been switched off, the former by some means got upon another track, and the forward truck of the baggage car followed on the same track with the engine, but the hind truck got upon another running parallel for a short distance with that on which the engine was. It run in this way until the tracks diverged so far as to render further progress impossible without greater displacement, and the link connecting it with the engine was broken and it stopped when opposite the engine house, and rested crosswise of the track.

The passenger car following, ran into the baggage car. It was at this juncture an accident happened to two of the passengers, who were standing, as is customary, on the platform of the forward car. These persons were Thomas Hickey, of the 16th Light Artillery, who recently enlisted, and James Gibbons, both of this town. The former had both his legs badly crushed near the ankle. Dr. Harlow was immediately in attendance, and upon examination considered it best to have him removed to the Mass. Gen. Hospital, which was done as soon as the cars could be got ready. At the hospital, both legs were amputated as the only apparent means of saving his life, but at four o'clock Wednesday morning death released him from his sufferings. Mr. Gibbons had one of his legs broken in two places. He was attended by Dr. E. Cutter, and though badly hurt his case looks favorable for recovery. Both men, it seems more than probable, received their injuries when the cars met, and not by being thrown from the car.

The cause of the accident was not very clear, but was supposed to be in a spring switch that doubtless was out of order. Apparently the accident was one of those things which human foresight cannot always guard against, for on no road in the State is greater care taken to insure the safety of passengers than on the Lowell and its branches. This accident ought to warn passengers against standing on the platform of the cars until they reach the depot, for had this simple precaution been observed on the occasion in question, no accident to life or limb would have happened.

A Coroner's Jury was summoned in Boston to elicit the facts in the case, and after examining the circumstances returned the following indefinite verdict:—

"That Thomas Hickey came to his death at the Mass. General Hospital, on the 30th day of September, 1863, from injuries received by being thrown off a car on the Woburn Branch of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, near the depot at Woburn Centre."

## STILL ANOTHER ACCIDENT.—Yesterday

forenoon, a woman, sixty years of age was killed while walking on the track of the Lowell Railroad, near Lowell.

## AND YET ANOTHER ACCIDENT.—Railroad

accidents seem to be plentiful hereabouts. This morning the cars run through the end of the depot on account of having too much headway on and the chain controlling the brakes snapping asunder. Some of the passengers were thrown down rather unceremoniously in the cars and somewhat bruised. Luckily no one was seriously injured. One car was badly broken at both ends.

## PERSONAL.—Private Charles T. Parks, of

this town, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., arrived home this week on a furlough of fifteen days, from the hospital at Philadelphia, in which he is acting as nurse.

## Henry E. Goodell, of this town, who was

arrested a short time ago as a deserter, has been sent on to his Regiment—the 16th,—and is now sick in the hospital.

## SOME POTATOES.—Mr. C. G. Hawkins has

shown us quite a curiosity in the shape of a potato to which is attached ten others, all weighing twenty-two ounces. It was raised by Joshua Harnden, near Billerica line.

## A UNION SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION

will be held in the Orthodox Church, Woburn, next Thursday afternoon, at one o'clock. A large attendance is anticipated. In the evening a meeting for all the Sunday School children in town will be held.

## NEW WATCHMAN.—Mr. M. L. Richardson

has been appointed by the Selectmen, Watchman in place of E. Simonds and J. B. Stowers.

## An interesting letter from Co. K, 30th

Mass. Regt., is unavoidably omitted this week. Also "L. L." and "M. L. M.'s," favors.

## WM. WELLS BROWN will deliver a lecture

in the Baptist Vestry, on Monday evening. The public are invited.

## The box of clothing recently sent by

Mr. G. R. Gage to the Rangers, arrived at its destination in good season and condition.

## The Carriers of Woburn and vicinity

held another meeting in the Town Hall, Wednesday evening, at which a new scale of prices was decided upon.

## A heavy grand jury recently met in

Burlington county, New Jersey. Of the whole twenty-four men the lightest weighed 210 pounds. One weighed 284 pounds, another 276, one 266, and two each 260 pounds. Eight of the number weighed over 250 pounds. The aggregate weight of the twenty-four was 5866—an average weight of 244 pounds to each man.

## Some of the old men of England are

in an excellent state of preservation. The Dean of Winchester, now in his eighty-eighth year, recently went from his rectory to London, where he baptized his great-grandchild, and returned home to dinner after a morning's journey of one hundred and fifty miles.

## Letter from 6th N. Y. Ind't Battery.

CULPEPPER VA., Sept. 26th, 1863.

DEAR EDITOR.—I snatch a few moments from the inevitable bustle consequent upon a contemplated move to scribble you of our whereabouts and condition. We are camped just without the town of Culpepper and in the immediate vicinity of the reserve artillery. A pleasant open knoll in a glade of the woods contains the pieces while a neighboring apple orchard gleams white with our new shelter tents. Before us runs a dingy red stream of water called Mountain Creek, in our rear a hill which rises to the broad plains of Culpepper now resonant with the locomotives shrill whistle and the rumblings of innumerable army wagons. Culpepper is now the depot for commissariat and ordnance stores of the army of the Potomac. It must have been previously a manufacturing place as several brick factories are still standing. It is much more of a business place than Warrenton yet inferior to the latter in the way of beauty and pleasantness of location. It must seem quite bewildering to the ordinary inhabitants the bustle and turmoil which the little town has suddenly acquired, all its streets echoing to the rattle of huge trains of subsistence stores, the shouts of teamsters, the braying of mules, the clatter of horses, and jingle of sabers and accoutrements. Occasionally a long train of artillery thundering along the streets and shaking the windows in their frames causes the citizens to look forth with renewed wonder at the extent and auxiliary power of the union army.

Since rejoining the brigade, as had been foreseen, we have been pestered with reviews and inspections innumerable by officers of all grades and branches of the service. Twice have we been inspected by Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery, once at Germantown and but two days ago in this place. As I have before mentioned we have received shelter tents to be used in place of the tarpaulin which previously we had been using as tents. A tarpaulin is made of heavy canvas totally impervious to rain, twelve feet by fifteen in dimensions. Our paulin sheltered from six to nine individuals. Their original purpose was to cover the carriages and harness as protection against the weather. At the first inspection by Gen. Hunt orders were given to restore the paulins to their original use and draw shelter tents for the men. We all grumbled but that availed nothing against military authority, and now behold us domiciled together in parties our only cover one thickness of common heavy factory cloth. They look bright, pretty, and picturesque as I had an opportunity of observing a few nights ago while pacing up and down the hillside on guard, viewing their shimmering whiteness beneath the cold moon, but remembrance of their exceeding dampness in a Virginia storm quite immiserable practical.

We moved from Germantown the morning of the 16th and although the distance to this place is only 15 miles it took us two days to accomplish it. Our tardiness was caused by immense wagon trains which blocked the roads for many miles rendering progress necessarily very slow. Crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly Ford on a bridge composed of eight pontoons, passing close by the site of 39th Mass. Vols. camp which they had vacated only that morning. We bivouacked for the night on the plains of Brandy and I was enabled to view the scene of the cavalry fight of June 9th in which our battery was served so roughly.

The next day we made Culpepper and the present camp. During that day's march we passed the residence of John Minor Botts the famous union man. Maj. Robertson halted the brigade and in company with the other officers visited him. He lived (J. M. B.) on a magnificent domain of 9000 acres. His dwelling built in a heavy English style of architecture seemed the abode of all comfort and delightful ease. Doubtless the officers were well satisfied with their visit as they returned with smiling faces and moist moustaches. From Brandy to Culpepper were many traces of Stuart's cavalry, and the edge of nearly every patch of woods showed the remains of their camps.

In this vicinity occurred quite a series of fights immediately upon the withdrawal of Lee's Army from the line of the Rappahannock. Many of the dwellings are deserted and of some there only remains a cellar and a few standing posts to mark their site. The army of the Potomac have had a sufficiently long apprenticeship to be able to totally dismantle a building in the very shortest possible space of time. And in truth it seems a trick well worthy the famous Havelock to see with what dexterity and swiftness a dwelling house and barn is converted into beds, stools, and tables. Only a short distance from here is a little hamlet consisting of a brick dwelling and several wooden cottages. At the retreat of the rebels and approach of our cavalry the inhabitants of the wooden houses all fled to the cellar of the brick dwelling for refuge. Rebel sharpshooters bursting the doors unobserved themselves therein and worried our approaching forces exceedingly. Our artillery was turned upon it and shortly gave it the appearance of a house built of card board. The walls were pierced in many places. An old man and a boy were killed and one female wounded. Some of our fellows upon visiting the house saw the latter, her wound being upon the head. Truly war must be a very pleasant thing to the inhabitants of the country where it is waged!

Yesterday came a sudden order to be ready to move a moment's notice. To-day everything is ready. Train is packed from the caissons and nothing straggled about except for minutely use. We may be compelled to start before I finish this article. The move-in most appears to be to the rear rather than to the front. But in what direction it may be it hardly excites curiosity. Those days have long since passed by for the soldiers of the Potomac army.

It is wonderful how little is done from

honest motive, how much for policy. There has lately appeared in the army of the Potomac a circular in relation to a testimonial for Gen. McClellan. A private's subscription thereto is limited to 10 cts., a captain's \$1. Is it possible that this has been proposed from any good healthy esteem? The general opinion seems to be no. To me it appears like a seeking to destroy the prestige of the government in the minds of the soldiers. The Gov. expressed a plain disapprobation of this man. It does not look much like a good citizen's deed this striving to awaken for him a new popularity. Some hint that this testimonial, instead of lining Gen. McClellan's pocket, goes into the exchequer of the opposition to overthrow the administration that deposed him. Lastways it looks scarcely honest.

## Letter from the Magalloway.

BETHEL, ME., Sept. 18th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR.—My last letter was written in our picket camp, at Lake Parmachene, but as the mail arrangements are somewhat irregular up there in the woods, I could not get it started off for some days after. On the 10th, three of us made an expedition to Little Boy's Falls, seven miles from camp. The day was very fine, we got off about eleven o'clock, A. M. After a row of about four miles up the lake, (our course being nearly North) we entered a beautiful bay or cove about as large as Horn Pond stretching off to the westward between the mountains; passing through this into another which opened from it to the northward, we soon entered the inlet between two long low points covered with a thick growth of Rushes. For nearly half a mile the bed of the river was of white sand. The water was six or seven feet deep and so clear that it seemed as if the boat was floating in the air, this however, was soon changed for swift water and shoals. We now came in to the heavy timber, untouched by the axe of the Lumbermen. Here are many gigantic specimens of old growth, White Pines in all their native grandeur, towering high above the rest of the forest, interesting relics of a bygone age. There are no other varieties of Pines so far North as this. We forced our way three miles farther up, sometimes rowing, sometimes poing and sometimes dragging over the rocks until we entered the large eddy at the foot of "Little Boy's Falls." After trying the fish without success, we landed on the West bank, in among the timber, where we discovered a little bark camp, inside of which on a piece of bark were written the names of Chas. and Mary Whitten, of Winchester, Mass.

The river is about seventy-five feet wide at this place, and is obstructed by some large Slate ledges or rocks over which the water falls about four feet perpendicular, then runs for about thirty rods down over loose stones in the form of rapids to the eddy. This place is five miles from the Canada line, and was the most Northerly point reached by the expedition. There is a very fine pond here on the West side of the river, which at one point comes within ten rods of it and is said to be a famous place for Trout, but we did not try them. After an hour's stay we turned our boat down the stream, and commenced our return which we discovered to be quite a different thing from rowing against the current. We arrived back at camp about four P. M., after a row of 14 miles and found the camp deserted by all except Bennett the guide, the rest having gone down to Wheeler's Camp; but had the consideration to leave us an excellent hot dinner. Perhaps you would like to know what sort of a habitation we live in. It is built to accommodate ten men. There are two stakes seven or eight feet long with a fork at the top, driven into the ground twenty feet apart. Across the tops of these is laid a ridge pole from this are laid rafters of poles only on one side at an angle of about 45 degrees to the ground. The top and ends are then thatched with Fir boughs, leaving the front entirely open to the weather. The ground inside is also thatched with Firboughs for a bed. The fire is built opposite the open front at such distance that as we lay with our heads to the inside, our feet are about three or four feet from the fire. Earlier in the season these camps are usually covered with Spruce or Hemlock bark, and are entirely water proof, but at this season it cannot be stripped from the trees.

On the morning of the 11th, we broke up camp at Parmachene, bade adieu to the beautiful lake, and retired to Wheeler's Camp taking the boats down the rapids as far as the Dam, where we left them and walked the rest of the distance, four miles. We found here three of the party all right with plenty of game. The fishermen came in soon after which we weighed 31 lbs. This is the largest that we have caught. It was taken by Mr. S. H. Dooliver, who caught the first, the last, the largest, and the most Trout. This was the first time since we have been in the woods that the whole party have been together and we celebrated it accordingly. The next morning we took breakfast at four A. M., packed our baggage in the boats, and soon after daylight were off for the settlements. The water in the river had fallen since we came, so much that we could not all go down in the boats, so three men were detailed, one to each boat to bring them down over the rapids for three miles, while the rest walked down through the forest to a log landing, where we met the boats, and after a row of 30 miles arrived at the head of the Assiseco Falls at 6 P. M. Leaving our baggage under a little shed at the landing, until an ox-team could be sent for it, we walked two or one half miles to the settlement. We were received by Capt. Wilson and his family with their accustomed hospitality. Their house is at the North end of the settlement, which is in Township No. 5, Second range in the North West corner of the State, and is the last habitation before entering the wilderness; yet in this obscure hamlet with no advantages of society or of schools we found in Capt. Wilson, his wife, two sons, and two daughters, a refinement and education

that would be an honor to the best circles of Boston. They have a library such as few families in the vicinity of Woburn can boast of. They are very fine singers, and with the assistance of some of our party made the house melodious until the late hours of the night. We remained with them over Sunday, and left on Monday for Errol, N. H., on foot, (sixteen miles). Two of the company rode seven miles to the steamboat landing on a Buck Board (our ambulance). A short distance below we were ferried across the river in a skiff, and trudged on by a cart path to Errol Dam, on the Androscoggin River. The next morning five of the company left for Upton on foot, (ten miles) and the other five procured a two-horse wagon, minus springs, and left for Dixville Notch, where we spent some time in climbing its ragged peaks, thence we drove through Colebrook to the valley of the Connecticut, which we followed down to North Stratford 36 miles, and remained over night. In the morning we took the cars of the Grand Trunk R. R., and came to Shelburne, stopping at Berlin Falls and Gorham. We stopped over one day and two nights at Shelburne, and arrived at this place early this morning. Soon after breakfast, the other detachment of the company, arrived in a wagon from Upton, with the baggage. At 10 o'clock, we are all off for home.

M. M. T.

## Sonnet.

I stood within the city's busy mart,  
And heard the rumble of its myriad wheels;  
I saw its wealth—its wondrous works of art,  
And felt the joy that o'er the spirit steals  
When scenes like this a nation's strength reveal.

But here on fair old Woburn's classic hill  
I watch the golden sun's declining ray  
A gentler element my spirit fills  
As wanes apace September's closing day.  
Spirit of Beauty! at this evening hour  
How dost thou bid unquiet passions cease.  
Spirit of Peace! come with thy soothing power,  
From War's dread carnage bring us sweet release,  
Brood o'er our land, and give unending peace.

ACADEMY HILL, Sept. 30th.

## STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

THE WEATHER.—Did man ever see more pleasant days than we had the first five days of this week? Thomson might have said:—

"When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,  
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,  
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook  
Of parting Summer, a serene blue,  
With golden light enlivened, wide invests  
The happy world. Attempter's suns arise,  
Sweet beam'd, and shedding off through  
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown,  
Below  
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head."

## ACCIDENT.—Last Saturday a sad accident

occurred at the manufactory of Matthew Foley on Fulton St. Mr. F. has recently been putting into his establishment a new boiler. It had been placed in the position it was to occupy and a man of the name of Prince was set at work digging out under it in order to prepare for the foundation. The boiler was shored up properly, as the masterworkman thought, when he directed Prince where to dig, and then left to do a piece of work somewhere else. There were some other workmen in the basement and one of them remarked that he thought Prince was digging where he would let down one of the supporting timbers, and the boiler would fall upon him. Not more than a quarter of a minute afterwards, the support gave way, and down went the boiler, crushing poor Prince into the bank. Seven men immediately rescued him, and on examination it was found that no bones had been broken except his collar bone. He was conveyed to the Almshouse and at last accounts was doing well.

## REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—A very amicable

caucus was held on Thursday evening. Only one feeble voice was heard in censure of the rulings of the chairman, Major L. F. Lynde, and the Major was amply able to vindicate himself. The two wings of our Republican Eagle were both successful, the one getting their men for delegates to the County and Councilor Convention and to the Senatorial Convention, and the other, their choice of delegates to the Representative Convention. The fault finding gentleman was offered an honorable position among the officers of the town organization of the party, but he pleaded bodily weakness and declined.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

INCENDIARISM.—The Solitary Ice House remaining on the borders of Lake Quannawott, was consumed by fire one night some two weeks ago. It was comparatively new, built by Mr. T. D. Loring, and filled with ice by him last winter, though the ice may have passed to another before its destruction. A few minutes past 12 o'clock, on Sunday morning last, a barn belonging to the estate of the late Berrange Yale, was discovered to be on fire. Great anxiety was felt for a while, as the wind was in the right direction to carry the flames to a row of buildings, including several dwelling houses, on the South East. At times the roofs of these buildings were covered with live coals and blackened cinders, which were prevented from kindling to a blaze by the application of water from buckets. The Yale Engine did good execution, playing two streams, one upon the barn, and one upon the "Old Tavern House" so called, which for a time was saved but the barn and contents. This barn was not much used except for storage. Furniture and valuable crockery were belonging to Burrage B. Yale of New York, had been nicely packed and stored there for some time past. The large barn occupied by

Spaulding's Express, and the Shon Manufactory of T. Emerson's Sons, were in close proximity. Engines from Stoneham, Reading, and East Woburn were present but fortunately their services were not required. If the buildings had not been wet by recent rains and heavy dews, it would probably have needed all of them to stop the progress of the flames.

Insurance on the barn for \$200 in the Middlesex Mutual at Concord.

IS IT SO?—It was stated last Sabbath in one of our Sunday Schools that there probably was a place in town where some of the coppers given to children as their weekly contributions in the Sabbath School, might possibly be spent, and never reach the contribution box. The speaker was led to this belief by the following incident. His little son asked him for a cent to buy candy with, "But how do you expect to procure candy on the Sabbath?" interrogated the father, "Oh!" said the lad, "such and such ones buy it on the Sabbath, and so can I." It becomes parents to inquire if there is such a place open on the Sabbath to pick away the pennies of their children for candy; and if so, where is it? And what is also important, for them to know, is do their children visit such a place and spend money given them for other objects?

SEIZURE.—Last Sabbath Mr. E. Downing, of Lynnfield, committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn. He had been absent from his family for several days, and probably returned on Saturday night without making it known to the family. About one o'clock on Sunday afternoon he was found hanging, and to all appearance had been dead for several hours. Mr. Downing was a hard working man, a shoe maker by trade, and in years past had earned \$80 per month with his own hands. He had worked for Capt. Thomas Emerson and his sons of this town for more than 25 years, and probably had made more shoes for that firm than any other man. He was occasionally unsteady in his habits, which caused much unhappiness in his family, consisting of a wife and several children. The deceased was 55 years of age. At the time of the sad occurrence one daughter was sick with consumption and another with fever.

## SOUTH READING BANK.—The Annual

Meeting of the Stockholders of the South Reading Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms at three o'clock on Monday afternoon next, for the choice of Directors and the transaction of any other necessary business. A Semi-Annual Dividend of 3 per cent has been declared, payable on Monday, Oct. 5th.

## HORTICULTURAL.—The Annual exhibition

of the Horticultural Society is in progress at the time of writing. As it is necessary to mail communications for the "Journal" as early as Thursday morning, a proper report cannot be made this week. A notice of it may be looked for in next week's "Journal."

## SCHOOLS.—On Monday, Oct. 5th, and for

the balance of the school year, the public schools, with the exception of the High School, will commence at 9 A. M., and 1 1/2 P. M.

## SINGING SCHOOL.—Mr. I. W. Bailey, leader

of the Congregational Choir, will open a singing school in the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening next. First lesson free.

## CONCERT.—Father Kemp's Old Folks are

to exhibit their musical talents before a So. Reading audience, next Thursday evening.

## We learn that Rev. Edwin A. Eaton, will

deliver a course of lectures in South Reading, in October, on various matters connected with his voyage to Europe. He has spent much time and labor in their preparations; and having listened to the reading of several we anticipate for them the warm approval of the public.

## We are confident that all who listen to the

lectures will be interested and instructed by them. In matter and arrangement they are decidedly unique; abounding in fact, sparkling with anecdote, full of humorous, pertinent, and instructive illustration and remark.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

RELIGIOUS.—The building of the new church edifice for the use of the Baptist Society has become a fixed fact. The sum of \$4000 having been subscribed towards the object, it has been decided to go ahead. The plan of the building is of the Gothic style and was designed by Woodcock and Meacham, Architects, who make this their specialty. The lot of land on the corner of Washington and Mt. Vernon Streets has been purchased, and operations will be commenced as soon as the specifications are drawn up. The Building Committee consists of Rev. Mr. Hinckley, J. A. Woodbury, H. K. Stanton, J. A. Safford and K. W. Baker. It is contemplated to have a Fair at an early day to aid in raising funds for the furnishing of the church inside.

At the Congregational Church last Sabbath morning, Dr. L. H. Gulick who has been for many years a devoted missionary on what is termed the Micronesian Islands, gave an interesting account of these islands of the Pacific, the habits and customs of the native inhabitants, and the difficulties experienced in the efforts to christianize them. He compared their religious belief to that of the Spiritualists of these parts, which he condemned in no unmeasured terms.

In the evening, the Sabbath School Concert which had been postponed on account of the weather two weeks, was observed by a children's service in the meeting house in which the Baptist Society united. On the pulpit facing the children who occupied half of the centre pews, were displayed two large maps of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, while the remainder of the pews were well filled with an attentive audience. Dr. Gulick addressed the children in a very entertaining and instructive manner for about an hour. Born at the Sandwich Islands,

reared in the midst, with the example and instructions of an honored father (Rev. Peter J. Gulick) who is still in the work at Honolulu he was well calculated to labor among this people. He pointed out upon the maps the location of these islands, where he has labored, and portrayed in a vivid style the efforts of the children in this country, and their success in raising money for the building of the "Morning Star," the peculiar duties assigned this vessel, and numerous incidents connected with it. He exhibited various specimens of the costumes, tools and implements, shells and ornaments of the natives and described in a graphic manner their use and the peculiarities of











Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

A Rain Song.

### Select Literature.

## A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

the servant, "but I wish to speak with him when he has a moment on a matter of importance, and cannot wait."

"Mr. L.— came out, evidently annoyed at the intrusion.

"Have you such a person in your employment?" said I, describing him.

"No, sir I have not."

"You had such a person?"

"I have not now."

"Did you discharge him?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"What business is that of your's?" he asked rather huffily.

"My name, sir, is M——, of the police.— I am after this fellow, that's all. Tell me, if you please, why you discharged him?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Mr. L.— "I took you for one of his rascally associates. I discharged him a week or ten days ago. He was a dissipated, good-for-nothing fellow."

"Was he your bookkeeper?"

"No, he was a junior clerk."

"Have you any of his handwriting that you can show me?"

He fumbled in a side pocket and drew out a pocket-book from which he took out memorandum of agreement, or some paper of the sort, to the bottom of which a signature was attached as witness.

"That's his writing," said he.

It was a stiff schoolboy's scrawl.

This was not my man, then. I apologized to Mr. L.— for the trouble I had given him, and withdrew.

Last time, said I to myself. I am on the wrong track. I must back to the eating house, and begin the chase again from the point where I left off. I saw the same waiter.

"I want you to think again," said I. "Try hard to remember whether there was never any other man here with Hawes on any occasion."

After reflecting for a little while, he said he thought he recollected his going up stairs not long ago, with another man, to a private room.

"Did you wait on him yourself at the time you speak of?" I asked.

"No—most likely it was Joe Harris."

"Will you send for him, if you please." Joe Harris came.

"You waited on Mr. Hawes a few days ago, when he dined with another gentleman in a private room up stairs, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was that other man?"

"He is a young man who is clerk in a lively stable in Sullivan street."

"What are his looks?"

"He is tall and light haired."

"Do you know his name?"

"His name is Edgar."

I hurried up to Sullivan street, went into the first lively stable I came to, inquired for the proprietor, and asked him if he had a young man in his stable of the name of Edgar.

He said he had.

"Does he keep your books?"

"Yes, he takes orders for me."

"Let me see some of his handwriting, if you please."

He stepped back into the office and took out of a desk a little order book. I opened it; there were some orders, very hastily written, no doubt, but in a hand almost like beautiful copperplate.

This was my man—I felt nearly certain of it. I asked where he lived, and was told, with his mother, a widow woman, at such a number in Hudson street. I started for the place. It was now nine o'clock. Arriving at the house, I rang the bell. It was answered by a servant girl.

"Does Mr. Edgar live here?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Is he at home?"

"No, sir."

"When will he come home?"

"I don't know."

"Does he sleep here?"

"Sometimes he does, and sometimes he does not."

"Where is he likely to be found? I should like to see him."

She said she really didn't know unless perhaps he might be at a billiard saloon not far off. I went there. A noisy crowd was around the bar. I looked around the room and closely scrutinized every face. No tall, light-haired young man was there. I asked the barkeeper if Mr. Edgar had been there that evening. He said no, he had not seen anything of him for some days. I asked him if there was any other place he knew of that Edgar frequented, and was told he went a good deal to a bowling alley in West Broadway, near Duane street. Not much yet, I thought, as I hurried on to West Broadway. Descending a few steps into a basement, I entered a sort of vestibule or office to the bowling saloon. "Has Mr. Edgar been here this evening?" I inquired of the man in attendance.

"He is here now," was the reply, "in the other room, through that door."

I passed through the door indicated, into the bowling alley, and accosted the marker.

"Is Mr. Edgar here?"

"He has just gone—fifteen minutes ago."

"Do you know where he went?"

"Seems to me some of them took something about going to the Lafayette Theatre."

I am on his track now, I said to myself—only fifteen minutes behind him. I bent my

steps to the theatre—taking with me a comrade in the police service, whom I had encountered as I left the saloon. We hurried on with the utmost rapidity, but on reaching the theatre, found, to my regret, what I had already feared—that the play was over and the theatre just closed.

"You better give it up for to-night," said my companion; "we know enough about him now, and can take up the search again to-morrow."

"It won't do, Clarke," said I. "We have inquired for him in too many places. Stay, I've notion he may be heard of at some of these crystal collars hereabouts."

I went down into one of them, and asked if a tall young man with lightish hair, had been there that evening. Such a fellow with mustache had come in from the theatre with a lady, and had just left. I asked my informant if he knew the lady. She was a Miss Kearney, he answered.

"What? Didn't her sister marry the actor Levison?" I inquired.

"Yes, the same person."

"He lives in Walker street, near the Bowery, I believe?"

"Yes, I think so," replied the man.

I considered a moment. Of course no one could tell me where Edgar had gone to, but I was tolerably certain he had gone home with the girl. Where she lived I did not know, but I thought it probable the actor could tell me. So we started on to Walker street. There are—or were at the time I speak of—several boarding houses with marble steps. "Shall I ask along here?" said Clarke. "No," I answered, "poor actors don't board there, we must look for him farther on." We kept on, and after a little while, we found one that seemed to me likely to be the house we were looking for. I rang the bell and inquired for Mr. Levison. He was gone to bed. It was now twelve o'clock. I desired the man that opened the door to tell him that some one was below who wished to see him immediately. He soon returned, saying that Mr. Levison was in bed, and could not be disturbed, I must leave my business or call again next day.

I thought it necessary to frighten him a little; so I sent up word that I was an officer of the police, and he must come down instantly, or I should go up and fetch him. In a few moments the actor made his appearance, terribly frightened. Before I could say anything he began to pour out such a flood of questions and asseverations that I could not get a word in:

What did I want with him? I had come to the wrong man; he hadn't been doing anything, etc., etc.

"I don't want you," I began—but it was of no use, I could not stop him, his character was excellent, anybody would vouch for him. I was obliged to be more sure what I was about before I roused people from their beds at midnight. His huddled words and apprehensive looks made me suspect there was something wrong with him—but it was no concern of mine then. I seized him by the shoulder, and ordered him to be quiet.

"Don't utter another word," said I, "except to answer my questions, or I'll carry you off and lock you up. I have not come to arrest you. I only want to ask you a few questions. Haven't you a sister-in-law named Miss Kearney?"

"Yes, what do you want with her?"

"I am not going to do her any harm. I only want to know where she lives."

"Oh! she lives in — street?"

"Do you know the number?"

"Goodness, yes; it is number 34. I have boarded there myself until only a little while ago."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I have got a dead-latch key somewhere about."

"The deuce you have! Give it to me, it is just what I want."

"Give you a dead-latch key! a pretty notion! I wouldn't give it to any man—not to all the detective squad in New York."

"Look here, my friend, I am M—, pretty well known in this town. I have a good many opportunities in the course of my business to do people good turns, and not a few to do them ill turns. It is a convenient vocation to pay off scores, particularly to persons of my sort. If you will give me that key, I'll make it worth your while the first chance I have. If you don't, you'll be sorry; that's all."

I gave him a significant look as I concluded. He looked me in the face a minute—as if to see how much I meant, or if I suspected anything; then turned and ran up stairs. In a few moments he came down, and handed me the key. I took it with satisfaction.

"Now," said I, "you'll have no objection to telling me where your sister-in-law's room in the house is."

"Third story, back room, second door to the left from the head of the stairs."

"Thank you, good night."

We walked rapidly to — street, and reaching the house, I stopped a moment to examine my pistols, by the street lamp, and then softly opened the door. Clarke and I stepped in, and I shut the door.

Leaving my comrade in the hall, I crept noiselessly up stairs, and tapped at the door of the room.

"Who is there?" called out a woman's voice. "Open the door," I replied, "and I'll tell you what I want."

"You can't come in. I have gone to bed."

"Oh, well, I am a married man; I'll do you no harm; but you must let me in, or I shall force the door."

After a moment's delay, the door was opened by a young woman in a morning wrapper, who stood as if awaiting an explanation of the intrusion. I passed by her, and, walked to a young man sitting in low chair by the fire, and tapping him on the shoulder, said: "You are my prisoner." He raised his head and looked up. "Why Bill," I exclaimed, "is this you? I have been looking for you all night under a wrong name. If I had known it was you, I'd have caught you in an hour." And so I would.

It is only necessary to say further, that he was the man I was set to catch. I may add, however, that a large amount of the counterfeit notes, and the plates on which they were printed, were secured, and the criminal sent to Sing Sing in due course of law.—*Confederate Monthly*.

A TOUGH STORY.—While crossing the East Boston Ferry on a very foggy morning not long since, I heard the following story from an old down-east farmer, which struck me as about tough enough for the Drawer:

A rather loquacious individual was endeavoring to draw the old man into conversation, but hitherto without much success, the old fellow having sufficient discernment to see that his object was to make a little sport for the passengers at his expense.

At length says loquacious individual:

"I suppose you consider Down East a right smart place; but I guess it would puzzle them to get up quite so thick a fog as we are having here this morning, wouldn't it?"

"Well," said the old man, "I don't know about that. I hired one of your Massachusetts chaps to work for me last summer, and one rather foggy mornin' I sent him down into the meadow to lay a few courses of shingle on a new barn I was finishin' off. At dinner-time the fellow came up, and, sez he, 'That's an almighty long barn of yours.' Sez I, 'Not very long.' 'Well,' sez he, 'I've been to work all this forenoon, and haven't got one course laid yet.' 'Well,' sez I, 'you're a lazy fellow, that's all I've got to say.' And so after dinner I sent down to see what he'd been doing, and I'll be thundered if he hadn't shingled more than a hundred feet right on to the fog!"—Harper.

CONFEDERATE CURRENCY.—A good story is told of a steamboat captain who stopped with his boat at a wood-yard, coming down the river, and who thought to try the pretended loyalty of the owner of the yard by an offer of Confederate money for which the owner of the boat had a good supply. "Will you take Confederate money for your wood?" shouted the captain to the man on shore. "Yes," was the laconic reply. The boat landed, was made fast, and a stage thrown out, when it occurred to the captain to inquire about the rate at which he was to pay. "What do you ask for wood now?" said he.

"What kind of money did you say you would pay in?" inquired the wood seller.

"Confederate."

"Well, then, I want *cord* for *cord*."

A roar from the passengers announced that the captain was sold as well as the wood.

HOW NATURE COVERS UP BATTLE-FIELDS.—I saw on the Bull Run battle-field, pretty, pure, delicate flowers growing out of emptied ammunition boxes, a rose thrusting up its graceful head through the head of a Union drum, which doubtless sounded its last charge (or retreat as the case may have been) in that battle, and a cunning scarlet verbena peeping out of a fragment of a bursted shell in which strange cup it had been planted! Even so shall the graceful and the beautiful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this changing but ever advancing world. Nature covers battle-grounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty soon spring up in the track of devastating campaigns, and all things in nature and society shall work out the progress of mankind and harmony of God's great designs.

A New York editor, in announcing that he is drafted, thus encourages his conscripted brethren:

Why should we mourn, conscripted friends,  
Or shake at the draft's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Abram sends,  
To make us shoulder arms.

A newspaper, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a cotemporary, says:

"He needs no cup; he can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung-hole of a barrel."

A VALUABLE BITE.—The handsome young ladies who recently attended the tables at the Crystal Palace Fair, near London, sold choice cigars to their admirers, and obtained an enormous advance on the common price by simply biting off, first, the end to be placed in the smoker's mouth.

A Chinese boy, who was learning English, came across the passage in the Testament, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," rendered it thus: "We have toot, toot to you; what's the matter if you no jump?"

### Parable for Business Men.

There was once upon a time a man who kept a store, and sold goods wholesale and retail.

And he became melancholy because customers were shy and times were bad.

And he said : Lo ! I am ruined, and the sensation is disagreeable.

And my ruin is the more painful to bear, because it is slow in progress, even as water doth gradually become hotter in the pot wherein the lobster boileth, until the crustaceous creature shrieketh out his soul in anguish.

Lo ! it is better to be ruined quickly than to endure this slow torture.

I will give my money away to the poor man—even to the poorest, which is he who printeth the newspapers ; and I will shut up my shop, and will wrap myself in the sackcloth of desolation, and pass my days in the purlieus of broken banks, cursing the hardness of the times and rending my garments.

And the howlings of Rome shall be as the dulcet sounds of dulcimers and the sound of flutes and instruments of music, compared to the din I will make in the cars of the wicked—even into the cars of the bank directors.

And even as he said, so did he ; for he was not like other men's sons, who are foolish and know it not, and they say they will do so, performing that which is contrary.

For the sons of men are fickle, and he that is born of woman doth spite his face by diminishing the length of the nose thereof.

And lo ! the printer—even he who did publish newspapers—was made glad by the bounty of him who sold wholesale and retail : and he did blow the trumpet of fame respecting that man's dealings from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same.

And he—even the printer of papers—did magnify and enlarge upon the stock of goods which the trader had in his store, and did publish the variety, and the excellence, and the newness, and the cheapness thereof, till the people—yea, all of them, far and near, were amazed.

And they said, Lo ! this man hath gathered from the east and the west costly merchandise and wares of wondrous value—even the workmanship of cunning artificers—and we know it not.

Go to, then. We will lay out our silver and our gold in those things which the printer printeth of, and that which he doth publish shall be ours.

For this man's merchandise is better than the bank notes of those who promise to pay and therein lie, even banks of deposit which beguile us of our money and swindle us like sin.

But the trader was still sad, and he said : The money these people bring me for the goods in my store will I still give to the printer, and thus will I ruin myself ; I will do that which no man hath yet done in my time or before me—I will make rich the printer, whom all men scorn for his poverty, and he shall be clad in fine linen, and shall rejoice.

And the sons of men shall seek him in the market place, and the sheriff shall shun him, and the scoffers shall be rebuked, and shall take off their hats to him that was poor.

And he shall flash the dollars in the eyes of the foolish, and shall eat bank-note sandwiches.

Yea, even shall he light his pipe with railroad scrip, and cast his spittle on the beards of other men.

For I will ruin myself, and he who advertises me shall enjoy my substance.

But lo ! the trading man, even he who sold merchandise, became rich, and even as the unclean beast lieth in the mire, so stirred he not by reason of much gold.

And the people flocked to his store from the North ;

And from the South ;

And from the East ;

And from the West ;

And the printer rejoiced, and his fat did abound.

But the trader could not become poor ; and his melancholy ceased, and the smiles of happiness were upon his face.

And his children did become mighty in the land, by reason of the dollars which many of the people who read his advertisements had poured into that trader's money bags.

CONSIDERATIONS.—How long did Moses lie in the bulrushes ?

He lay his full length.

What animal is there in the clouds ?

Itain, dear.

Wherein lies the difference between a stock broker and a broker's stock ?

One is agent for property, and the other a proper tie for a gent.

Why does a sculptor die a horrid death ?

He makes faces and busts.

Why is a washer-woman a great fool ?

Because she sets out the tubs to catch soft water when it is raining hard.

What five letters form a sentence of forgiveness ?

I X Q Z U.

“ I wonder this child don't go to sleep ” said an anxious mother to a female acquaintance. “ Well, I don't ” replied the lady ; “ its face is so dirty it can't shut its eyes.”

Tongues and sounds are esteemed the best part of codfish, but they are often the worst parts of woman.

*For the Middlesex Journal.*

Thought.

We live to learn. We learn how much there is to learn, and how little there is which we really can learn. Every day as it passes one with another brings new thoughts, new ideas, new perceptions. And this is not only true in regard to all material affairs, but more especially in regard to the ethics of daily life. As early in life one begins to think upon such subjects it is generally the case that the youthful mind imagines distinct lines between good and bad, and between especial temperaments than later obtains in the same mind. A person is esteemed all bad or all good according as his general disposition seems to point and this positive distinction seems to satisfy, neither does the mind appear to question the possibility of a different grading from that which we are accustomed to accept. These distinctions in the youthful mind are as often the result of individual or popular expressions of belief from without as the moral impressions upon the mind itself. What our neighbors, or friends, and the world say is the true value of a person's morality and ability is very apt to influence our own decisions and most especially in youth to constitute the basis of our own belief. Gradually as life unfolds larger fields to our perception or rather unfolds our perceptions themselves we begin to perceive the numerous shades betwixt good and evil, between excellence and inferiority. The old established lines gradually fade and we at length begin to perceive the great graduated system which harmonizes the Universe. We see the little good here that somewhat redeems the evil and there pity the evil that sullies the face of great goodness. We see that even the lowest have some redeeming point, the noblest some fault, and that between these two extremes are many shades of excellence. Truly we cannot help but feel shocked at seeing the immense wickedness of which man is capable and really commits, but a small portion of the world's wickedness is comprised in acts. The thoughts, the intentions of human beings often contains a certain measure of wickedness than is ever perpetuated in performance. Fortunate is he who, rising to a higher perception of life, can at the same time with seeing the bad search out the good, who learning of another's depravity by his frequent acts yet can give him credit for the occasional repentant thoughts and vain yearnings for goodness and innocence, which to him are unattainable. The tenor of a wicked life, is generally self evident, but who shall know the frequent longings, trials, and struggles for a better life which often accompany the lowest in crime but which we only now and then catch glimpses of in some beautiful and unexpected act of kindness or burst of feeling! Then let us not wholly condemn the bad because they are bad in the main, but believe them capable of much good although perhaps it may not at first appear evident upon the surface. For in reality badness and goodness are in the being, and doing only a sometime proof thereof.

So numerous and so nice are the shades betwixt good and evil, that who can draw the line! Is it not correct philosophy then on perceiving any of these mental peculiarities to refrain from precise judgment, taking all things as they are? Only God is judge because he only can see the whole of man's inward life. Man looking only at violated acts can scarcely ever be correct.

Thus these higher and broader perceptions vouchsafed to man with his opening life ought to beget charity. And charity is the only thing which can reconcile man to the revelations which daily come to him of his own humanity. Therefore selfishly, if one were able to reason thus in regard to his feelings and then adopt the result of his reasonings, man should adopt charity, for would it not be for his own spiritual advantage? But man is only too apt to be determined by external evidence. Internal feeling he will allow to be no proof. And yet what inconsistency! What man does not judge himself only by his motives, still allow to another only the benefit of his acts! Truly in judicial judgment we can ask no more than a verdict from the consideration of acts alone, but in the matter of charity does it not become man, who is made in the image of God, to take into consideration something beyond mere acts? For though acts bespeak the preponderance of the mind, yet as in republics the rights of the minority are carefully regarded, so the minority of the mind which is not allowed so frequent proof by act should have its rights as well. That right is charity.

How as one grows into this superior mind-life does the great capacity of humanity for good or evil surpass all former conceptions! The same that is capable of a holiness, a purity of purpose and action, only less than that of Deity itself, is alike capable of a wickedness most appalling. Each day recognizing the many phrases of human life and human purposes we are always happening upon something before unheard and unthought of. And although authors may say there is nothing new under the sun and dilate upon the sameness of human nature the world over dwelling upon usual wickedness and usual worth, still there will always remain depths of the human character as yet unsounded, which in the long ages to come will remain to excite surprise, pleasure, or disgust according as they are gradually brought to the surface. The human mind

even of the shallowest subject possesses intricacies of, and each can only judge of another's capabilities by his own, oftentimes very different. This thought upon thought is the sublimity of thought.

The subject is broad yet we should take heed lest from a broad foundation we should carry the consideration of it to too fine a point. We should beware lest, as some German author has said, thought may become so thinly refined until nothing remains but vague imaginings, like some broad western thoroughfare which gradually degenerates from highway to cartpath, thence to a woodland footpath and finally runs up a tree. The human mind is near enough to its divine constructor in character to present a subject broad enough and deep enough for profound thought or for argument fine drawn to the utmost tenuity. Fortunate then is that thoughtful man who stops short of the fine perhaps that lay beyond human kin contenting himself with the beautiful and useful knowledge to be gathered from a more superficial examination. He saves himself a deal of vexing thought which begets only disquiet. For the subject thus carried out is as baldfather to the one who entertains it as the olden mania of Alchemy and the search for the philosopher's stone.

There are many to whom all these perceptions are denied, or similar to one who in daily life sees certain features yet takes no note thereof and if questioned is quite ignorant, nor do these things constitute a part of daily life yet make no impressions upon their minds. Man is apt to slip along through the ordinary duties and actions of daily life unthinking and unheeding anything but the accomplishment of the object immediately at hand. He does not see, or if he sees to care, that even the most ordinary things have a philosophy attached to them which it is worth enquiring out. And yet it is far from being unpleasant, this looking behind the veil of daily action to see the cause of thought, emotion, impulse, which constitute the inner life. Not that each separate thought can be noted, but that the occasional glimpses of a thought here and one there, and the exercise of the perception necessary to fill the hiatus, make up a pleasure of the highest order.

"The proper study of man is man."

The study of the philosophy of the human mind as shown in its properties and peculiarities is not only productive of much pleasure, but of much lasting benefit. Though it may not beget a trust and firm faith in the Creator, yet to the man who considers carefully it must satisfactorily prove the immortality of the soul. It would be useless here besides being quite trite to go into a lengthened argument to show this proof, for many learned men have already gone over this ground. The design of this article is to state a few facts placing only an index, as it were, to chapters in the book, and all will be accomplished that is designed, if it should lead only one person to the consideration of the chapters which the few remarks may serve as indices. The philosophy of matter seems more generally to attract attention and yet in interest the philosophy of mind far transcends the former.

HOPLITE.

CATELET STATION, VA., Sept. 30th, 1863.

ANECDOTE OF A WASP.—As Dr. Darwin was walking one day in his garden, he perceived a wasp upon the gravel walk, with a large fly, nearly as big as himself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head and abdomen; and then, taking up with its feet, the trunk and middle portions of the body, to which the wings remained attached, fly away; but a breeze of wind, acting on the wings of the fly, turned the wasp round with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again upon the walk, deliberately sawed off again one wing and then the other and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty.

"I wonder this child don't go to sleep," said an anxious mother to a female acquaintance. "Well, I don't reprimand the lady; 'tis face is so dirty it can't shut its eyes."

A fellow, who was being led to execution, told the officers not to take him through a certain street, lest a merchant, who resided there, should arrest him for an old debt.

JOSEPH being rather remiss in his "Sunday school lesson, the teacher remarked that he hadn't a very good memory. "No ma'am," said he hesitating; "but I have got a first-rate forgettery."

A person in Newmarket, New Hampshire, avers that he saw, last Saturday morning, an eel fall from the cloud. He measured eleven inches in length, the eel not being near as large as the story.

Grace Greenwood, in a lecture on children, says, "We know by babies crying for the moon, that Heaven is nearer to them than to us." Mothers should bear this in mind, and not spank the little dears when they cry with such angelic longings.

There is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called "the widows' mite."



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75  
Each subsequent insertion, .50  
One square one year, 10.00  
One square six months, 6.00  
One square three months, 4.00  
Half a square one year, 5.00  
Half a square six months, 3.00  
Half a square three months, 2.00  
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 10 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. Mansfield.  
Stoughton—J. T. Whitte.  
Winchester—Josiah Hovey.  
Reading—L. E. St. James.

S. M. PITTENGER & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to S. M. Pitenger) Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly authorized to receive advertisements for the Journal at the rates specified by us.

To Advertisers.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The Journal circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of ad. printing done at short notice, on reasonable terms and good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1863.

## Old Folks' Concert.

Father Kemp's Old Folks opened the hall for the season at the Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening last. Owing to the extremely unpleasant state of the weather the audience was not so large as we hoped, still the affair passed off very pleasantly. The 22 performers were attired in new costumes and some of them represented distinguished personages. Mr. B. Pierce and Mrs. Kemp personated General George Washington and wife; Mr. H. M. Brown, John Hancock, and Mr. Mansfield, a Boston Dandy of 40 years ago. Father Kemp represented Father Kemp. Well he might. Father Kemp cannot be denied. He is the soul and life of the troupe and without him they could do nothing. Witness the many Old Folks companies that have started and failed. Father Kemp possesses rare tact in this direction, and his energy and go-aheadiveness keep the concern alive. The former part of the evening was devoted to the performance of ancient sacred music in which Old Beisgewater, Easter Anthem and Denmark were the gems. There were interspersed some secular songs by Messrs. Whitney and Hayward, which were well rendered. We like those old-fashioned melodies; they are whole-souled and vigorous; they were efficiently sung. We confess that there is a slight impropriety in introducing secular songs among sacred music. There are extant many sacred songs of classic character which the powerful tones of the Baritone or the flexible voice of the Tenor would have rendered as acceptably. Still we find no fault, as Father Kemp knows best. The intermission was occupied by the exhibition of the costumes in the aisles.

Part-second was filled up with songs and tunes of a lighter character. We were much pleased with Miss Owen's voice in the "Milkmaid." Mrs. Bailey's voice was well brought out in "Sound the loud timbrel;" she has power and distinctness. We think Father Kemp has an excellent selection of voices. The concert being the first of the season it was easy to find some flaws and evidences of failures which practice will soon obliterate. We see no reason why the present troupe may not attain the high success of some of its predecessors. One word about the orchestra. The leader, Mr. A. Owen, handled his violin with much skill and his vigor gave life to the whole. Mr. Patterson used his horn admirably. The rest, with one exception, did well. On account of expense the company has been cut down, of course lessening the chorus effects which were the charm of the large classes of former days. However, "the institution" is well kept up, and the public may be assured that Father Kemp continues to give a full return for the investments in his concerts. Come again, Father Kemp.

DEATH OF ANOTHER WOBURN MAN.—Intelligence was received in town last Tuesday, of the death of Lieut. Thomas J. Leavitt, formerly of this town, acting Adjutant of the 6th Iowa Cavalry. He was killed in an engagement between Gen. Sully's forces and the Sioux Indians, at Whitestone Hill, Sept. 3d. Lieut. Leavitt was a graduate of our High School, and also of Harvard College, in the class of '61. The deceased was a young man, and leaves a numerous circle of friends to mourn his early death.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—In our advertising columns of to-day can be found the card of Mr. Wm. C. Brigham, successor to B. W. Conant, Druggist and Apothecary. Mr. Brigham commences business in our town under favorable auspices, and comes to us highly recommended by men well known for their integrity and professional abilities. We trust he will receive a good patronage from our citizens, as it is his determination to keep the best goods the market affords.

THE WOBURN BRASS BAND intend giving their first public rehearsal in Lyceum Hall. The first will be given next Tuesday evening. The music of this band is excellent, and all who attend these rehearsals will be well entertained. See advertisement.

## UNION SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Union Sabbath School Convention held in the Congregational Church, on Thursday afternoon was very interesting, and would have been, undoubtedly, more fully attended had the weather been propitious. The address by R. G. Pardee, Esq., of New York, was apt and well suited to the occasion. A discussion on the subject of Sabbath School instruction was participated in by Henry Hoyt, of Boston, Daniel (Farmer) Allen, of South Reading, M. H. Sargent, of Boston, and Rev. Mr. Barnes. In the evening a children's meeting was held, the exercises consisting of singing by the children and addresses by Rev. Gilbert Haven, of Boston, Rev. Abbott E. Kirtledge, of Charlestown, and R. G. Pardee, Esq., of New York. The addresses were listened to with marked attention, and gave pleasure to all hearers.

ACCIDENT.—On Monday afternoon last, the 14 o'clock Woburn train struck a man by the name of Charles L. Hammond, of Lowell, who was walking on the bridge near the draw, and threw him some distance. Fortunately he escaped without very serious injuries, his nose only receiving a bad cut. He had just stepped upon the track of the outward train to clear a down train, when the engine of the outward train struck him.

Through a letter received in town by the father of Capt. Wm. M. Buckman, of Co. F, 4th U. S. Vols., we learn that the latter was quite ill at St. James Hospital, New Orleans, and that no hopes were entertained for his recovery. His parents expect every moment to receive tidings of his death.

Box for the 39th.—Mr. G. R. Gage will despatch a box for the Rangers at noon on Monday. Any packages that may be left at his store will be cheerfully enclosed. Nothing of a perishable nature can be sent, as government has prohibited the forwarding of such things within the lines.

MILITARY GOODS.—Mrs. Field has just received her Fall Stock of Military Goods, &c., which is large and varied, and affords to the people of Woburn and vicinity a good opportunity to make purchases. She has secured the services of an experienced trimmer, and in this branch of her business she is prepared to give the best satisfaction.

PERILOUS.—Lieut. L. F. Wyman, of this town, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., arrived home last Tuesday, on a short furlough. Lieut. Wyman has been quite sick recently, and has not yet fully recovered his health. He leaves town next Monday for his Regiment, and will take any letters which may be left with him.

CORPORAL GEORGE W. COBBETT, of this town, Co. F, 22d Regt. Mass. Vols., has arrived home on a furlough of ten days. Mr. Cobbett has been absent upwards of two years, during which time he has participated in eight hard-fought battles.

PROMOTIONS.—First Lieut. Theophilus F. Page, of No. Woburn, whom we mentioned last week as having been promoted to a First Lieutenant, has been still further promoted to the rank of Captain.

PRIVATE WALTER C. THOMPSON, of this town, Co. D, 12th Mass. Regt., has been promoted to Corporal.

PATENT.—Luther and Stoughton B. Holden of this town, assignees to themselves and J. C. Seelye and L. L. Holden, have received a patent for improvement in sewing machines.

SINGING SCHOOL.—Mr. P. E. Bancroft announces that he will open a Singing School in the Baptist Vestry, on Tuesday evening next. The first evening will be free and Mr. B.'s qualities as a teacher ought to ensure him a full attendance.

CHANGE OF TIME.—The time for running trains on the Woburn Branch and Lowell Roads, changes next Monday. See advertisement.

OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC FOR 1864.—For nearly three-quarters of a century has this old friend annually visited New England homes. The valuable information always contained in its pages, and many a new gray with age, can remember the time when its coming was looked forward to with warm and pleasant anticipations. The publishers, Brown & Tilton, have our thanks for the number for 1864.

Benj. B. Russell, of 516 Washington St., Boston, has furnished us with a copy of "The Letters of President Lincoln on Questions of National Policy." These Letters of the President are well worthy of being kept for future reference, as they are the key to his policy in conducting the present war. Single copies can be had for eight cents.

The Female Strengthening Cordial advertised on our last page, and prepared by Dr. Geo. W. Sweet, can be obtained at Mrs. Field's Millinery Store, Bank Building, Woburn.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—On Tuesday next Mrs. Carnes will open her Fall stock of Goods. See advertisement.

MR. EDITOR.—To those who are consurging the board of Selectmen for granting a permit for the Circus exhibition, in town next week, let me say, that the Clerk and Chairman of the board are alone, and wholly responsible in the case. A majority of the board were not consulted at all, and knew nothing of the matter till the day after the license was granted. A majority of the board would now speedily annul the license had they the power to do so, and thus save the town from the evils which usually accompany these Circus exhibitions.

E. TRULL.

Woburn, Oct. 9th, 1863.

## Letter from Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt.

CULPEPPER COUNTY, VA.

NEAR THE RAPPAHANNOCK, Sept. 26, '63.

DEAR JOURNAL.—For several days we had expected the order to move, extractions had been served, and everything indicates an early advance. So it proved, for on Wednesday morning, following "Reveille" the bugler sounded "strike tents." Breakfast was hastily procured, knapsacks packed and slung, and at 6 o'clock, A. M., we started on the march Southward, crossing the Rappahannock on a pontoon above the Railroad bridge, passing through a very level and thickly wooded country, till we reached Brandy Station upon the O. & A. R. R., composed of five or six wooden buildings probably once used as dwellings for human beings, but now so demolished and fragile as to be both uncomfortable and unsafe for a beast. A depot adorns the village and is by far the most decent building the place can brag of. From that place to where we camped that night, the country was more broken but the roads were in very good condition. During the morning and cool of the day our pace was moderate and halts frequent; as midday approached and the sun poured upon us, the movement was quickened and of rests we had none till the spot was reached where our heads and aching shoulders were to seek repose for the night. The whole distance, only twelve miles, was accomplished at 3 o'clock P. M. The first thing the soldier does upon reaching camp is to look for water, sometimes he will travel two miles to get it. Should he be weary and much fatigued from the march it will matter but little to him of what quality the water is, the brook or standing water is used and it's all the same to him. It was so when we reached the camp near Culpepper, the water either from its natural color of the limestone or a thick intermingling of sand, gave it a tinge of the washerwoman's suds on a Monday, was all that could be found inside of a mile and answered the purpose for Coffee making, while it was a saving of "Condensed milk."

The next morning we found it necessary to take observation that our location might be accordingly "noted." Things seemed turned around, for the rising sun we looked where the night before the *North Star* was seen, soon all was realized and our bearings indicated us to be two and a half miles distant from the County town of Culpepper, which lay north-west, and from the *Rapids* about eight miles. On Tuesday the 22d, there was issued to the men five days rations of hard bread, sugar and coffee, we had three days rations on hand, this indicated another move and perhaps early. Wednesday the 23d, the whole Division had a drill, Gen. Robinson in command. "T" was a novelty to the men and they gave their attention, thereby gaining for the 39th a good reputation. As usual Col. Davis displayed fine military ability although laboring under severe difficulties, having to take orders from the Division in place of the Brigade Commander, the latter a silent spectator to the scene.

Thursday, at 11 o'clock A. M., while everything seemed to be going on in the "even tenor of its way" the notes of the bugle from headquarters sounded "strike tents" and orders were soon received to be ready to march in two hours. The sick and all unable to march were sent to the Hospital, allowed privileges in the Ambulance department. All fatigue was stopped, leaving unfinished monuments of the skill of the Union defenders. Orders were given—we marched into Regimental line, wheeled by companies, and "rest." Received notice that there were boxes for several of the companies, men were detailed to get them, when one was found to be the address "Quartermaster," "for Co. K." The axe was roughly applied—the articles rapidly delivered to their respective owners and we were ordered "attention," and were soon on our way to this present encampment. We had marched but a short distance when our Company was favored with a visit from Mr. John L. Parker. Being on the move the hospitality shown him was of a formal nature—but the hearty shaking of hands he received from his many friends here proves how welcome he would have been had our situation been different.

The course laid out for us was for the most part through the forests on military roads. Detachments of the twelfth (12th) Corps passed us—whose camp we now occupy having relieved that Corps on picket.

Three men of our division having been found guilty of desertion were sentenced to be shot with musketry on Friday, 25th inst., between the hours of 12 M. and 4 P. M. One of the criminals belonged to the 13th Mass.—of our brigade—but, for reasons unknown to your correspondents their execution was postponed and up to the time of writing, I do not know when it will take place.

The whole division was to have been placed in position to witness the scene. Should it occur before I mail this, I will endeavor to give you an account of it. The weather has been severely cold and camp fires are the chief resort—if one can sleep during all the hours of the night without "outsting" to toast his shins he thinks himself a famous individual.

This afternoon there was detailed from the regiment about three hundred men, including officers for picket, on duty forty-eight hours.

Monday, 9 o'clock A. M.—Yesterday was warm and beautiful, and until noon the camp was as quiet as a Country village on the Sabbath—at that hour—noon—we were ordered to "pack up" and at 2 o'clock P. M., commenced another tramp, but not far—two and a half miles were accomplished and a camp was selected, near which were two log houses—two stories high—and they remained standing just about fifteen minutes and there—save the foundation of the huge chimneys, composed of logs—stones and mud—nothing was left to mark their location.

This morning at 7 o'clock, orders come to pack up with all possible haste—everything was put in readiness, when the orders were countermanded, so here we are now expecting every moment to be ordered off.

G.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## Horticultural Exhibition.

The annual exhibition of the Horticultural and Agricultural Society of South Reading, was held at the Town Hall on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons and evenings, of last week. From the peculiarity of the season, a much smaller variety was anticipated than on former occasions. In some things this was the case. In the vegetable department there was a very meagre show. Agriculture receives but little attention in this town; indeed there are but few real farmers among us. We predict that another year will show an improvement in this part of the exhibition. An early frost took a destructive hold of the flower gardens, and the opinion was so general that there would be a failure in the floral display, that some who had flowers remaining, concluded not to contribute because they could do so little. But there was a very good show after all, especially on the second day. Some of the bouquets were very fine. Of Apples, Pears and Grapes, the specimens were excellent; and considering the season for fruit, they more than equaled the highest expectations. The variety and quantity would have been much more extensive, but for the fact that nearly everybody was too busy to collect and prepare many articles that might have been otherwise contributed. People could hardly spare time to attend during the day, but the evening audiences were fully satisfactory. We forbear a longer introduction to the list of contributors, which in all essential points will undoubtedly be found correct, being prepared by Miss Laura L. Eaton, one of the accomplished female Clerks, whose services were so useful on the occasion.

PEARS.—Dr. J. D. Mansfield, 18 varieties, A. C. Perkins, 15, Samuel Kingman, 14, Dr. J. G. Brown, 8, Adam Wiley, 5, J. G. Aborn, 7, Edward Mansfield, 6, B. W. Oliver, 3, Saml. Gardner, 3, Wm. H. Hutchinson, 3, Mrs. L. Spaulding, 3, G. H. Sweetser, 4, David Perkins, 4, D. B. Wheelock, 4, J. S. Eaton, 4, C. H. Hill, 3, James Eustis, 3, Chas. Patch, 3, B. F. Hancock, 3, H. L. Eaton, 3, L. B. Evans, 2, S. T. Parker, 2, T. Emerson, Jr., 2, M. R. Skinner, 2, W. G. Skinner, 2, G. H. Morrison, 2, J. H. Newman, 2, J. M. Evans, 2, J. Pope, Jacob Tufts, A. N. Sweetser, D. P. Mason, Hiram Eaton, Hubbard Emerson, Lynfield, Oliver Perkins.

APPLES.—James Eustis, 18 varieties, Edw. Mansfield, 7, Saml. Kingman, 5, Saml. Gardner, 5, Adam Wiley, 5, A. C. Perkins, 4, Mrs. J. F. Hartshorn, 3, Mrs. L. Spaulding, 2, E. M. Stowell, 2, B. W. Oliver, 2, D. B. Wheelock, 2, Jacob Tufts, 2, M. Knight, J. Pope, W. S. Arrington, C. H. Hill, G. R. Morrison, Wm. White, A. F. Hutchinson, S. T. Parker.

GRAPES.—Dr. J. G. Brown, 13 varieties, A. C. Perkins, 12, D. B. Wheelock, 5, Saml. Kingman, 5, Mrs. L. Spaulding, 5, Adam Wiley, 3, Wm. H. Hutchinson, 2, W. S. Arrington, 2, Hiram Eaton, 2, Miss V. E. Marsh, 2, Levi S. Gould, Melrose, 2, B. W. Oliver, H. L. Eaton, D. P. Mason, Luther Crocker, Dr. J. D. Mansfield, S. T. Parker, James Eustis, A. N. Sweetser, C. H. Hill, Hiram Wright.

VEGETABLES.—A. C. Perkins, Peter Wiley, I. Osgood, R. W. Cushman, Hiram Wright, B. W. Oliver, M. Hutchinson, J. Burditt, A. G. Sweetser, Hiram Eaton, Edward Mansfield, John Eaton, A. B. Converse, C. S. Perkins, G. H. Sweetser, Adam Wiley, Wm. White, S. Gardner, Micah Williams, of Stoneham, Hubbard Emerson, of Lynnfield.

BOUQUETS.—Mrs. D. B. Wheelock, Peter Smith, Mrs. C. H. Hill, Mrs. J. K. Richardson, Mrs. G. H. Sweetser, Mrs. M. F. Leslie, Mrs. Lily Eaton, Mrs. S. O. Richardson, Mrs. A. G. Sweetser, Mrs. W. Wakefield, Miss C. E. Sweetser, Miss E. S. Crocker, Miss Octavia Stone, Miss M. A. Hutchinson, Miss Maria Nichols, Miss Laura L. Eaton, Mrs. Densmore, E. F. Sweetser, J. S. Eaton, J. O. Boswell.

POT FLOWERS.—Mrs. D. B. Wheelock, Mrs. J. M. Evans, Mrs. Lily Eaton, Mrs. Hiram Eaton, Mrs. H. L. Eaton, Mrs. B. F. Newhall, Mrs. L. Spaulding, Miss G. L. Heath, G. W. Thomas, D. S. Oliver.

CUT FLOWERS.—Mrs. Edward Mansfield, Mrs. S. T. Parker, Mrs. H. L. Eaton, Mrs. Oliver Perkins, Mrs. L. Spaulding, Mrs. Boardman, Mrs. Leslie, Miss M. J. Eaton, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Wakefield, Saml. Kingman, C. Patch, A. C. Perkins, Miss M. E. Evans.

BREAD.—Mrs. D. B. Wheelock, Mrs. J. K. Richardson, Mrs. L. B. Evans, Mrs. B. F. Abbott, Mrs. D. Norcross, Miss C. M. Evans, Miss Ellen Manning, of Lynnfield.

BUTTER.—Mrs. J. M. Evans, Mrs. G. H. Sweetser, Miss Pamela Emerson, of Lynnfield.

CHANDLERIES.—Edward Mansfield, E. M. Stowell, David Hatchelder.

HONEY.—G. H. Sweetser, Adam Wiley.

MINERALS.—Adam Wiley, Mrs. Delia Buck.

FANCY WORK.—Mrs. D. B. Wheelock, Mrs. J. G. Mansfield, Mrs. C. S. Emerson, Mrs. S. O. Richardson, Mrs. Delia Buck, Mrs. J. Spaulding, Mrs. T. D. Walker, Mrs. Ellen Carrier, Mrs. M. F. Leslie, Mrs. John Eaton, Mrs. C. Wakefield, Miss E. Hutchinson, L. A. Hutchinson, E. A. Newman, K. A. Paul, M. F. Ricker, S. Y. Heath, F. M. Evans, M. L. Ripley, E. M. Gardner, Julia C. Thompson, Carrie A. Storton, Carrie L. Wright, L. E. Kingman, Eva Kingman, C. F. Boswell, Emily Warren, Laura L. Eaton, E. E. Emerson, F. W. Bailey.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Hair Oil, Eau de Cologne, and Black Currant Wine, Dr. J. D. Mansfield. Turkish Sweetmeats, Rev. C. R. Adams. Condensed Water and Chatter Oak, Adam Wiley. Magpies and Doves, M. C. Evans. Tobacco Plants, John Eaton. Preserved Peaches, Mrs. J. K. Richardson. Quinces, Wm. White. 5 varieties of Preserves, Mrs. B. F. White; Yeast, do. Coral, and bunch of forty cents, Jacob Townsend, Jr. Cotton-ball, Mrs. Otis Knight. Fig-trees, Dr. J. G. Brown. Fig-tree, Mrs. B. F.

## Newhall. Sweet Orange Tree, Mrs. L. Spaulding.

6 Specimens of Pennsylvanian, I. W. Bailey. 1 Dish Assorted Fruit, Mrs. Eustis, and Mrs. Danl. Norcross.

The committee awarded the following premiums, which were given more as a stimulus, and encouragement, than to compensate the contributors, the highest sum being \$2. Three premiums were given on collections of fruit, and in the order in which they appear in the list, the first named receiving the highest, and so on, except on single dishes, which received alike, as well as gratuities: On collection of Apples—James Eustis, Samuel Gardner, Adam Wiley. On Single Dish—Manasseh Knight. On collection of Pears—Dr. J. D. Mansfield, A. G. Perkins, Samuel Kingman. Single Dishes—Dr. J. G. Brown, Thomas Emerson, Jr. On collection of Grapes—Dr. J. G. Brown, A. C. Perkins, Adam Wiley. Single Dishes—Dr. J. D. Mansfield, Wm. H. Hutchinson. Dish of Assorted Fruit—Mrs. James Eustis. On Honey—Adam Wiley, Geo. H. Sweetser. On Preserves—Mrs. B. F. Abbott. Premium on Flowers—Mrs. C. Patch, John S. Eaton, Mrs. C. Wakefield, Mrs. S. Kingman. VEGETABLES.—On Squashes—John Eaton, Adam Wiley. Potatoes—John Eaton, Geo. H. Sweetser. Corn—Samuel Gardner, John Eaton. Beans—John Eaton. Cabbages—William White. Celery—John Eaton. On Butter—Mrs. Geo. H. Sweetser. Wheaten Bread—Mrs. L. B. Evans, Miss Charlotte N. Evans. Brown Bread—Mrs. D. B. Wheelock.

GRATUITIES ON FRUIT—Mrs. L. Spaulding, H. Newman, J. S. Eaton, Charles Patch, D. B. Wheelock, Hiram Eaton. GRATUITIES ON FLOWERS—E. Felton Sweetser, Mrs. J. K. Richardson, Miss Martha Hutchinson, Miss Martha Stone. GRATUITIES ON VEGETABLES—Isaac Osgood, Marcello Hutchinson, A. B. Converse, B. W. Oliver, Micah Williams, (Stoneham).

There are other parts of the Exhibition worthy of notice if time and space would permit. The collection of needle work was small but good. Out-side the Hall, there were three noble specimens of Calves—Two of them raised by Mr. Adam Wiley, and the other by Mr. Wm. G. Skinner. That owned by Mr. Skinner was 4 weeks and 14 days old and weighed 341 lbs. Said by good judges to be the finest specimen in these parts. He bears the name of "Bonaparte."

FIRE.—It is no pleasant duty to be obliged, week after week, to record the destruction of property by fires. In such a state of things, there is a feeling of insecurity with the people as they retire to rest at night, not knowing but soon the alarm of fire may arouse them from their slumbers, and the flames from their own dwellings encircle them in terror. For a few hours early on Sunday morning, it was a time of great excitement. First, between 12 and 1 o'clock, the barn of Mr. James Eustis on Elm street, was burned, with a quantity of hay, a horse, cow, farming tools, &c.

Before that was consumed, the large barn belonging to Estate of Suel Winn, a little farther up on the same street was on fire, and was soon totally destroyed with a large quantity of hay, stored by Reed and Bartlett. When this was under good headway, and the flames were defying the opposition of the Fire department, another cry of fire was heard, and it was found that the West District School House was on fire. This is situated a few rods South-west of Mr. Eustis' barn, on another street, and it was discovered that straw had been carried from the barn across the field. An entrance effected into the lower School-room by breaking a window, and a fire kindled under the desk or table of the teacher. The desk and records, register, and all the books kept by the teacher were consumed, and a large space of the floor was burned through, when the progress of the fire was stayed. A little more headway would have rendered it very difficult to prevent an entire destruction of one of our valuable Public Buildings. The Selectmen have offered a reward of \$500, for the detection and conviction of the person or persons that caused either of the fires. The barn of Mr. Eustis was insured at South Reading, and that of Mrs. Winn, at the Holyoke in Salem.

SOUTH READING BANK.—At the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the S. R. Bank on Monday afternoon, the following persons were unanimously re-elected Directors for the ensuing year:—Thomas Emerson, Lucius Beebe, Samuel Gardner, Edward Mansfield, Cyrus Wakefield, Geo. O. Carpenter and Hubbard Emerson. Hon. Thomas Emerson was re-chosen President by the Directors.

A COURSE OF LECTURES.—Rev. E. A. Eaton, is about to deliver a course of 4 lectures at the Town Hall, on what he saw and heard on his tour to Europe, some years ago. Three of them will be devoted to Ireland and the Irish. From the specimens we have had of these lectures, we think they cannot fail to interest. Commencing next week—one will be delivered on each Tuesday evening of 4 consecutive weeks. We bespeak for Mr. Eaton a full attendance.

ACCIDENTS.—On Thursday afternoon, Oct. 1st, Mr. Darling, of Dublin, N. H., and her daughter who has for a time been boarding in town, were thrown from a carriage while coming down Eaton street, and both injured, but neither more seriously; though delayed for a time on her journey, she is recovering.

On the same afternoon, a young son of James J. Mansfield, in jumping from a horse which he could not manage, struck his head upon the ground. For a day or two his case caused much alarm to his friends, but he is now doing well.

CITIZENS' GAS LIGHT COMPANY OF READING, South Reading and Stoneham.—This Company held its annual meeting at its Gas House So. Reading, on Tuesday the 6th inst., and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—For Clerk and Treasurer, Lily Eaton, of South Reading. For Directors:—H. P. Wakefield and Stephen Foster, of Reading; Thomas Emerson Jr. and Cyrus Wakefield, of South Reading; William Hurd, of Stoneham; E. T. Farrington and Horace Barnes, of Boston.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

WAR ITEMS.—Under date of Carrollton, La., Sept. 18th, 1863, Capt. W. F. Young writes thus: "The pure air and sweet gushing waters of sterile old New England, I shall value hereafter as never before. I daily feel the need of them, but must abide my time before I shall be able to enjoy their refreshing influence."

Since my former letter was written, we have had the pleasure of extending a welcome to Maj. Gen. Grant and a portion of his brave army, to the Department of the Gulf. It was a meeting of no ordinary moment, I assure you. The heroic men who had been struggling for many a long and weary week, to plant the Stars and Stripes over the rebel strongholds of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, all covered with the dust and smoke of battle, had the privilege of shaking hands over the glorious results of their labors. It would have done your heart good to have witnessed this union of loyal men, gathered from the rugged hills of New England, the broad prairies of the West and the rich low-lands of Louisiana—all animated by one sublime purpose—national honor and national unity. The recitals of some of these self-sacrificing men would put to everlasting shame, if such a thing were possible, the veriest copperhead now secretly plotting ruin to the government, to save which these soldiers are risking limb and life and denying themselves all the comforts of home. Here are men from Missouri and Kentucky whose homes have been made desolate by the fiery hand of fratricidal strife, and they and their families hunted from town to town and field to field like beasts of prey, because they preferred union to disunion and refused to make war upon the country and Constitution of Revolutionary Patriots. One of these unsung heroes of the Border States has just left my side, whose locks are already whitened by the frosts of more than sixty winters, although still possessed of much of the fire and vigor of middle age. When the rebellion broke out he lived in Kentucky on the borders of Tennessee; a man of wealth, culture and influence. For a season he tried to stay the current of treason and threatened revolt, by the force of his eloquence and loyal example. But the rising tide of armed resistance to the Government soon forced him to meet the enemies of his country, some of whom had been his former friends and neighbors, in the field. Calling together the loyal men of his neighborhood, he put himself at their head to defend the freemen of Kentucky Unionists from the lawless invaders. After weeks of severe struggles, this little band of Kentucky Unionists was merged with the Union Army, and our venerable soldier uniting his fortunes with the brave men of the Northwest, has since served as a private in the department of Tennessee. He was at the siege of Vicksburg, where he received a severe wound in the face. He was, also, for the space of two months held as a prisoner by the rebels. Upon the appearance of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, the neighbors of our hero requested his opinion as to the duty of Southern men in view of the new state of things likely to arise under its operation. Mark the reply of this noble old patriot, slaveholder as he was, you shaking, shuffling, halting, weak-backed, would be Unionists, wherever you may lurk, North or South, who are constantly distressed and bewildered lest the war policy of the Government shall result in the freedom of some slaveholding rebel's "nigger?" "I am for my country, first and always, and if my slaves are in the way of her success, they must stand aside." Here is an example of unselfish patriotism truly refreshing, rising above all local and personal interests or party prejudices. Read it O! doubter, quibbler, grumbler, traitor, of whatever hue or stripe, and once resolve to be a man.

I commend the sublime utterances of this old Kentucky Slaveholder to our Massachusetts alarmists, who are shaking in their shoes about the future status of Slavery in America; apparently more anxious for its safety than for the safety and honor of their country. The good work of recruiting colored soldiers is still going on. I think the Seventeenth Regiment in this State is already under way. The fifteenth Colored Regiment commanded by Col. Hanks, had a review a few days since at New Orleans. Gen. Banks, Adj. Gen. Thomas, Gen. Ullman and other officers of note were present. The parade was creditable alike to officers and men—Col. Hanks, who I believe to be a New England man, is an efficient and faithful officer and deserving of great praise for the interest he has taken in the colored population of the city and neighborhood. He has for the past year been in charge of the entire Negro labor of the Department; an important duty, for which his energy of character and humane tendencies eminently fitted him. He is now engaged in trying to demonstrate that the Negro will fight as well as work, if the proper inducements are held out. He believes most thoroughly, that it is better to save the country and Constitution with black men, than suffer them to be destroyed by white traitors.

The results of opening the Mississippi once more to loyal commerce begins to show itself in the gradually improving trade of New Orleans. It must not be supposed, however, that the business of this city, so utterly crippled and deranged by civil war, is to spring at once into its former full proportions. Much of the territory that formerly found a market in New Orleans, is yet under the banishing away of the rebel crew calling themselves the "Confederate Government." This fair territory, once reclaimed, and again under the paternal government of the Union, and trade will seek its usual and legitimate channels. Then will New Orleans rise again to her former commercial importance, her people chastened by the trials, sufferings, and disgraces imposed upon them by secessionary madness, but better prepared to value the blessings of civil and constitutional liberty. We have to be sure, a little army of malcontents and crackers, mostly foreigners

and Creoles, continually growing because Gen. Banks cannot create "a new heaven and a new Earth" out of insurrectionary chaos,—as with the power of Omnipotence, and bring at once, wealth, and security to the doors of every greedy coward in the Department. It will take a long time to make thoroughly loyal and enterprising people from such incompatible material. With them the river is not open to navigation;—the trade of the city forever destroyed; "Niggers" no longer obedient or respectful; and finally the country is ruined beyond hope. Some of these people have taken the "oath" and others profess respect for the "Union" as it was and the Constitution as it is, but the poverty of their loyalty is beyond the reach of any chemical phosphates of which I have any knowledge. We have nothing to hope from this class, of men or women as the case may be. The range of their patriotism begins and ends with self. Whenever Union pays, and ministers to their mean ambition they tolerate it, but let loyalty cost anything, and they doubt, hesitate, qualify and finally "slump." I am pleased to hear that you have a Union League in Winchester. Let every man who loves his country more than party, consecrate himself anew to the sacred work of trying to save it from traitors in open rebellion at the South or in secret conspiracy at the North. The Government must be supported at this critical juncture, and supporting the Government is senseless unless we support its policy. The time for criticism and caviling has past. In this life-struggle of the Nation, "He that is not for me, is against me." We are waiting with no usual degree of interest the result of the impending State elections at the North. God grant that the loyal heart of the nation, may be made to rejoice in the signal overthrow of all political factions giving aid and hope to the Richmond conspirators. How can any Northern man cast his vote, so as to give joy to Jeff Davis the assassin of his country's liberty, and ever again hold up his head in the sunlight of the Nineteenth Century?

Military matters remain quiet in this Department. The authorities however are not idle. Gen. Banks is unremitting in his labors, which are sufficiently onerous to appall any ordinary man. We are not permitted to know much in regard to future plans, but I think the Nineteenth Army Corps will continue to do itself and the country honor. Mr. HASKINS who went out as Clerk to Capt. Young











# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### October Afternoon in the Highlands.

Slowly toward the western mountains  
Sinks the gold October sun;  
Longer grow the deepening shadows,  
And the day is nearly done.

Rosy gleams the quiet river  
Nestle the crimson-tinted sky;  
White-winged vessels, wind-forsaken,  
On the waveless waters lie.

Glow the autumn-tinted valleys,  
On the hills soft shadows rest;  
Growing warmer, purple glowing,  
As the sun sinks toward the west.

Slanting sunlight through the cedars,  
Scarlet maples all aglow,  
Long rays streaming through the forests,  
Glean the dead leaves lying low.

Golden sunshine on the cornfields,  
Glittering ripples on the stream,  
And the still pools in the meadows  
Catch the soft October gleam.

Warmer grows the purple mountains,  
Lower sinks the glowing sun,  
Soon will fade the streaming sunlight—  
See, the day is nearly done!

## Select Literature.

### THE BRIDAL OF DEATH.

BY LEMCINE.

EVERYBODY was astonished when Francis Clavering relinquished his splendid position in society, and retired to the country. Young handsome, accomplished, brilliant in conversation, and the possessor of a princely fortune, Clavering had reigned supreme in the gay world. His grace, beauty, and sparkling wit won the love and admiration of women; his skill in billiards, horsemanship, shooting, and all manly accomplishments, made him a favorite with the men.

Frank Clavering was the arbiter elegantiarum in all matters relating to dress, dancing, dinners, dramas, and singing. From the cut of a coat, to the praises of a poet, his decision was law—from there was no appeal. Woe to the unlucky poet or singer, who fell under his contemptuous criticisms; for, if he was damned by Clavering, he was damned indeed. If he pronounced a lady to be ill-looking, she must be so in spite of nature and art. His witty sayings went round the town—they were repeated at the clubs, and whispered in drawing-rooms.

This elegant trifle, this gay exquisite, this king of clubs, and drawing-room hero, had commenced life full of sweet hopes, and golden aspirations; he longed to place his name among those bright spirits whose genius has illuminated the world. But the seductive smiles of pleasure beguiled him from the path of fame—he stood like a swimmer, undecided for a moment, and then plunged into the rosy bath of luxury. Hours which were once devoted to books, were now devoted to billiards; hours which were passed with Shakespeare, Addison, and Goldsmith, were now passed with gay and dissipated young men. The quiet library was abandoned for the noisy club; the instructive lecture-room for the brilliant ball-room.

But the noble spirit of Francis Clavering began to tire of this unceasing round of dissipation and folly. He discovered, like Byron, that life's enchanted cup sparkles only near the brim; that pleasures, which appear so fair and attractive to the sight, turn, like Dead Sea fruit, to ashes on the lips. He resolved to withdraw from the fascinating scenes where he had lingered too long, and seek, in the retirement of the country, that sweet happiness which the gay world could not give.

While contemplating this retreat, Clavering received a sudden and terrible blow. The lady upon whom he had lavished all the wealth of his warm and generous heart—whom he had fondly expected to share his retirement—whom he had hoped to be the partner of his joys, and the consoler of his sorrows, proved to be a mere coquette—a light, giddy creature, who changed her lovers as often as her laces. This deep and crushing disappointment, drove Clavering at once to the country, to lead "A life within itself, to breathe without mankind."

He selected a wild and picturesque spot by the side of a beautiful river, where, surrounded by all the charms of nature, he hoped to pass his days in sweet tranquillity. Clavering took possession of his new home in the lovely month of June, welcomed by the merry songs of the birds, and the laughing flowers.

In this delicious retreat, Frank Clavering entered upon a new existence. He, who had once passed his nights in the splendid scenes of fashionable dissipation—the gay saloon, the dazzling ball-room, the elegant opera—now retired to early and refreshing slumbers. As soon as Aurora, with her rosy fingers, had opened the gates of morn, he was up and abroad. These sweet, early hours he spent, gliding over the crystal stream in his swift boat, and bathing his superb limbs in the cooling water.

Reclining beneath the shady trees, in the midst of rich and brilliant flowers, with the snowy clouds floating in the blue sky above him, his ears enchanted by the music of the birds, and musing over a favorite poem or romance, the young hermit tasted a purer de-

light than he had ever found in the crowded hall, or at the merry festive board.

One morning, as Clavering was taking his accustomed sail along the flowery banks of the stream, he descried a beautiful bird perched on a tree a short distance from him. Its brilliant plumage and graceful form made him desirous of securing it for the museum he was collecting. He directed his boat to the shore, and gun in hand, proceeded to accomplish his design. He fired and missed—the bird flew, and Clavering pursued it, loading his gun as he ran. The bird lighted in a magnificent grove of oaks. Upon coming up, he fired, but instead of bringing down the game, Frank was brought down himself, having in the excitement of the chase, put a double load in his gun. Nothing daunted, our sportsman continued the pursuit through the grove. As he emerged from the latter, a delightful and unexpected scene burst upon his sight.

A beautiful garden lay stretched out before him, bathed in the soft splendor of the rising sun; gorgeous butterflies and industrious bees, flitted from flower to flower, feasting on their sweets; and the glad birds carol their morning hymns to the great God of nature. In the centre of the garden, stood a rustic bower, almost buried beneath trailing vines. Immediately opposite the place occupied by Clavering, a small white cottage emerged from a wilderness of bloom-roses, and clustering honey-suckles. The lower windows and door of the cottage opened upon a porch, which descended by two or three steps to a gravel walk. While Clavering was admiring the beautiful scene spread out before him, the cottage door was opened, and a young lady came forth, attended by a graceful white hound.

The whole thing appeared so much like the gorgeous pictures of Eastern poets, that Clavering almost believed that he had been suddenly transported to an enchanted garden. He watched the lady, as she descended the porch, and passed with swan-like grace toward the bower. As she approached, her eyes were suddenly raised to the spot where Clavering stood. Startled at the unusual sight of a stranger with a gun, she uttered an exclamation of surprise and terror, and was on the point of flying to the cottage when Clavering advanced to account for his unexpected presence. With that easy elegance of manner, which had been one of his greatest charms in society, he addressed her:

"Lady, I owe you many apologies for the fight which I have occasioned. While pursuing a beautiful bird, I came suddenly upon this place, and have been held spell-bound by all that I have seen and heard. This card will inform you that my name is Francis Clavering, a name not unknown in the great city where I have lately removed, to take up my residence in this neighborhood."

With that innate politeness which every true woman possesses, Nina Eaglemont—for this was the name of the fair lady—invited him to take a seat in the bower; and with an unaffected simplicity, perfectly refreshing to one so long accustomed to the artificial forms of fashionable life, the beautiful girl sat beside him, and they conversed with each other like intimate friends. Clavering's noble countenance and distinguished appearance was sufficient to recommend him to the favor of any lady. Gifted with an extraordinary talent for conversation, he possessed the rarer but most fascinating power of drawing others out, (as it is called,) and making them talk in a manner pleasing to themselves and to their listeners. He soon discovered that Nina's mind was, naturally, a remarkably fine one, but sadly in need of proper training. The cause of this, Clavering learnt from herself:

"My father and I have lived here five years, during which time I have seldom seen a conversable being. My father, who is passionately fond of experimental chemistry, passes his days and nights in his laboratory, surrounded by retorts, stills, and bottles, filled with crimson, yellow, and green liquids, which he examines, smells, and handles, with infinite care. He will not allow me to enter this sanctum sanctorum, for, he says, the curiosity which all women have inherited from mother Eve, would make me handle some of his apparatus, and probably cause an explosion. I have been thus left to my own guidance. My reading has been extensive, but I fear, unprofitable. Romance and poetry possess a never-ceasing charm for me. Often have I wandered in fancy through Prospero's island of wonder and enchantment, and visited Portia's palace at Belmont. Often have I read with streaming eyes, the sad story of Juliet's love, and the cruel fate of sweet Desdemona. I have sailed, in imagination, with Byron, over the blue Mediterranean, and visited wondrous Venice.

"Throned on her hundred isles."

I have followed Sir Walter Scott to the gay tournament, and distributed the prizes to the gallant and successful knights."

As Nina concluded, the tall but bent figure of a man appeared at the entrance of the bower. He fixed his dark, piercing eyes upon Clavering with evident surprise.

"My father—Mr. Clavering," said Nina, with a slight embarrassment.

Clavering arose, and extended his hand. Mr. Eaglemont coldly bowed, without touching the proffered hand, and a peculiarly disagreeable expression passed over his face.

"Am I right, Mr. Clavering, in supposing you to be a relative of Colonel Reginald Clavering?"

"I am the son of Colonel Reginald Clavering."

"I thought so, from the striking likeness which you bear to him."

"You knew my father, then?"

"He was once my most intimate friend," he answered, with a bitter emphasis on the last word.

The breakfast was now ready, and Nina invited Mr. Clavering to eat with them. With thanks, he declined and departed. Clavering had mingled in the high society of many polished cities, and had seen the women of many lands; the voluptuous beauties of the East; the black-eyed maids of Italy; the sprightly daughters of sunny France; the fair-haired girls of Germany, and the stately women of England; he had seen them in the splendid scenes of courts, clothed in the gorgeous trappings of pride, brilliant with diamonds and jewels; but this young girl of eighteen, in a simple white dress, with a fresh rose in her glossy hair, surpassed them all in beauty and grace.

Frank Clavering had left the city a wounded and disappointed man. By the faithlessness of one, his trust in all women had been shattered—almost destroyed. He saw Nina Eaglemont, and his faith was revived, his confidence was restored; once more he loved, and the object of his passion was worthy of his noble heart. After the first accidental meeting, already described, Clavering was a frequent and delighted visitor at Nina's bower. It was his sweet task to read to her his favorite books, while she was occupied with some elegant handiwork. He encouraged her to make observations on what he read, and listened with pleasure to her sensible remarks. He thus gradually introduced Nina into the garden of English literature, and taught her where to find the most beautiful flowers. He directed her appreciative mind to the polished essays of Addison and other courtly writers of the reign of Queen Anne. With grand old Milton he walked the flowery paths of Paradise, or joined the glittering train of Comus. They entered the family of the Vicer of Waterford, and listened to his simple but touching narrative. In imagination, they wandered through the deserted lanes of sweet Auburn, and wept over the desolation of that once happy village. From this sweet spot they passed to the beautiful bowers of Lalla Rookh, and revelled with delicious abandon in the glowing descriptions of Tom Moore. They turned from these to the strange creations of the genius of Edgar Poe. Clavering, who was an elegant reader, taught Nina to admire that wonderful poem, the "Raven," by his tasteful and beautiful rendering of it.

In these delightful and instructive employments were passed the bright summer mornings. The evenings were devoted to sailing on the beautiful river, when the soft music of Clavering's guitar, and the heavenly sweetness of Nina's voice, lent an additional pleasure to the enchanting scene. Oh, love! bright, young love! what bliss to be bound in thy rosy chains! Love beautifies everything—the evening sky seems more richly painted, the moon more silvery, and the stars more lustrous to the eyes of lovers.

Mr. Eaglemont had observed the constant intercourse of Clavering and Nina. From the first interview at Nina's bower, he had regarded Clavering with no favorable eye. The very mention of his name—that name which was the sweetest of all names to Nina—threw an angry frown over his countenance. One evening Nina returned home after a moonlight sail on the river. She was completely happy. Clavering had opened his heart to her. He had spoken of his ambitious youth, of his glorious aspirations, of his bright hopes. He told her how he had abandoned the blue-eyed goddess of wisdom to join the gay followers of the goddess of pleasure.

"For your sake, sweet Nina, I will once more enroll myself among the votaries of Minerva. I'll seek the glory of a name worthy to offer thee; be thou 'My guide,' my good angel, my all upon earth," he exclaimed, his face all aglow with ardent love.

Nina entered the cottage after this blissful interview, her young heart bounding with joyful hopes of future happiness. This evening, which had begun so auspiciously was destined to have a sad termination. Mr. Eaglemont met his daughter as she was passing along the hall to her chamber, and said that he wished to see her in the parlor. Alarmed at so unusual a summons, Nina followed her father, with fear and trembling, to the apartment.

When they were seated, he thus addressed her—

"Nina, I have noticed, with pain and sorrow, the daily and hourly intercourse between Francis Clavering and yourself. It must cease. Such an intimacy might lead to love; and love between the son of Reginald Clavering and the daughter of Henry Eaglemont, would be strange indeed."

"Why, father, is love forbidden between the son of Clavering and the daughter of Eaglemont?"

"Do you ask me why?" he cried, his dark eyes flashing fire. "Listen to what no mortal has ever heard before, and then judge whether it is meet for an Eaglemont to wed a Clavering. Do you suppose that I always was what I am now—a poor, displaced, ridiculed experimentalist? I was once the proud possessor of lordly halls, where the gay, the refined, the most distinguished men and wo-

men of the land were glad to partake of my boundless hospitality. In an evil hour, Reginald Clavering came, recommended by his elegant manners and most fascinating address. Under the specious garb of friendship, he approached me, and I, unsuspecting, received him to my heart's embrace. Under a confident and open manner, was concealed a heart cold, calculating, and selfish. By his insinuating arts, he became acquainted with all my family affairs. He knew the amount of my income, and also knew that, although I was liberal in my household and other expenses, I did not use more than half of it. He determined to secure some of my superfluous money for himself. To accomplish this, he took advantage of my passionate fondness for cards, Clavering suggested that a small stake should be put up, to add to the interest of the game. I consented, and after that, we always played for money. Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, a love of gaming took possession of me. At first I won nearly every game, but Clavering permitted this to induce me to play for higher sums. We sometimes played all day and night—only stopping to take our meals. In a few weeks I lost enormously, but the baneful vice had become so entwined around my heart that I found it impossible to shake it off. It is unnecessary to prolong the painful story—suffice it to say that, Reginald Clavering having won my princely fortune, also won from me my destined bride, who, proud and beautiful, was taught by Clavering to despise one whom he had made a beggar. Then it was that I swore deadly and eternal hatred to all who bore his accursed name. Can you marry the son of him who ruined your father?"

"Father, that son loves me and I love him—why should he suffer for his father's crimes?"

"You love this Clavering, then, better than your father?"

"I can love you both, father."

"I would rather see you lying dead at my feet, than see you wed Reginald Clavering's son."

"Clavering is so kind, so gentle, so loving, father, I cannot give him up. I was an ignorant girl—he came and I learnt to love him. I am a woman now, and in my true woman's heart lies the image of Francis Clavering, never, never, to be removed."

"Be it so, unhappy girl!" cried Eaglemont, rising, and stretching his right hand in a menacing manner toward her; "but cured be the day, and cursed be the hour that saw you the wife of a Clavering."

And the interview ended. The following day, when Frank Clavering came as usual to Nina's bower, he found her bathed in tears. When he inquired the cause of her weeping, she related the conversation which had taken place between her father and herself, the evening before.

"I must see your father, Nina, on this subject—I will go this instant." And leaving Nina, he proceeded to seek Eaglemont, where he was sure to find him—in his laboratory. He received Clavering with freezing politeness, and demanded his business.

"I have come, sir, to ask why you object to my marrying your daughter?"

"Were I not speaking to your father's son, I would say that he was a villain—he not only robbed me of my splendid fortune, but took from me the woman who had promised to be my wife. He changed the bright summer days of my youth to dark and dreary winter; he drove me from the society of my fellows; from the gay scenes where I knew no superior, to hide myself in obscurity—I, who was formed for the bright, the beautiful world. I have sworn eternal hatred to all who bear your father's name. The day my daughter becomes your wife will be an unfortunate day for both of you!"

"Suppose we are willing to take the consequences, sir?"

"Be it so, then—upon you will rest the responsibility."

Notwithstanding the threats and curses of her father, Nina and Clavering determined to consummate their engagement. The day appointed for the wedding arrived—a beautiful day in midsummer—all the preparations were completed. Two or three of Clavering's particular friends came from the city. A few hours after the ceremony, the bridal party were to set out on a tour to the lakes. All the simple arrangements were perfected. A neighboring clergyman was present to perform the ceremony. Clavering and Nina entered, she radiantly beautiful, he with a world of happiness in his manly face. The short but impressive marriage ceremony was over, the blushing bride already had been saluted by the few persons who were present, when Nina's father approached. A strange light gleamed in his eyes; a strange smile was on his vivid lips. In each hand he held a glass, brimful of some rosy liquor.

One of these he presented to Nina, the other he handed to Clavering.

"Happy pair," he said, "it is meet that you drink to the reconciliation of the houses of Clavering and Eaglemont."

After saying these words he departed. They drained the glasses, and instantly fell to the floor—dead. Henry Eaglemont was thus fearfully avenged for the wrongs done him by Reginald Clavering.

The wretched man fled, and was never seen or heard of more.—Home Journal.

It is rather significant if Francis has taken the pirate Florida to her fleet.

SINGING IN ENGLISH CHURCHES.—Bishop McVaine, of our American Episcopal Church, is thus enthusiastic and sensible over the singing he found in some of the parish churches in England:

"They have congregational singing in its fulness. The people all over the church take just as full a part in the singing as in the responses. The effect is most delightful. If there is anything like a choir in the parish churches where I have attended, it was so mixed up in its voices with the voice of the whole congregation, that it was not perceptible as a separate ingredient. The organ was used as it should be, not to draw attention to itself, but to support and guide the singing of the people, that like a faithful preacher standing behind his subject, it should be observed in its effect. To enable the people thus to sing, simple, familiar tunes, currently used, are chosen. There is no looking after novelty, or mere musical entertainment. How inspiring the result! What an immense difference between the animation and sympathy, the feelings of real social worship, the consciousness of an actual union of a thousand people in praising God, and the coldness, and dryness, and stiffness, and isolation, and the feeling of unreality and emptiness, as a matter of worship, in a congregation standing up for some ten minutes to hear a few singers, perched in a distant gallery, execute by aid of an organ some pieces of music, selected not to encourage the people to sing, but often with a view to keep all the singing to the choir! The only wonder is that any people can tolerate the latter, and call it public worship; that its proxy coldness is not valued at its just price as readily as would be the case should we request the choir to do all the responding in the Liturgy for the rest of the congregation."

One of the most curious instances of eccentricity occurred in England so lately as 1838, in which a will, wherein the testator had left his money, away from his relatives, to his housekeeper, was disputed on the ground of intrinsic evidence of insanity in the document itself. Therein the testator had directed his executors "that they should cause some part of his bowels to be converted into fiddle-strings; that others should be sublimed into snuffing salts; and that the remainder of his body should be vitrified into lenses for optical purposes." Sir H. Jenner, however, held that insanity was not proved, although the deceased had certainly exhibited a most uncommon desire of making himself generally useful.

AN EPIGRAPH.—Taken from the tombstone of Margaret Scott, who died at Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, (Scotland,) April 9th, 1738, aged 125 years:

Stop, courteous passenger, till thou hast read:  
The living may gain knowledge from the dead.  
Five times five years I lived a virgin's life;  
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;  
Ten times five years I wore a widow's weeds,  
Now, tired of mortal life, I here repose.  
Eight mighty kings of Scotland, and one queen,  
I, 'twixt my cradle and my grave, have seen;  
Four times five years the commonwealth I saw,  
Ten times the subjects rise against the law;  
Twice did I see old prophecy pulled down,  
And twice the clock was humbled by the gown;  
I saw my country sold for English ore,  
And Stewart's race destroyed to rise no more.  
Such desolation in my time has been,  
I have an end of all perfection seen.

A man near Cleveland, Ohio, applied for exemption from the draft because an old mother needed his cherishing care. To show how much feeling this affectionate son has for his old mother, the neighbors say he has had her coffin in the house for over two years. He came to town with a load of wood one day, and being unable to sell it, he contrived to trade it off with an undertaker for a coffin, his mother being old, might die suddenly, and then, as Mrs. Toodies says, "show handy it would be to have in the house." Being of a frugal as well as an ingenious turn of mind, he put the coffin in the cellar to keep turnips, against such time as the old lady might drop off.

During a divorce suit in London the wife testified that upon one occasion her husband put his hand on her hand in the presence of her mother, and cursed her. He said:—"May you suffer such agonies both of body and mind, on your death-bed that no one may stay with you, and that there may be no one to close your dead orbs." Her mother said it was dreadful, and that they had better separate. The court took a similar view, and relieved the woman of the brute's name.

A WORD OF WARNING.—This paragraph is from Once a Week. Men of England! be warned in time. I lately read in one of your papers that a lady was about to be admitted to practise as a surgeon. This is what alarmists would call "the small end of the wedge." Recollect, you have already got women acting as telegraph clerks. A step further, and your independence will be sacrificed forever. You will be forced to surrender the purse, the symbol of sovereignty, into the hands of your wife or your sister and be kindly permitted, in excess, to lounge away half your days while the ladies do the work.

A FURIOUS phlegm phlegm phlegmative, plumes the following:—"My Aunt's feeters thutiously thifling thern threese, thobly shade thy thimble thengers thung thuging tets."

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—Your correspondent "P. H. S." of South Reading, gave recently some extracts from Mr. W. H. Russell's "Diary, North and South," (the famous Russell of the London Times,) in which appeared some strictures on the institution of slavery. I have recently read the book and was struck with a characteristic which seemed to me to attach to the author wherever he went, and whatever he describes. He is ever looking for something that he may bring a charge against, if it is no more than the laziness of the man that tends his horse. He isn't quite satisfied with President Lincoln, has some fault to find with Secretary Seward, in fact, sees nobody in Washington except the British Minister and British people in whom he does not find something to censure. Will not your correspondent give other extracts from Russell, to show the real animus of the universal censor?

Frederick Law Olmsted has given in his book entitled "The Cotton Kingdom," the results of observations made by him in journeys through the seaboard portions and the interior parts of the slave states. He travelled mostly on horseback, and mingled with all classes of people, receiving entertainment occasionally at the mansion of the wealthy and aristocratic planters, while at other times (and most frequently) he partook of the hospitalities (3) of the class next below the uppermost in the shape of corn bread and bacon and molasses, bacon, molasses and corn bread, for which, with lodging for himself and cornstocks and ears of corn for his horse over night he paid a dollar and a quarter!

It is a book that pays well for the time taken to read it. Pity is the sentiment, one who reads it will be most likely to cherish towards the ignorant, the proud, the boastful, the sensual and oppressive class of white men whom it sets forth.

Mr. O. had heard much of the boasted hospitality of "the chivalry." He had the very best opportunity of finding out all about that matter. Speaking algebraically, it might be said that he found it, not simply a minus quality, but a negative.

The author lives in New York, and, of course, could not help comparing what he saw with like things in the Northern States. When he can, he gives these comparisons in the language of Southerners themselves. He makes some extracts from an address to Virginia farmers made by the State Agricultural Society, in 1852, from which I will select a few sentences.

"The Southern States stand foremost in agricultural labor, though they hold but the third rank in population. At the head of these Southern States, in production, in extent of Territory, in climate, in soil, and in population, stands the Commonwealth of Virginia. She is a nation of farmers. Eight-tenths of her industry is expended upon the soil; but less than one-third of her domain is in pasturage, or under the plow."

"Massachusetts, with her sterile soil and inhospitable climate, has reclaimed from the forest, the quarry, and the marsh, and already cultivates, about forty-two and a half per cent of her territory. Yet, according to the census of 1840, only four-tenths of the labor of Massachusetts is expended upon agriculture."

"Whilst our population has increased for the last ten years in the ratio of 1 1/4 per cent, that of Massachusetts at the heavier and more startling rate of 3 1/4 per cent; so that, she, being only one-eighth our size, comes within two of our number of representatives to Congress. And thus we, who once swayed the councils of the Union, find our power gone, and our influence on the wane, at a time when both are of vital importance to our prosperity, if not to our safety."

M. L. M.

MAGDOONS.—These little cakes are much admired, and are a very agreeable addition to the dessert. The following is a receipt for preparing them:—To a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, take four teaspoonfuls of orange-flower water, the whites of six eggs, and one pound of sifted whitesugar. Blanch the almonds, (remove the brown skin), and pound them with the orange-flower water, or some of the white of an egg; then wash the whites of the eggs, and add them gently to the almonds. It is important that these two ingredients should be carefully added, or they will "oil" or separate. Sift the sugar into the mixture until the whole forms a paste, not too stiff to drop upon white paper, which should be placed in a tin, or on a plate, and the whole baked in a slow oven till done.

CASTOR OIL.—The medical men of Paris recommend the following way of administering castor oil to children:—The quantity of oil prescribed is poured into a small earthen pan, over a moderate fire, an egg broken into it and stirred up so as to form something like what cooks call buttered eggs; when it is done a little salt or sugar, or a few drops of orange water, or some currant jelly should be added. The sick child will eat it eagerly and never discover the fraud.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance will soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burnt parts from the air. This simple remedy seems far preferable to collodion or even cotton.

We publish below an interesting extract from a private letter, written by a Woburn volunteer in the 13th Mass. Regt.

"The 39th is doing picket for our brigade to-day. The enemy has got a good position on the other side. I don't think Meade will advance on them at present, but his hard telling what may happen. We have some news from Rosecrans and we all feel that he is equal to the work before him if he has proper support. We have camp stories that a part of this army has gone off west or south. What ever may come we are all willing to do our duty, even the subs are getting so that I think they will make good soldiers by and by. We are on the move every few days. We have moved camp three times within a week, though only a mile or two at a time. But such is a soldier's life. All our eyes are turned to the army of the Cumberland. I hope and pray to God, that Rosecrans may be able to hold Chattanooga and all the State of Tennessee. One can see by the rebel papers what great importance they attach to East Tennessee and that State has had the heel of tyranny on the neck of its people long enough. You wrote in your letter that it was easy for men to be brave at home; so it is, and I like to see men that will talk up loud in favor of the Government. But death to a sneaking Copperhead, that will utter one word against our government, for as Butler said in Harrisburg the other day, the Administration is the Government, and the Government is the Country. A man that is opposed to the Administration, is opposed to the Government. This is a different army from any army that ever existed; we don't look up to one man as the French army does, we look back to the people—our master and our support; therefore this army admires a good loyal citizen. Now I think all this Government needs to put down this rebellion is a strong effort on the part of the people to support it. Now if I was to doubt the ability (which I never do) of this government to put down the rebellion by force of arms, I would have another reason to say that the Southern Confederacy can't stand, and that is because their foundation is built on human bondage. Now if there is a God in heaven he won't allow such a rebellion to succeed against our sacred cause."

REASON FOR DISCHARGE.—A Paris manager has declined to continue the services of a dancer, Mlle. Salicy, because her calves were too large. He of course, lost the trial, which was the result of the cancelling of the engagement. Any manager who will be wise enough to engage her at once, would make his fortune, as the judgment of Paris on the delicate subject would be given nightly by hundreds of excited spectators.

COUNTRY NOT LARGE ENOUGH.—A correspondent of a London paper writes:—"I have just returned from Germany after a month's knocking about. I had glorious weather, and saw all the little kings at Frankfurt. There is a good anecdote of one of them. He wanted his army instructed in the use of the Armstrong gun, so got one, but was obliged to ask leave of the next king to have the target put up in his kingdom, his own not being big enough for the Armstrong range!"

A Kentucky editor advertises as follows:—"Wanted, at this office, a bull-dog, of any color, except pumpkin and milk, of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation—who can come when called with a raw bedstead, and will take his 'pound of flesh' from the man who squirts tobacco juice on the stove, and steals our exchanges!"

MR. J. L. Flanagan, of Sarina, C. W., has a female baby as is a baby, which, though not quite five months old, weighs over forty pounds. Its dimensions are:—Length, 2 feet 8 inches; round the waist, 25 inches; round the thigh, 16 inches; round the ankle, 7 inches; round the arm, 9 1/2 inches. The parents are but ordinary-sized people.

A capital bill of fare they get up for the Australian steamers. When the steamer Great Britain last left Australia for Liverpool she had on board, for the use of her passengers, two live bullocks, weighing 10 cwt. each, two milch cows, 90 dozen fowls, 90 dozen geese, turkeys, &c., 5,000 dozen eggs, 30 pigs, and enough vegetables to stock a market.

We do not die wholly at our death; we have mouldered away long before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment disappear; we are torn from ourselves while living; year after year sees us no longer the same, and death only consigns the last fragments of what we were to the grave.

A traveller came down to the wharf just as the steamer had left, and it was a grievous disappointment to him. While ruminating, a stranger inquired if he wanted to get a board. "Certainly," said he. "Then take one off that fence," was the reply.

Writes an enthusiastic cavalier, after a glorious dash of a few hundred miles through the enemy's country in Mississippi, "Solomon in all his glory was never on a raid like one of these."



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
Half a square (seven lines), one insertion, .75  
Each subsequent insertion, .50  
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Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—Dr. J. H. MANVELL.  
Southbury.—E. T. WHITTIER.  
Worcester.—J. M. HOBBS.  
Reading.—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Boston and New York; S. E. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), No. 100 Broadway, New York, are authorized to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL, circulated largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms. Advertisements are not held responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1863.

## Republican Senatorial Convention.

The Fifth Middlesex District Senatorial Convention, under the auspices of the Republicans, was held in the Town Hall, Woburn, on Monday last. The Convention was called to order by E. N. Blake, of Woburn, one of the District Committee, and Edward Mansfield, of South Reading, was chosen temporary Chairman, and Nathan Wyman, of Woburn, temporary Secretary. A Committee on permanent organization was appointed, who, after consultation, reported John Hill, of Stoneham, for President; William Proctor, of Reading, and Thomas Talbot, of Billerica, for Vice Presidents, and Nathan Wyman, of Woburn, for Secretary. All of whom were accepted by the Convention. On taking the chair, Mr. Hill, in a few remarks, thanked the Convention for the honor shown him, and briefly referred to matters concerning the country. A Committee on credentials was then appointed, who reported eleven towns represented by forty-three delegates. An informal ballot was then taken for Senator, and O. R. Clark, of Winchester, had 42, and H. P. Wakefield, of Reading, 1. On motion of J. O. Boswell, of South Reading, Mr. Clark was nominated by acclamation. On motion of Timothy Winn, of Woburn, the officers of the Convention were instructed to inform Mr. Clark of his nomination. After electing the following named persons District Committee, for the ensuing year, the Convention was dissolved.—Samuel Tidd, of Stoneham, Edgar Brown, of Reading, Joseph Buck, of Woburn, P. W. Chamberlain, of Bedford, and Almon Black, of Medford.

The Convention was in session but a few moments, and the doings were of the most harmonious character.

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S LETTER.—We are surprised that anyone should be so unconvincing with facts, as to say anything that would call forth such a letter as that written by General McClellan, to Hon. Charles J. Riddle, explaining his position on political questions, connected with the campaign in Pennsylvania. This is not the first time that General McClellan has used such phrases as "principles of humanity and civilization," "private rights," "restoration of the Union," "preservation of the Constitution," "supremacy of the laws," &c. Long ago he gave ample proof by word and deed that he did not stand on the same ground with the administration, and that there was a wide difference of opinion between them, yet for all this he clung to his hold upon the army until the administration was compelled to dismiss him as being incapable of carrying out the wishes of the great mass of the people. What a pity it is the country has to be saddled with the support of so many defective Major Generals, and that they cannot see the propriety of throwing up their commissions. Barnum has said that the American people delight to pay largely for being humbugged, but we doubt very much if they delight in doing so when the humbug is so clear as to be transparent.

LECTURE IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE WOBURN BRANCH OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—Capt. John L. Swift, of the 3d Mass. Cavalry, will address the people of Woburn, in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening next, on "The Campaign of the United States Army in Louisiana, under General Banks." Capt. Swift will speak from personal experience, as he has been with that army throughout its various operations, and is well qualified to give a correct and interesting account. His addresses have been well received wherever he has delivered them, and we doubt not that our citizens will be highly entertained while listening to his remarks. The address will be under the auspices of the Young Men's Literary Association, and the proceeds, above expenses, will be donated to the Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission, which fact should command a full attendance. The Woburn Band has kindly volunteered its services, thus adding to the attraction. Tickets of admission will be 15 cents each.

## Death of Captain Wm. M. Buckman.

Since our last issue, news has been received of the death of Capt. W. M. Buckman, at New Orleans, of chronic dysentery. Capt. Buckman enlisted soon after the war broke out as private in Co. D, 13th Mass. Regt., Colonel Leonard, and was soon after promoted to a Corporal. While in the 13th Regt., he obtained the good-will of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and last spring Col. Leonard recommended him to Gov. Andrew for Lieutenant. Gov. A. referred him to Gen. Ullman, who was then at New York, engaged in forming his African Brigade, and the latter appointed him to a First Lieutenant. This position he did not long hold, as he soon after received a Captain's commission in the 9th Regt. Corps d'Afrique, and immediately left New York for New Orleans to join his command. He took part in the siege of Port Hudson; was very popular with his men, and was beloved and respected by his associates. His last sickness began with a fever, but settled into dysentery, which ended his life on the 27th ult. He was 22 years of age. His body has been embalmed and is expected to arrive in a few days. A box containing his effects was forwarded to his parents, but on its way here it was broken open and robbed of many of its contents, which were not valued intrinsically but for their worth as keepsakes. Among the things stolen was a journal the deceased had kept, and which his parents prize very much; also a gold watch and a fine overcoat.

Below we give extracts from two letters received by the father of the deceased. The first was written by Col. Bangs, of the 9th Regiment, and the other by Lieut. McAllister, who attended Capt. Buckman in his last illness. Both breathe deep sympathy for the relatives and friends of the deceased, in their sore bereavement, and speak of his memory in the most touching and feeling manner.

## DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

New Orleans, October 2, 1863.

IRA BUCKMAN, Esq.—DEAR SIR:—It becomes my painful duty to announce to you the sad intelligence, which my former letters have in a measure doubtless prepared you, of the death of your son, on Sunday morning, the 27th ult., at 2 o'clock. There has been no mail from here which could reach you before this which carries my letter, and one from Lieut. McAllister, who was with the Capt. constantly until his death, and was very kind and attentive indeed. I wrote you encouragingly in my last letter, and my hopes grew stronger till his decease. Every one who saw him spoke very encouragingly, and spoke of his evident improvement. The Capt. himself was full of confidence and joked with me only the evening before, saying, "you all thought I was going to drop off, but I am going to disappoint you." Lieut. McAllister was with him in his last moments and has written you; he tells me all particulars. He passed away

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

He is asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, and who would recall him back to this world of care and suffering. Another martyr has been added to the holocaust of lives sacrificed to the fiendish ambition of the madmen who are goading to ruin our once happy country, in the effort to establish a confederacy based upon a negation of human rights. Oh! God! help those who mourn the martyred heroes of this revolution. God help you to bear this affliction, and let me mourn with you the loss of your dear son, whose moral worth, kind heart and firm purpose to do his duty in every emergency, won my confidence, my friendship, my love. \* \* \* \* I have seen his body embalmed and it is in excellent preservation, and though it will not resemble the manly, handsome young officer, the dear son, full of affection for home and friends, of lusty life and laudable ambition, of devoted patriotism, and every high social quality,—still he looks as I last looked upon him in life, attenuated almost to a skeleton. \* \* \* \* With all my heart, in deep sympathy for your great affliction, I am, with much respect, your ob't servant,

I. S. BANGS, JR.

St. James Hospital, New Orleans, }  
Oct. 1, 1863. }

MR. BUCKMAN.—DEAR SIR:—I have to inform you of the sad intelligence of the death of your son, Capt. Wm. M. Buckman. He died Sunday morning, 27th inst., as you have been informed before. He was sick for some time, about six weeks, with Dysentery and Diarrhea. I don't think that I ever saw a man show more courage during such severe sickness as he did. I was with him from the time that he was taken sick until he died. He had the best care taken of him, both by the Surgeon of the Regt. and by the Surgeon in the Hospital, also by the hospital nurse. He was liked by everybody, he was so patient, and it was a pleasure to do anything for him. He did not believe that he was going to die but thought he would get well so as to go home on leave of absence. For two or three days previous to his death he looked quite bright, and we began to have a little hope of saving him, but he was too far gone. He died about 2 o'clock in the morning, but looked very bright fifteen minutes before he died. As I said before he did not believe that he was going to die so soon, but he expressed the wish that if he should die that his body would be sent home. We are having his body embalmed and shall try and send it by the next steamer. \* \* \* \* And now, Mr. Buckman, I must close; you can rest assured that you and your family have the sympathy of the whole Regt. and of all his friends in the brigade, and he had a great many, I for one shall miss him more than any other officer, for we were in the same Company and slept in the same tent. We never had a cross word between us, he was one of the best natured men that I ever saw; but God has seen fit to take him from us, and it teaches us that we must always be prepared to die.

In sympathy, I remain yours truly,  
CHAS. L. McALLISTER.

SILVER WEDDING.—On Friday evening of last week, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua E. Littlefield were completely surprised at being called upon to attend a gathering of their friends at the house of Mr. Sylvanus Wood, it being the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The occasion was one of the most pleasant to all concerned, and the many fine presents made to Mr. and Mrs. L., both by their children and friends, attested to the cordial feeling existing among all concerned. That they may be permitted to enjoy a golden wedding, and that it may be even more joyous than that which has just passed, is the wish of their large circle of friends and acquaintances.

STRIKE.—During the present week no little excitement has been created in business circles, in Woburn, by the strike of the Curriers for higher wages. Monday morning, business at the different tanneries seemed at a stand-still, but during that day and on Tuesday, most of the men had resumed work, the "bosses" having agreed to pay the new rates. We have heard of other strikers, but they are of minor importance.

APPOINTMENT.—Dr. William Ingalls, of Winchester, late Surgeon of the Fifth Mass. Regiment, has been appointed Surgeon of the 59th (Veteran) Regiment, Colonel Gould. This is an appointment eminently fit to be made, and the 59th have every reason to congratulate themselves upon their good luck, as no man is better fitted in every respect for the position of Surgeon, than Dr. Ingalls.

ACCIDENT.—On Thursday forenoon, Mr. R. P. Kenney, who was employed by John-Parker, in splitting leather, unfortunately had the fingers of his left hand caught in the splitting machine, which drew in his arm, breaking both bones.

CARCER.—"The Democrats of Woburn and Conservatives of all parties in favor of sustaining or maintaining the constitution and of putting down the rebellion," hold a caucus in the Town Hall, on Monday evening next. See special notice.

REHEARSAL.—The public Rehearsal given by the Woburn Brass Band, in Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening, pleased all who were present. The attendance would have been much larger, had not other meetings occurred at the same time. The next Rehearsal will be in one week from next Tuesday evening.

STEREOPHON.—The children of the First Congregational Sabbath School, were amused and instructed by the Stereophon on Tuesday evening. They were out in full numbers and enjoyed themselves fully.

LETTER.—Your favor came to hand just as we were going to press. Please send one day earlier Thursday.

PHOTOGRAPH AND AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS, in variety, for sale at Woburn Bookstore.

Several articles are on file for publication next week.

Letter from 6th N. Y. Ind't Battery.

HARTWOOD CHURCH, Va., Oct. 8, 1863.

DEAR EDITOR:—As you will perceive by the dates of my various epistles, the 6th Ind. N. Y. Battery has a sort of roving commission. Since my last we have seen a variety of different places.

On the 25th ult. we were inspected by Gen. Humphrey, chief of Gen. Meade's staff, making the sixth inspection we had undergone in the course of a fortnight. The next day with great pleasure we broke camp, having been detached to Gen. Gregg's division of cavalry, and ordered to report to him at Rappahannock Station. On our way thither we had an opportunity of seeing some of the proofs of the cavalry fight during the late advance from the Rappahannock to the Rapidan. For several miles along the railroad we met with the bodies of dead horses, and an occasional grave. This fight from all that I am able to gather seems to have been much severer than the papers generally reported. The 1st Mass. Cavalry were engaged and lost some men. A participant mentioned to me that it was the most exciting affair he had enjoyed since he had been in the service.

For the rebels after contesting the ground for a mile or two, at length turned to run, when it began to partake of the character of a chase. The rebels put their horses to their utmost speed. Close in their rear charged our cavalry and flying artillery. On both parties went at headlong speed, thundered through the little town of Culpeper, awaking the usually silent streets to the clank of sabres and din of hoofs, and causing the citizens to look forth from their houses in dumb amazement and with pale faces. Down to the Rapidan hurried the rebels pell mell and scarcely had their main body got across when our horse batteries coming up at a gallop, obliqued into line and were in action before the rebels could reform their scattered squadrons. But the other side of the river was fortified and held by infantry. Of what avail was the light armament then present, and therefore we were compelled to content ourselves with the ground already gained. But to return to our muskets as the French say.

About noon of the 29th, we arrived at Rappahannock Station, and Capt. Martin having reported to Gen. Gregg received orders to report to Col. Mackintosh, then lying at Catlett Station with his brigade. Catlett Station is nearer Washington than the Rappahannock by nine miles. As we continued our way down the railroad I noticed that the infantry guard had been removed which had been stationed there previously. They together with the 12th Corps had been sent to reinforce Rosecrans. In their place Gen. Gregg had been entrusted with the safety of the R. R., and his division of cavalry was stretched along from Manassas Junction to the Rappahannock.

Arrived at Catlett we as usual turned our attention to the subject of beds, &c. Close by were the remnants of a house, and in an

incredible short space of time all had not only board beds, but also one-story cottages, average height from plate to the ground 24 feet. We were very comfortable. The house from where we obtained our material was the same one from which Gen. Pope promulgated his famous headquarters-in-the-saddle order.

Close by Catlett station the railroad crosses Cedar run by a considerable bridge. Our camp was situated upon an elevation commanding this bridge and a large tract of open country beyond it in the direction of Warrenton Junction. We remained here just a week during which time we were once alarmed and turned out to harness up in consequence of a cavalry officer being shot by a guerrilla in the vicinity. It turned out to be nothing serious, and after remaining in readiness all the afternoon we unharnessed and returned to our quarters.

On Saturday the 3d inst., we were relieved by infantry from the 6th Corps, and artillery from the reserve. Immediately packing up we prepared to evacuate but not without some glances of regret at our comfortable little shanties. These before they were hardly cold of our presence were occupied by our relief, Battery H, 1st Regulars. About noon four of our pieces started for Heaton, leaving our section, Lieut. Wilson commanding, to go elsewhere. Just at night fall we started off in company with the brigade which I learned had passed into the command of Col. Sargent, of the 1st Mass. Cavalry. After following the railroad as far as Warrenton Junction we struck off to the left and marching at a rapid rate reached a small place called Elk Run, about 10 1/2 o'clock.

Bivouacking there for the night, the next morning we continued the march and arrived at this place about two in the afternoon.

We are now on the extreme outposts of the left flank of the army 15 miles from the main body. Hartwood is about four miles from U. S. Ford, and 12 from Kelly's. And this same ground which now is the extreme left flank, last winter was the right. The 1st Mass. Cavalry did picket duty here all winter.

The building from which this vicinity takes its name lies at the upper portion of an extensive open tract of country several miles in extent. The building is built of brick and of it the bricks only remain, the soldiers having removed every particle of wood work for their own purposes, and should there be any troops stationed in this vicinity during the next winter, not even the bricks would remain. In rear of the church are many graves, only distinguished as such by slight mounds, and an occasional rock at head or foot. In many places the graves have been trampled even with the remaining earth by the picketing of horses. As death little respects the soldier, so he in return pays little reverence to death. The church is plastered inside with various designs, hieroglyphical and otherwise. Prominent above all the rest is a very fine charcoal sketch, representing the 16th Penn. Cavalry charging upon the rebel infantry which is in full retreat. In the foreground on the right is seen the charging squadron, on the left the retreating and confused enemy. In the background union artillery is in action, throwing shells at a prodigious rate. This was done by a lieutenant of the 16th Penn. Cavalry, who was stationed here with a company on outpost. It was done at early dawn. He had just finished it and was laughing at it with the greater portion of his command clustered around him, when a body of rebel cavalry charged up to the door and took them all prisoners. That was an entirely different matter. The sketch shows evidence of considerable talent. The lieutenant was cashiered for his carelessness.

We probably shall not be here much longer as something is on foot, I know not what.

## HOPFITE.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Did you ever have a correspondent whose bump of originality was so small that he could only fill the space allotted to him with the misdeeds of others, and whose execrations attempts at writing the sublime and the ridiculous were crowned with so poor success as to render the effort supremely disgusting, and whose writings were so intermingled with slang as to be detrimental to the character of the paper? I hope not; but I am sorry to find that the editor of the Woburn Budget is so afflicted, for such a one is "C. C." his Wilmington correspondent. Such persons are unable to give a truthful account of any incident; by their faint endeavors to spin out the truth, they lose sight of the original facts, so that one acquainted with the facts is unable to discern the truth by the powerful microscope of imagination. Nature, evidently intended them for "calves," and was not in the least overruled for their continual blarney keeps a whole community in commotion, as they attack alike the innocent and the guilty, submitting them to the same merciless fire of scandal.

To "C. C." the quiet town of W. is indebted for the origination of much ill feeling between families, and the hostile meetings of the more beligerent portion of the community; and, as in the case of the lectures of Dr. Burleigh, such are the first to stir the fire of confusion and then fly to escape being burned by the flame. To such who make themselves the laughing stock of the wise, and the contempt of the foolish, I would merely say that if they will only hold their tongues people will not know but that they know as much as any blockhead, that the press is no place for them to show their idiocy; that such attacks on the character of others only convince people that they live in glass houses, and should not attempt to soar above where their intellect places them, lest they share the fate of the tortoise in the fable, for they must know that though others may elevate them, they are sure to fall, and that that fall is sure to be fatal.

L. L.

WILMINGTON, Sept. 24th, 1863.

Several original articles can be found on our outside.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. THOMAS J. LEAVITT.—At a meeting of the Class of 1861, of Harvard College, held on Saturday evening, the following resolutions were unanimously passed in relation to the late Lieut. Leavitt, of the 6th Iowa Cavalry, who was killed in Dakota, in a battle with the Indians:

Whereas, We, the members of the Class of 1861, have heard with the deepest sorrow of the death of our friend and classmate, Thomas Joseph Leavitt.

Resolved, That we all remember his genial and never-failing humor, his quick and grasping intellect, his ready decision, his strong attachment to his friends, and his modest but firm independence of thought and action, which all combined to form a character of unusual strength and beauty, winning alike our love and our respect.

Resolved, That we appreciate and admire his noble devotion to the cause of right, which made him leave his settled path of life, chosen not without sacrifice, to take his place humbly in the rank of those brave men whose arms have protected and whose blood has sanctified our soil, himself to add another honored name to our country's list of martyrs in behalf of freedom and the law.

Resolved, That we offer to his family our sincere sympathy for a loss, heavier to them, but heavy to all who know his amiable heart and many and rare virtues.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the records of the class, and that a copy of them be sent to the family of our deceased classmate.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Dirge.

FOR CAPT. THOMAS M. MCKAY.

List! I hear the tones of weeping  
Swell o'er the brave—  
O'er the patriot soldier sleeping,  
Lay in his grave!  
Dirge and muffled drum—notes rolling  
O'er hill and vale,  
And the solemn bell peal tolling,  
Blend with our wail!

Loud the cannon's voice hath spoken,  
On sea and shore,  
But the soldier's sleep is broken  
By that no more.  
See aloft our banner sweeping,  
Proudly in air,  
O'er the youthful hero sleeping,  
Free from all care.

Patriot soldier! deepest feeling  
Heaves ever breast;  
Hearts with deep emotion swelling  
Hallow thy rest.  
Grateful people all as brothers  
Honor the brave;  
Youthful maidens, wives and mothers,  
Weep o'er thy grave!

S.

South Reading, Oct. 14th, 1863.

## Obsequies.

The funeral exercises, at the interment of the late Capt. Thomas M. McKay, of the 20th Mass. Regt., who was killed at Culpeper, Va., on the 6th inst., were performed in South Reading, on Wednesday, and were very interesting and striking.

At an early hour in the morning, heavy minute guns were fired from the common, and their sad and startling boom was continued at intervals, during the day. The starry banner was seen drooping, at half mast, from the several flagstaffs of the village. At 8 o'clock, A. M., the body of the deceased was removed from the residence of his father, on Cedar street, and placed in the Town Hall, and there lay in state, under a guard of honor, composed of members of the Richardson Light Guard, until 2 o'clock, P. M., when the body was carried to the Congregational Church, where the relatives and friends of the deceased had assembled, and was there placed in front of the desk, with the sword, that his fellow citizens, a few months since, had presented him for his bravery and patriotism, and with the national ensign and other insignia, lying upon the coffin. This large Church was filled to overflowing, with a sorrowful and mourning auditory, who were desirous of sympathizing with this afflicted family and of paying a last tribute of respect to a highly valued fellow citizen, a gallant soldier, an accomplished officer, a noble patriot.

The services at the Church were 1st.—The reading, in a solemn and impressive manner, of the Episcopal Burial Service, by the Rev. Mr. Richmond, of Melrose. 2d.—The hymn:

"Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will.  
Tumultuous passions, all be still," &c.

3d.—An eloquent, patriotic and pathetic address, by Rev. Mr. Bliss of South Reading.

4th.—Hymn of an hour of peaceful rest.  
"To mourning wanderers given," &c.

After which, a procession, consisting of Capt. Wiley, late of 16th Mass. Regt., Capt. Murphy and Walker, now of 20th, Capt. Littlefield, and Lieut. Warren, late of 50th, and Lieut. Barnard, late of 23d, as Pall Bearers, the relatives of the deceased in carriages, the members of the Masonic Lodge, to which the deceased belonged, the Richardson Light Guard, in citizens dress, together with a numerous train of the people of the town and vicinity, accompanied the remains to their final resting place, in Lakeside Cemetery.

DEATH OF CAPT. THOMAS M. MCKAY, OF SOUTH READING.—We copy from the Boston Advertiser of Monday, the following notice of the death of as brave an Officer as ever held a commission in the Federal Army:—

But a few months ago he was at home on a furlough, when the citizens received him in the Town Hall, and presented him with a sword and belt in token of their respect for the noble dead he had already displayed.

The sad intelligence reached this city on Saturday night, that Capt. Thomas M. McKay, Company F, 20th Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, was shot dead by a conscript, on Monday night last. The Regiment was on the march at the time, in the neighborhood of Culpeper, Va. Capt. McKay, who was officer of the day, went down to his company to quiet some loud and disorderly talking after taps, at about ten o'clock. His men were perfectly civil and not openly disobedient. They all went into their tents with the exception of a few who were per-

mitted to stay by the fire, as they had no tents. He was talking very quietly to one or two whom he had just sent in, when a shot was fired which entered his left arm, and went through his body carrying away a piece of the heart. As he fell, he shouted, "My God, I am shot; help! help!" He died almost instantly. The moment he cried out several officers and sergeants were on the spot, but the murderer had escaped. The regiment was immediately turned out—every gun was there and was clean, with a single exception. This man said his gun had been taken by somebody, himself being asleep at the time, as was afterward proved on oath. The gun was at last found at a little distance from the place where Capt. McKay stood, the cap exploded and the gun foul. The next day, Major Abbot, commanding held an examination, every man being sworn with his hand on the body. No man showed the slightest sign of guilt, nor did the testimony criminate anybody. Major Abbot says it seems clear to him that the shot was fired by an outsider, probably by a conscript of some other regiment. No traces of the murderer had been found up to Wednesday last, but a reward of \$1500,—\$1000 subscribed by the officers of the 20th, \$200 by the men, and the remainder by other officers in the brigade,—is offered, and Gen. Warren promises an honorable discharge from the service, if desired, to the man giving the information; so that his apprehension is considered certain by the officers of the regiment.

Capt. McKay entered the service in the Richardson Light Guard of South Reading, 6th Massachusetts Volunteers. After a brief respite at the expiration of his term of service, he entered the 20th Regiment as a Sergeant. He was promoted to be Second Lieutenant, then First Lieutenant in Capt. Holmes's company, and a few months since to be Capt. of Company F, his commission at the time of his death. He was 26 years of age. As an officer he was universally respected and beloved by his men and brother officers. Major Abbot speaks of him as "a friend as true, and an officer as brave and able as ever lived." His loss is a peculiar affliction, as he was the last of three brothers, the other two having been lost,—one at Ball's Bluff, and one at sea.

From the experience of the first twenty years of his life spent in slavery, he drew a vivid picture of the effects of slavery on the social system. We talk about the ignorance and degradation of the negroes. They are so. It is impossible for them to be otherwise in the situation in which they are placed. This is the result of slavery. Ignorance and degradation are the keys which lock and fasten this accursed system upon its unfortunate victims.

The slaveholders early found this out, and one of the chief qualifications of a negro in their opinion was ignorance. In purchasing a slave the question was not whether he was an intelligent person, but whether he were able-bodied, obedient would not run away &c. If possessing the former gift he was considered of much less value and dangerous to have around. Slavery makes labor disreputable at the South. The Southerners are brought up to regard labor as fitted only for the slaves. The speaker illustrated from his own experience the influences under which the children grow up in that part of our country. Unrestrained in their tempers, their wills never balked, they are passionate, irritable, impetuous, and can brook no opposition. Accustomed to consider themselves a superior class in society, they look down with contempt upon all those who do any kind of labor.

The speaker claimed to be one of the Wickliffe family of Kentucky, one of the first families in that State. He was quite white when young, and his mistress used to send him into the field that the sun might darken his complexion. But they could not disguise the resemblance he bore to the family which was noticed by many of the visitors. He was now forty-five years of age, and it was generally the case that the complexion of the mulatto grew darker by age.

He read short extracts from Jefferson and Judge Sumners two of Virginia's most distinguished statesmen, confirming the statements which he had made in regard to the result to be expected from such education of the rising generation. He had predicted from his knowledge of the Southern people, that whenever the Free States were successful in electing their President, the South would revolt. Do you suppose that the South which had had the control of the Government for two thirds of the time since its foundation would quietly submit to lose it, or allow themselves to be ruled by those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow? The result was seen, and the rebellion inaugurated. The first meeting in response to the President's call for volunteers was held in the meeting house of the 12th Baptist Society, Boston. A church which generally holds about one thousand, on this occasion held fifteen hundred colored men, showing on the one hand the flexibility of the negro and on the other his patriotism. 310 of those present proffered their services to the Governor, but were refused, because there was no authority to accept them. Many of them however, enlisted in the Navy and in many other ways entered into the Government service. All know the feeling at that time in regard to the use of the negro. It was proclaimed that the war had nothing to do with slavery, and our soldiers said they would have nothing to do with niggers;—that they would not fight along side of them. It was also boldly asserted that the negro would not fight. While their discussion upon this point was going on, the negro was gaining ground because our army had failed to gain any lasting advantage.

The first that we heard of the exploits of the negro, was that of Thimian who took possession of a rebel vessel and carried her into New York. Akin to this, was that of Robert Small who ran away with a vessel from Charleston harbor. Then came the organization of the 1st Regiments of volunteers in South Carolina and Louisiana from this despised race. Adjt. Gen. Thomas' mission to the Southwest, to explain and inaugurate the policy of the Government in regard to the slaves of rebels.

On Thursday evening of last week, just after the Concert, a carriage containing four of Father Kemp's Troupe, was damaged by being run off the street, taking the direction of the Rail Road at Deadman's Crossing,—going down the embankment between the R. R. track and Gove street. The street light at that place had just been extinguished, and the driver was a stranger to the way.—An eye witness states that the horse cut quite a figure, lying on his back with his feet in the air. It is gratifying to record that the passengers were not hurt.

Late on the afternoon of the following day (Friday), Hon. D. W. Gooch, of Melrose, being in town, called at the house of John S. Eaton, Esq., on Salem street, leaving his wife in the chaise. A company of boys coming down the hill with their usually noisy instruments, the horse started from fright, and forcibly striking a post by the side walk, nearly demolished the carriage. But Mrs. Gooch clung to the wreck, until they began to descend "Fitz Hill," when she with a part of the carriage fell to the ground, and the horse was stopped by Mr. Wm. G. Skinner who was coming up the hill at the time. Mrs. Gooch was bruised on the side of her head, on her arm, and hip,—though not seriously. Mr. Skinner took Mr. and Mrs. Gooch to his house, giving them the kindest attentions of his family, and in the evening carried them to their home in Melrose.

SURPRISE.—The pupils of Miss Lizzie B. Walton's school gave their teacher an agreeable surprise on Monday evening on the celebration of her birthday. It was admirably

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LECTURE.—On Friday evening of last week Mr. Wm. Wells Brown of Cambridgeport lectured in the Orthodox Vestry on "The Negro under Fire." He was introduced to the large audience who had gathered, by Hon. O. R. Clark, in a few appropriate remarks. The speaker commenced by saying that it was argued by many, that the negro is the cause of this rebellion. He would admit that he is the innocent cause. Had the system of slavery never been introduced into this country, we should have had peace and quiet, instead of this unnatural strife. But having been introduced, it has proved the rock upon which the Ship of State has well nigh foundered. How has slavery been the cause of this rebellion? How has it worked the Southern people up to the position they have occupied for the past two years, and still present?

From the experience of the first twenty years of his life spent in slavery, he drew a vivid picture of the effects of slavery on the social system. We talk about the ignorance and degradation of the negroes. They are so. It is impossible for them to be otherwise in the situation in which they are placed. This is the result of slavery. Ignorance and degradation are the keys which lock and fasten this accursed system upon its unfortunate victims.

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIII.: No. 4.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### Forward!

"But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that conch is vanity."—ECCLES. xi.: 8.

Shall this life of mine be wasted?  
Shall this vineyard lie untilled?  
Shall true joy pass by untasted,  
And this soul remain unfilled?

Shall the God-given hours be scattered,  
Like the leaves upon the plain?  
Shall the blossom die unwatered  
By the drops of heavenly rain?

Shall I see each fair sun waking,  
And not feel it wakes for me?  
Each glad morning brightly breaking,  
And not feel it breaks for me?

Shall I see the roses blowing,  
And not wish to bloom as they?  
Holly fragrance round me throwing,  
Luring others on the way?

Shall I hear the free birds singing  
In the summer's stainless sky,  
Far aloft its glad flight winging,  
And not seek to soar so high?

Shall this heart still spend its treasures  
On the things that fade and die?  
Shall it court the hollow pleasures  
Of bewildering vanity?

Shall these lips of mine be idle?  
Shall I open them in vain?  
Shall I not with God's own bridle  
Their frivolities restrain?

Shall these eyes of mine still wander?  
Or, no longer turned afar,  
Fix a firmer gaze and ponder  
On the bright and morning star?

Shall these feet of mine, delaying,  
Still in ways of sin be found,  
Leaving snare, and maddly straying  
On the world's bewitching ground?

No, I was not born to trifle  
Life away in dreams of sin!  
No, I must not, dare not stifle  
Longings such as these within!

Swiftly moving, upward, onward,  
Let my soul in faith be borne,  
Calmy gaining—skyward, onward,  
Let my eye unshrinking turn!

Where the Cross, God's love revealing,  
Sets the fettered spirit free;  
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,  
There, my soul, the rest shall be.

Then no longer idly dreaming,  
Shall I fling my years away;  
But each precious hour redeeming,  
Wait for the eternal day!

## Select Literature.

### SURE TO WIN.

#### CHAPTER I.

You wish to hear the old man's story, my dear, and how your mother and I first made acquaintance? Well, if it will give you pleasure, so be it. The circumstances are still fresh in my memory; but if I trip, there sits the other partner in the firm—God bless her comely face!—ready to amend the record. Just thirty years ago, last Hilary term, Commander Josiah Stark, H. E. I. C. S., C. B., ex-commander of that famous regiment the Boggywallow Fencibles, returned home from India. Age seventeen, he sailed away from a smiling, ruddy countenance and a gleeful heart; age sixty-seven, he came back, with a sorrow, war-worn visage and a diseased liver. Truth compels me to admit that the colonel was neither prepossessing in appearance nor amiable in character. Tall, broad-shouldered, and grim, with large, irregular features, and iron-gray hair bristling like bayonets, he did not strike you, even at first sight, as a man likely to do a kind action; you felt instinctively that he would have looked upon it as weakness. Wee betide the beggar who asked of him an alms! if a man, the colonel growled out a stern inquiry why a sturdy fellow like the applicant wasn't at work, or serving the king, and ominously twined his cane; if a woman prayed assistance and bread for starving babes, he held her in conversation until a policeman passed, and then gave her up in charge for vagrancy.

During his residence in India, Colonel Stark had shaken the pagoda-tree to some purpose. Yellow sovereigns, bright and glittering with the effigies of the great man in Europe; or pleasant, crisp papyri, bearing the signature of one Mr. Abraham Newland, were the fruit he had gathered. When the colonel considered he had amassed, not enough—no sensible man ever does—but at any rate sufficient to live upon in comfort for the rest of his days, he turned his thoughts towards home. One crowning pleasure he reserved to be still enjoyed, and this consisted in setting up as the great man of the neighborhood into which he had been born.

No Colonel Josiah Stark retired from the service, and returned to England, bringing with him, as appendages of his state—item, one shivering Hindu servant called Jottee Lall, attired in white garments, with a turban like unto the hues of the rainbow; item, one large and heavy bamboo, brass-tipped, many-knotted, with whose weight and calibre Jottee Lall was painfully familiar; and item, one red-eyed, handsome white cockatoo, reported well-versed in oriental slang.

Finding upon his return to Bayfield, a pleasant country residence called the Ferns, about two miles from the town, the colonel hired the place, furnished it with the luxuries long residence in the east had rendered necessary, and installed himself and his

household in this new abode. Then came a difficulty.

The colonel, after realizing his property in India, and laying out the plan of campaign for his future life, had overlooked the fact that he must have somebody to superintend his household. A week's residence at the Ferns awakened him to the necessity. Why did he not engage a housekeeper? you will say. The idea did just fit across his mind, I admit, and with a lordly air he looked down the columns of the *Times* for the article he required. As he read, a vision uprose before him of an elderly female in black, with a sharp nose and a vinegar aspect, who cast in her employer's teeth, when rebuked, the recollection of the dear departed.

"Never, no, never in all the years as we was married," the colonel seemed to hear his housekeeper wail, "did my Mr. Kenspeckle find fault with his victuals. Never would he have allowed anybody to say an 'arsh word to his Harabella. But alas! the dear saint has long been a hangel in 'caven, and his poor lone widdier must suffer in peace."

To which the colonel caught himself replying—"D—n it, ma'am, and I wish you did."

Or, yet worse, he might engage a housekeeper with matrimonial views; and the colonel shuddered when he thought of what a terrible catastrophe this would be. He was rich, single, and elderly—not old; I should think not, indeed. What if the limit of man's years were placed at threescore and ten, and he only wanted three years to complete that period; age, after all, is only comparative, and should be reckoned by vigor and strength of constitution.

"There's many a youngster at five-and-twenty not half what I am at sixty-seven," quoth the colonel grimly, as he tossed aloft his brawny arms. "I should be a devil of a catch for some designing jade, I should—No; that would be worst of all."

In short, the chances of comfort in engaging a housekeeper were terribly hazardous and dead against the colonel. Whether he was wept at or married, the result would be equally fatal to happiness.

"And what can I do with a woman that don't suit me?" pondered Colonel Stark. "Not what I should if we were in India. There I should have a kharasmanum to look after the house; and if he didn't do his duty, he'd be tried up at the halibards, and the drummer be laying on fifty before the nigger could squeak Jack Robinson. But what are you to do with a woman?"

And the colonel groined again in utter perplexity of spirit. Suddenly, a bright idea flashed across him—his daughter Letty! Why, she was the very thing; open to none of the objections that had troubled him, his own child, who would naturally look after her old father's comfort—here the colonel grew pathetic—and smooth the passage of the few remaining years he yet might have to live. Besides, there was economy in this arrangement. For eight or ten years he had been investing capital in his daughter's education; she should now repay the outlay with interest by her affection and care. So Letty Stark, aged seventeen, was brought home from school to superintend her father's household.

There was one peculiar feature in Colonel Stark's character which rendered him a very difficult man to agree with—this was mistrust. The author of his own fortunes, compelled from early youth to keep a watchful eye upon his interests and expenditure, the habit had increased with age to universal suspicion. He may have had cause. Along experience of men in an arduous profession has taught me that the majority will swindle you if they can. I don't mean to say there are no exceptions, but there being such only proves the correctness of the rule. Never give any one an opportunity to get the advantage of you, and you will be spared many vexations and much loss. This is my cardinal opinion as a professional man. I should charge a stranger six-and-eightpence for the advice; but I give it you, reader, for nothing.

Still, there are limits to all things. Colonel Stark stepped over the limits, and distrusted everybody without distinction. His causeless jealousy poisoned his wife's existence. Meanings and intentions of which the poor lady was entirely innocent, were attributed to all her words and actions, until she being of frail and nervously susceptible organization, the colonel positively worried and suspected her into the grave. Nor did he entertain a more favorable opinion of her daughter, or of the sex in general.

"Cats, sir," he would designate those delightful creatures—"cats, nothing more. Always trying to dip their whiskers in forbidden cream, and purring meekly about you, to make you believe 'em honest."

Coupled with universal distrust, the colonel entertained another unpleasant persuasion—this was, that all the world had entered into a conspiracy to hoodwink—or, as he expressed it, to "do"—him upon every possible occasion, which naturally begot a strong determination upon his part never to be done. Successful evasion of various artful snares had produced its necessary consequence, an overweening trust in his own sagacity and clearness of sight; so that I verily believe there did not march up and down upon the earth's surface a more self-confident and conceited individual than he.

Now, at the time Letty Stark came to live at the Ferns, I, Caleb Stutely, was attired to

my Uncle Ferril, a solicitor, in large practice at Bayfield, and the professional adviser of many of the country families round the town. He had acted as the colonel's agent for years.

To his care Letty had been consigned upon her mother's death in India; by him she had been placed at the same school with my sister Grace, now in London, married; in his house the girls had always spent their holidays; and the inevitable consequence of all this was, that though both of us were children in the eyes of our sagacious elders, Letty Stark and I were very old intimate friends indeed.

At what precise period of my acquaintance with Letty I first began to—well, to feel a *tendre* towards her, at this distance of time I am quite unable to say; I only know that when the sentiment did manifest itself, its growth was marvellous. Like Jack's beanstalk, it sprang up in a night. The first symptoms were an unusual diffidence, a strange embarrassment in Letty's presence, exaggerated by a painful sense of personal deficiency. Up to that hour I had thought I was rather a good looking fellow than otherwise; I depreciated my teeth, I abhorred my budding whiskers, I considered my figure anything but fine. Of a night I established myself before the looking glass in my bedroom, with a candle on each side the mirror, and fell to abasing my perfections serially.

"Call this coarse, rosy fibre, hair!" I would exclaim, holding up my hyacinthine locks—which, by the way, must be surely blue!—"Ah, look at Letty's, curling round her delicate head like the tendrils about a sweet young vine. That a complexion, that a mottled, sunburnt skin! Not for a second to be likened to my Letty's lovely red and white, blending so exquisitely that you cannot note the line where lily blushes into rose. And I to aspire to such perfection! I wonder at, and hate myself for the presumption."

I made a great fool of myself, my dear, but I had taken the fever badly, and went regularly through all the stages of the disorder. However, in spite of my conviction of Letty's infinite superiority, I did somehow one day muster courage to enter my suit. Perhaps my pleading was too eloquent to be resisted; perhaps the judge was kindly disposed towards me; anyhow, the summing-up was entirely in my favor, and, to my extreme delight, the verdict assailed. Therewith, one step in advance was certainly made, yet not the most important one. It was all very well, and gratifying enough to the parties especially concerned, for Caleb Stutely, bachelor, and Letty Stark, spinster, both of the parish of Bayfield, to exchange vows of eternal constancy and plight each other their troth, as these two rash young persons did upon various notable occasions; but they were not, after all, the chief parties to be consulted. What would the colonel say? Ah! what did he say? Even after the lapse of thirty days, I still shudder at the remembrance. The event happened at a party given by my Uncle Ferril at his house in Bayfield. Hunting about with his customary suspicion, Colonel Stark observed that his daughter and I were absent from the room; he instantly proceeded in search of us. As ill-luck would have it, Letty and I, having just finished a quadrille, were at that momenting upon a seat in the adjoining conservatory, my arm entwined about my charmer's slender waist, my lips in the act of imprinting a salute upon her tender cheek. When I subsequently raised my eyes, they encountered the watchful orbs of the colonel, glaring through the blossoms of a passion-flower. Medusa's head could not have turned Perseus, if he had only happened to see it, into more sudden stone. Colonel Stark burst in upon us like a tornado.

"Come along, come along, you—you jade!" he shouted, hauling my poor girl by the wrist into the midst of the astonished dancers. "I'll put a stop to this. We'll have no more billing and cooing behind the old man's back, I promise you. Be off this instant; toss on your things, and order the carriage. And as for you, young Perseus," continued the colonel, turning to me, and thrusting his bony fist like a smelling-bottle close under my nose, "damme, sir, I've a great mind to break every blank bone in your back, rascally, pettifogging carcase!" The commotion occasioned by this proceeding may be easily imagined. Letty rushed with crimsoned countenance to the door, followed by many of the younger ladies, who were indignant at the colonel's coarse violence, and stood by their order. The more severely virtuous and moral—wall flowers these mostly, by the way—drew themselves up with an air of conscious rectitude, and frowned reproach upon the culprits. For my part, I was furious. I recollected making a rush at the colonel, with some vague intention of choking him summarily upon the spot, but was promptly checked and held off by my Uncle Ferril. Others threw themselves between us, and edged me into a corner, while the colonel was half persuaded, half hustled from the room. In five minutes more, I heard the carriage which contained my Letty drive away.

This untoward accident broke up the party; gentility both dreads and loves nothing so much as a scene, and here had been a scene with a vengeance. One by one our guests pleaded fatigue, or alleged other pretexts for what was in reality desire to get away and talk over what had taken place; and in a short time my Uncle Ferril and I were left alone.

"Well, nephew Caleb?" said my uncle, calmly, raising his eyebrows into notes of interrogation, when the last visitor had quitted the house. "This is a pretty business, truly. Don't you feel ashamed of yourself, sir?"

"Not a bit," I answered stoutly. "There's no shame in liking a charming girl like Letty. I should hope, uncle. The only shame in the matter belongs to her brute of a father, who called me a pettifogger to a—confound him! If you hadn't stopped me, uncle, I'd have had an apology out of the old tyrant, or I'd have known the reason why."

"Fish!" replied Uncle Ferril, leisurely taking snuff. "You speak like a very young man, nephew. If you really felt offended at a hasty expression, the law affords the remedy. Colonel Stark is a man of substance, and the epithet is no doubt actionable. See *Skinnum v. Jagg*, Q. B. Rep. 44, where defendant telling plaintiff he was no gentleman, plaintiff obtained a verdict upon the ground of being entitled by Act of Parliament to write himself Esquire. Again, *Diachylon v. The O'Blatherum*, M. P. C. P. xvi. 96, is even more in point. In this case, an Irish defendant refused to defray plaintiff's charges for plastering a broken head. Defendant, who had been bred to the bar, conducted his defence in person, and becoming excited, pleaded that plaintiff was only 'a low thief of an apothecary,' not a duly-qualified practitioner; but Black, C. D., quoted high authority to show that the objection was shabby, and could not stand. Same plaintiff then brought a second action, arising out of the former, against same defendant, for the libel uttered in open court. Defendant pleaded license of council as a justification; but a verdict was recorded against him. He appealed, and carried the case before all the tribunals, until it reached the House of Lords, where judgment was finally delivered in original plaintiff's favor—*Bruffum*, at that time chancellor, opining defendant would have had a better plea if he had alleged irresponsibility from imperfect cure; as it was evidently upon the merits, that all (if any of the brains originally knocked out) could not have been replaced. A full report of these interesting and important proceedings will be found in *Patter and Clatter's Remarkable Cases*, t. 87.—But with respect to Colonel Stark, I leave you to judge how far an action against the father would advance your suit with the daughter."

And I paced up and down the drawing-room in great exasperation. My uncle was a bit of a philosopher in his way. He leaned back in his chair, and watched me for a minute or two with some amusement.

"It's curious," he said presently, "to observe how completely passion blinds even tolerably sensible persons to positive fact. Here have you, by an ill-timed display of attachment to Letty Stark, provoked her father to exercise his legal authority as a parent over that infant, and you now feel immensely indignant at the consequences of your own act. Have the goodness to pick up the chair you have just kicked over, if you please. The set is valuable. Thank you. You feel indignant, I repeat, and threaten Colonel Stark with personal violence—most reprehensible and unprofessional, I must say—because he rightfully rebukes his daughter for impropriety of conduct. Love, Caleb, appears strangely at variance with logic in your mind. May I trouble you to replace the coal-scuttle?"

"Then you actually mean to defend the man's brutality, uncle?" I demanded in greater anger than ever. My uncle had a most annoying way of putting things, which made him seem generally in the right.

"No, Caleb; there you mistake. Your usually clear mind is not apparently at this moment able to perceive the true gist of my argument. I do not excuse the manner in which Colonel Stark thought proper to exert his authority; I only assert his undoubted right, and your consequent unreasonableness; that is all. And now we will proceed to discuss what had better be done."

So my uncle having satisfied his forensic mind by placing the question in its correct legal bearing, yielded to his natural kindly heart, and sympathized with my unfortunate love-trouble as fully as an unprofessional uncle might have done.

The positional was certainly awkward. But while it was simply unpleasant to me, for Letty it was really serious. To be the subject of comment for the meers and inlanders of the malicious and spiteful, is bad enough in an extensive sphere; in the little circle that constituted the Bayfield world, it was social death. Letty must be rescued from this situation without delay. My uncle therefore undertook to proceed next morning to the Ferns, and propose in due form for the immediate recognition of our engagement.

This decided, I felt comparatively at ease. Sanguine and tolerably self-assured, I had little fear that the colonel would not consider

me a fit match for his daughter. My uncle was wealthy, and I was his heir; I had property of my own even then; and when my articles expired, I was to enter the firm. Some trifling difficulty might perhaps be raised upon the score of unequal rank, but the colonel had no ancestry whose names might be offended by a *metallance*, while I was the descendant of an ancient family. Even my uncle admitted that he did not believe this obstacle would be insuperable.

Alas! short-sighted lawyers that we were! Neither of us conceived in what direction the actual hindrance would be found.

CHAPTER II.

Were I to live to the age of Methuselah, which heaven forbid, I should never forget the tremor of nervous anxiety in which I passed the time of my uncle's absence upon his mission to the Ferns.

Very sagacious people aver that whenever you have to wait for anything, time passes quickest in occupation. I am not prepared to deny the fact, but I do maintain that in this particular men are at a disadvantage. Ladies are more favorably placed. Many ways of employing time are open to them which are closed to the sterner sex. The excitement of recovering a dropped stitch, the absorption of rectifying a mistaken pattern, are exhaustless sources of feminine delight.

It will not seem singular, then, that I considered the two hours and twenty-five minutes of Uncle Ferril's absence at least thrice that period. When he finally returned, I sprang to meet him.

"Well, uncle," I exclaimed, "what news?" Now, my Uncle Ferril was a very methodical man. Nothing less than an earthquake, I think, could have moved him to omit a habit; so I was not surprised to see him deposit his cane in his accustomed corner, hang up his hat on its usual peg, slowly draw off his gloves, and folding one within the other, placed them in his pocket, and sink into the comfort of his leather-backed chair, before he prepared to deliver his report. As for expecting to gain a clue to what had passed from the expression of his countenance, was he not a solicitor of many years' standing? But I was too eager now to give these circumstances due weight.

"Well, uncle?" I repeated hastily.—"What did old Stark say? What will he do? When can I see Letty?"

"Unfavorable. Very little—nothing. Not at all," returned my uncle laconically, answering my questions serially.

"Good heavens, uncle! Why, what can you mean?"

"Just this—it is not Colonel Stark's intention to permit Miss Letty to marry."

"Not at present, I suppose. Well, no matter. We are young, and we can wait. What time did he fix for probation, uncle?"

"The colonel mentioned no particular period, Caleb," pursued uncle Ferril. "The impression he conveyed to me, in fact, was that he did not intend Miss Letty to marry at all."

"What! never?" I roared. "Why, the unconscionable old barbarian! Does he expect to keep the poor girl in single wretchedness all her days?"

"Such, I was given to understand from his own lips, is his anticipation," returned my uncle gravely.

"Oh, preposterous, ridiculous, absurd!" I shouted. "The thing is impossible, upon the face of it. Why, uncle, he can't. He surely never intends to seclude her from society altogether, to make her a female hermit, to shut her out from the world in the bloom of youth! He doesn't entertain such medieval notions of parental authority as that would argue, uncle?"

"Something very nearly approaching thereto, I am afraid, Caleb," replied Uncle Ferril with a sigh. "The colonel's line of argument, so far as I was able to follow it, appeared to be this. He has no especial objection to you personally, further than that you desire to take away his child—to rob him of her, was his expression. You seem a decent young fellow enough, he obligingly observed, and would probably make as good a husband as another. But he objects to any husband for his daughter, as I gather; at least, during his lifetime. Her first duty, he remarked, is to her father. He has had her educated and brought up at considerable expense; he has never yet reaped any benefit from the capital thus laid out, and he intends, again to use his own expression, to make his money of her now. He has no notion, he says, of some good-looking hawk—don't be angry—stepping in and carrying off his child, just when she is beginning to afford some return for what she has cost. In short, he considers that, as her father, he has the best right to her services. And really, Caleb," concluded Uncle Ferril, offering me his snuff-box, "the colonel's position is, legally, so entirely unassailable, that I do not see what can be done. Try the mixture; it's genuine blackguard, I assure you."

"Done, uncle!" I repeated, agitated at this unexpected turn of affairs. "I'll tell you what's to be done. If I can't get Letty with her father's consent, I'll have her without it. I'll carry her off to Scotland, and marry her at Gretna. That's what's to be done, if we can't bring Colonel Stark to reason."

"There's only one trifling obstacle to that course, Caleb," returned my uncle, "and it

happens to be precisely the one the colonel expects you will adopt. His last words to me, in fact, were: 'Tell your youngster, Ferril, I wouldn't advise him to heat up my garrison in search of the prize; I'm too old a soldier to be taken unawares. A lawyer's skin may be of parchment, but it won't keep out a brace of bullets.'"

"The brute!" I ejaculated in dismay. "Then, uncle, what on earth is to be done?"

"For the present, I should recommend nothing. Perfect quiet and apparent resignation. For a time, of course, the colonel will be upon his guard, but his vigilance will soon wear off. Time, and a little patience, will solve the difficulty, I make no doubt. I'll trouble you for Mr. Verney's deed-box, if you please."

Therewith the subject dropped.

But it was impossible for me, however easy to my uncle, to bury my sorrows in Mr. Verney's deed-box; and catching up my hat, I rushed away—out of the office, out of Bayfield, out of the world I half intended, in the madness of my rage. What might have occurred, I hardly know, if, turning a sharp angle of the road, I had not encountered and almost trodden under foot the colonel's Hindu servant Jottee Lall. Ordinarily, I shunned this man. There was a writhing servility in his manner, so different to anything I had heretofore encountered in persons of a similar class in my own country, that I could hardly bear to speak to the fellow civilly. Even his color was a fault in my prejudiced eyes. But there were other circumstances which swelled the dislike I entertained. The Hindu was a coward and a bully; I had seen him frighten children, when he thought himself unnoticed, with hideous faces and uncouth gestures, until the little things ran shrieking for refuge behind their mothers' gowns. Let but a sturdy laborer approach, whose Saxon heart and strong right arm were ready to protect the helpless, and Jottee, fawning with obsequious grin, would try to attract the tiny creature he had just repelled. The spiteful mischief of the ape, the sinuous, gliding motion of the snake, and the ferocious aspects of the tiger, where their indulgence appeared secure, seemed mingled in the fellow's nature. Thinking of Jottee, I have wondered sometimes at the siege of Delhi, but could thoroughly understand the horrors of the Indian mutiny.

In my present frame of mind, however, the sight of the Hindu was welcome. Two bribes he found it impossible to resist; his fingers always closed with an instinctive clutch on gold, and he could never withstand the temptation of a glass of brandy-punch, or grog. From him, therefore, I knew I could obtain valuable information as to the colonel's proceedings at the Ferns; perhaps I might even persuade him to convey a note to Letty.

Telling the Hindu to follow, I went straight to the bar of a country inn upon the Bayfield road, and administered a strong dose of the liquid bribe. It proved only too effectual. His weak head was unable to bear the liquor; and although I gained the intelligence I desired, I saw it would be too hazardous to intrust him with anything which, in his intoxication, he might easily betray.

That same evening, shortly after dusk, I set out to reconnoitre the enemy's position, for you may easily suppose I was not to be deterred by Colonel Stark's threats from attempting to gain an interview with Letty. I walked slowly down the road, and it was dark when I passed the swing-gate on the path leading to the Ferns. Treading very gingerly—partly from professional caution, partly from dread of man-traps—I approached the house. Lights shone from the dining-room windows, lights streamed from the casements of the servants' offices. Cautionously I stepped up to the dining-room, and breathing upon the rime-clothed panes, peeped in.

The enemy was seated at the table, alone, over his wine, big and burly. Behind his master's chair stood the Hindu, with folded arms, his dark features glistening over his white robes and beneath his gaudy turban, the light falling upon the yellows of his gleaming eyes. Something had evidently put the colonel in high good-humor; perhaps he felt pleasantly replete with dinner; perhaps he was meditating upon the success with which he had that morning repelled my uncle. Whatever the cause, he laughed aloud, and called to Jottee to bring him the big bamboo.

The Hindu glided to the corner where this instrument was usually kept, raised it reverentially between his palms, and laid it with a low salam, before his master. The colonel took the bamboo, poised it like a scepter in one hand, and ordered his slave before him. "Now, Jottee, you see this?" said the colonel.

"Iss, Sahib,"

"You know what I keep it for, eh, boy?"

"Iss, Sahib."

"Well, then, now listen to me. If ever you come home drunk again, Jottee, as you did this morning, or carry any messages, Jottee, or letters, Jottee, except for me, or break any of the rules and regulations of this garrison, Jottee, do you know what'll happen to you, you scoundrel, eh?"

"N-n-n-ne, Sahib," stammered the trembling wretch.

"Why, I'll flog you within half an inch of your life first, then clap you in jail for five years, and have you blown from a gun afterwards."

wards. D'y'e hear, ye rascal?" roared the colonel, as he brought down the big bamboo upon the table with a rap that made the decanters reel.

"Iss, Sahib," stammered affrighted Jottee, with a lower salam than ever, as he received back the instrument of torture, and reconveyed it humbly to its appointed place.

Leaving the colonel to the magnanimous amusement of practising upon this wretched creature's fears, I slid on tiptoe round to the servants' offices, and looked in at the kitchen windows. The prospect here was not more promising than in the dining-room. The evening being cold, the servants were gathered about the fire in a group. How was I to gain speech of one of them alone? Fortune here stood my friend. The man I desired to speak with was the gardener. Letty was fond of flowers; she must be often in the green-houses and garden; this man would have frequent opportunities of conveying a note. As I was thinking how to get hold of him, the man rose, grumbling that he must go out in the cold to look after his fires. He lighted a lantern, opened the door, and stepped into the garden. I followed. When he was a little distance from the house, I called him in a low voice. The man turned, held up his lantern, saw my figure looming large through the darkness, advancing toward him, was seized with a sudden panic, and fled with a shout back to the house.

"Thieves—thieves! murder! robbery!" yelled the gardener, as he burst into the kitchen, arousing a chorus of shrill screams from the terrified women. Anathematizing his cowardice, I beat a hasty retreat, and retreating behind the shelter of a friendly bush, awaited what should follow. To the voices of the frightened women were speedily added the gruff tones of Colonel Stark, calling to Jottee to bring his pistols, and inquiring why they were making all this hubbub. Gazing from my concealment, I saw the enemy's portly frame blocking up the doorway, while the women peeped timidly from under the shadow of his wing. Next moment he rapidly fired a couple of barrels right and left, one ball singing closely enough over my head to enable me to realize being under fire.

"What savages these old soldiers are?" was my involuntary exclamation, as I crouched closer than ever to the ground, and wished my protecting bush of twice its size. The house was now thoroughly alarmed, and further attempts at exploration useless. As noiselessly as possible I regained the high-road, and made the best of my way back to Bayfield.

Next morning I received the following characteristic note from Colonel Stark: "YOUR PARCHMENT—My house was disturbed last night. The ass of a garrison, whom I've just sent about his business, says by thieves; but it's my belief that you were the culprit. Now, mark this: I've just sent up to town for a couple of the fiercest bulldogs that can be bought for money. They will be here to-morrow. Look out, therefore, for the safety of the professional hide."

"Letty knows I'm writing, and sends word she has nothing to say to you—Truly, yours, JOSIAH STARK."

This was atrocious. I ground my teeth as I handed the epistle to my uncle, who perused it with a smile.

"Upon the whole, Caleb, not unpromising, I think," he said, as he returned the billet. "It is something to have made the enemy speak. Now, keep quiet for a little, and let us watch the effect."

"Well, I took my uncle's advice, and restrained my ardor, though heaven knows it was a difficult task. I went about my ordinary duties, made no attempt to communicate with Letty, behaved as if there were no such tormenting little person in the world, for a full month; then, also by my uncle's advice, I recommenced hostilities—in a clumsy way, however, and by channels sure to be detected, if the colonel exercised ordinary sharpness. I bribed the laundress to smuggle in a note with the house-linen, taking care to be previously seen talking to the woman by one of the servants at the Ferns.—Next day the colonel came down to the office in high glee, and with quite a polite air handed me my note, remarking he should be sorry to detain any property upon which I possibly set a value. Similar measures were met in the like manner, until at last sagacious Colonel Stark, convinced of the utter futility of any efforts of mine to break his blockade, and strong in the conviction of his excessive cleverness, came forward with a proposal which, at a given period, should terminate the strife.

"Uncle not in, young Pounce?" said the colonel, swinging one morning into our office with an easy air. "No matter. It's you I want to speak to principally. Now, just listen to me. For the last six weeks you've been trying your utmost, in one way or another, to communicate with my daughter Letty, behind my back. Letty's a good girl, and I don't believe she would have anything to say to you against my wish. However, that's not the question. The plain state of the case is this: you say you love Letty, and want to get her. I say I've got her, and I mean to keep her. Now, it's quite evident we can't go on playing hide-and-seek like this for ever; either you must give in, yield all claim, and shake hands amicably, or I must carry Letty away somewhere—to town, or abroad, or even back to India—where you can't follow. Hey, what do you say to that, youngster?"

(Continued on Last Page.)











(Continued from First Page.)

I could only reply that, much as I should regret to be the cause of Colonel Stark and his daughter, even temporarily, leaving the Ferns, I could not consent, in fairness to the lady, to give up the hold she had assumed me. I possessed upon her heart, save at her own desire.

"Very good. That's as much as to say you won't give her up. Now, look here; I've come to propose an arrangement. You have plenty of assurance, I know, and no doubt fancy you will ultimately win the day. I have a fair share of experience in strategy, and I don't think you can. Let us put the matter to the test. Try you for the space of six months to take me in, deceive me, clearly, plainly, in my own house, under my own nose, if you like, so palpably that there shall be no mistake about the matter. If you succeed, I'll surrender Letty. If, on the contrary, you fail to hoodwink me within those six months, you shall give me your word and honor—even a lawyer's got some, I suppose—to draw off your forces and raise the siege. You shall relinquish all right, claim, title, and all the rest of your jargon, to take advantage of any promise my girl may have given you, and leave her free and unmolested to marry or not to marry, as she and I may settle. Now, there's a fair, straightforward proposal, and I'll give you ten minutes to think about it."

The colonel placed his watch before him upon the table, took up the Times, and plunged into a leader.

My uncle luckily coming in at this moment, I laid the Colonel's proposition before him, and requested his advice. When the appointed time had expired, the colonel emerged from the newspaper.

"Well, youngster, what's the decision?"

"Colonel, I accept."

The conditions of this curious compact were speedily reduced to writing. The document was signed, sealed and delivered. A duplicate was prepared for me; the original was handed to the colonel, who buttoned it with a chuckle securely inside his breast-pocket, asked if he should give my love to Letty, and with this Partisan shaft departed on his way.

You see, Colonel Stark had such profound reliance upon his own shrewdness and felt so thoroughly convinced that he must win.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

CHASED BY AN INDIAN.—A man who has been West, and been chased by an Indian, makes the following matter of fact observation:—"Much has been said by poets and romantic young ladies about the picturesque aspect and the noble form of an untamed and untamable warrior of the prairie, and far be it from me to gainsay them. An Indian is a noble spectacle—in a picture, or at a safe distance; but when this 'noble spectacle' is moving his moccasins in your direction, and you have to do some talk walking in order to keep the capillary substance on the summit of your cranium, all his 'nobility' vanishes, and you see him only a painted, greasy miscreant, who will, if you give him a chance, lift your hair with the same Christian spirit, composed and serene, with which he would ask another 'spectacle' for a little more of that 'baked dog.' I used to think like the poets; now the sight of an Indian gives me a cramp in the stomach."

CRIMINAL CRUELTY.—A novel use has been found for crinoline, the honor of the discovery of which is due to the ladies of Detroit. It is the fashion in that town to suspend one from the top of a pole, and to place it over a bed where seeds of convolvulus or other plants that are of a twining nature are sown; the result is that the flower first grows up round the pole, and then round the crinoline, forming a dome of bright flowers and green leaves. The effect they consider peculiarly pretty, especially when there are lines of these strange-looking things, so as to form an avenue. We should imagine they must bear the appearance of rows of variegated umbrellas.

BOXING BELLES.—At Manchester, New Hampshire, a few days ago, two factory girls quarrelled and arranged to fight at Stratford, to which place they went, accompanied by a large number of boys and girls. They threw off their bonnets and, having drawn a line, they took it. The conditions agreed upon were that there should be no pulling hair or scratching. After several rounds, in the course of which fists only were used, both fell, and, while on the ground, one was beaten until almost insensible.

NECESSARY OBSERVANCE OF FORMALITY.—When a stamp has been attached to a certificate of marriage, the minister is required to write his initials and the date of the marriage on the stamp, to cancel it. Clergymen will please take notice of this important requirement, as parties would doubtless be slightly astonished to find, after living together for several years, that, by reason of neglect of this formality, their marriage was an illusion instead of a "dead sure thing."

BE FUNCTIONAL.—A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

A couple were recently married in Lynn, whose united ages were 152 years. The blushing bride had passed her 74th summer, while the snows of 78 winters rested upon the bridegroom's youthful brow.

A negro about dying was told by his minister that he must forgive a certain darky against whom he seemed to entertain very bitter feelings. "Yes, yes," he replied, "I'll forgive dat nigger; but if I gits well, dat nigger must take care."

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Painful Menstruation;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Suppression of their Courses;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Irregularities;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Profuse Discharges;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Ulcerated Uterus;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Chlorosis, or Green sickness;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER

From Leucorrhoea, or Whites;

## FEMALES WHO SUFFER FROM ALL

THESE COMPLAINTS INCIDENT TO

THE SEX, whether resulting from Indis-

cretion, Habits of Dissipation, or in the "Critical Age," or "Turn of Life," will find a

REMEDY in the

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It will cure, in a very large proportion of

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Indisposition to Exertion, Wakefulness,

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Trembling, Loss of Power, Pain

in the Back, Alternating Chills

and Fevers of the Heart,

Drooping Sensation of the Lower Part of

the Body,

Headache, Langour,

Aching along the Thighs,

Intolerance of Light and Sound,

Pale Countenance,

Derangement of the Stomach &amp; Bowels,

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influence on the Uterus. It is a valuable

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### The Two Southern Mothers.

Heard you not the din of battle,  
Cannon's roar, and musket's rattle,  
Clash of sword, and shriek of wheel,  
Victor's shot, and vanquished's yell?

Saw you not the scene of slaughter,  
Human blood poured out the water;  
Northern valor, Southern pride,  
Stern resolve on either side?

Cheering on his flagging men,  
Rallying to the charge again,  
Came a bullet, charged with grief,  
Strikes the brave Confederate chief.

Down he falls, amid the strife,  
Horses trampling on his life;  
Scarcely can his retreating force  
Find and save his mangled corpse.

Home they bore him to his mother—  
He was all she had—none other:  
Woful mother! who can borrow  
Words to paint her frantic sorrow?

As she mourned her slaughtered brave,  
Came and spoke her agony;  
Came, and spoke with solemn brow:  
"Missus, we is even, now."

"I had ten, and you had one:  
Now we're even, stark and cold:  
Not one left to bury either—  
Slave and mistress mourn together."

"Every one of mine you sold—  
Now your son, stark and cold:  
To the just Avenger bow—  
Missus! I forgive you now."

Thus she spoke, that sable mother;  
Shuddering, crouched and cowered the other.  
You! although it tarry long,  
PAYMENT SHALL BE MADE FOR WRONG!

—Continental Monthly.

## Select Literature.

### SURE TO WIN.

CHAPTER III.

Open hostilities were therefore now declared—Stutely versus Stark, Themis against Mars, Bayfield and the Ferns the scene of action, six months the duration of the campaign.

After the colonel's departure, my uncle and I held a consultation. Our deliberations resulted in the conclusion, that some means of communicating with Letty must positively be found. The colonel's vigilance was only to be baffled by securing an ally within the garrison. None could do so effectual or valuable as Letty, if we could only engage her upon our side. Now, how was this to be accomplished?

We were lawyers, and between us we conceived a plan. It was stagey, romantic and hazardous; its success was very doubtful; its failure would only cause the enemy to double his watchfulness. But his insolent defiance had put us upon our mettle, and we resolved to leave no stone unturned to secure victory.

Not far from my uncle's house lived an old college chum and lifelong friend, Dr. Polt. Like habits, like tastes, like politics, like bachelorhood, bound the two strongly together. The doctor was the oldest medical man in Bayfield. He was in very tolerable circumstances, and had of late years almost retired from practice, maintaining his connection only with a few families, many of whose members he had introduced into existence. The intimate terms upon which Uncle Ferril and Dr. Polt stood rendered the attending my troubled love-passion, and his warmest sympathies were for our success—latter fully cognizant of all the circumstances.

Much of this feeling may have been owing to the colonel having upon several occasions treated the doctor with considerable rudeness. Colonel Stark, crammed with Indian prejudices, did not see why he should be civil to the "vet," as he chose to call our old friend. Dr. Polt was a short man, and short men are touchy upon the point of personal dignity.

"Big, blant blusterer!" exclaimed the doctor to my uncle one evening, when Colonel Stark's want of urbanity formed the topic of discourse. "I wish he'd fall ill, and call me in, Ferril. Wouldn't I physic him? Ah! And the doctor glared balefully over his spectacles, in a manner intended to signify that the pharmacopoeia would hardly afford the tremendous compounds he should like to inflict upon his enemy."

Dr. Polt entered heart and soul into the little plot my uncle and I had devised for Colonel Stark's confusion.

Dr. Polt was upon the watch, and pounced upon the case in an instant, like a vigilant spid—upon a heedless fly.

"Hullo! hullo! What's the matter? How's this?" exclaimed the doctor, as naturally as if the whole thing had not been prearranged. "Who's this, tumbling off his horse like a sack of oats? Why, dear me! Can it be? No! Yes! Possibly so it is. Bless my soul, my young friend Stutely! Dear, dear! What a piece of business! No bones broken, I hope. Let's see. Him! hm! passing his hand rapidly over my limbs as I lay upon the ground, hardly able to restrain my laughter. 'Skull not cracked; no, no, impossible—to think, Lie still, young gentleman, if you please. Collar-bone all right. Radius, ulna—no damage right or left. Not broken his neck—time enough for that to happen—nor yet his spine. Any ribs smashed? One—two—three—four—five—and the false ones; no; all in order. Now, let's try his legs—right leg; femur, tibia, patella; all straight. Left—ah! something wrong here. Dear, dear! with a very solemn face, and a learned shake of the head, to impress the half-dozen idlers who had gathered round. 'Severe fracture of the os cosmographiensis; displacement of the head of the quon. suff.—most important bone that; extensive luxation of the tendo Achillis. Dear, dear! More severely injured than I thought. Bring him into my surgery, my friends, and I'll soon set him to rights. Gently, gently; don't displace the quon. suff. any further, or I won't answer for the consequences. Bring him in—bring him in!'"

Preceded by Dr. Polt, enjoining upon my bearers the utmost caution, I was carried into the house, placed upon a sofa, and left in due professional care. Within half an hour all Bayfield rang with the exciting news that young Mr. Stutely had been thrown from his mare opposite Dr. Polt's door; that the mare had fallen upon and crushed him, breaking several of his ribs, his cosmos, the head of his panstuf, and his tenderkillings. Later intelligence added that, in spite of these desperate injuries, Dr. Polt still entertained hopes of the poor young gentleman's recovery. Another bulletin declared that the doctor had been heard to say Mr. Stutely might recover, but would certainly remain a cripple for life. The very latest news averred that the only doubt Dr. Polt felt was whether the fractured limb would be two inches and a half or three inches and a quarter shorter than the other.

As the plotters intended, the report of the accident was not long in travelling to the Ferns. I must confess to some compunction at the alarm I knew it caused Letty, although I was consoled, upon the other hand, by picturing to myself the glee with which the heartless old colonel would rub his hands and growl forth: "There's a stopper to young Parchment's exertions for the next few months at any rate. Bravo! Josiah, my boy; the game's your own."

The colonel having been induced to believe that I was helplessly shelled, we were enabled to proceed with the next item of our scheme. My uncle communicated with a friend in town, by whose instrumentality a letter was addressed to Colonel Stark, ostensibly from the India House, requesting his appearance before the Board of Directors upon a day named, they being informed he was able to give valuable evidence respecting details of management connected with the Company's native forces in Bengal. As we had anticipated, the bait was greedily swallowed. "Nothing could have been more congenial to Colonel Stark's lofty opinion of his own consequence than such a summons. The opportunity was favorable. His enemy was out of the way, and he could leave home for a short period with a quiet mind. Four days later, my uncle hurried to me in the afternoon with the news that he had seen the colonel set off in a post-chaise half an hour previously upon his road to town."

This gave the signal for action. Despite the colonel's departure, I dared not show myself openly at the Ferns, for there could be no doubt the servants were all in the colonel's interest, and would not risk their places by disobedience; but a letter was despatched by a trusty messenger to Letty, to whom access during her father's absence could not well be denied. In this I briefly acquainted her with the actual state of affairs, and implored her, with all the epistolary eloquence at my command, to meet me after dusk at the corner of Burnt-ash Lane, a secluded winding thoroughfare hard by the Ferns, leading but some distance to the north main road.

There a chaise should be in readiness to carry me at once to Scotland. If she consented I would send her to send a few words by bearer. "With four the answer came. It bore no signature, and was laconic enough, consisting only of the four words: 'Your request is granted.'"

Still the note was in Letty's well-known hand, and the assurance it contained too precious to criticize. "She may not have liked to write more," I thought. "The dear girl's sensitive modesty would not allow her to dilate upon so delicate a theme. For we must be reserved the pleasing task of overcoming her scruples, and of persuading her to unite her fate with mine."

At the appointed time, behold me, therefore, at the corner of Burnt-ash Lane, anxiously awaiting the beloved of my heart—some little distance down the lane, well out of sight from the main road, was the chaise that was to bear us off, as fast as four-spoken steeds could gallop, to Scotland and to bliss. In my anxiety and eagerness, I drew nearer and nearer to the Ferns, watching the instant when fate and love should bring Letty to my desiring arms. It was eight o'clock of a November evening, pitch dark and bitterly cold. Even the ardor of passion that coursed through my veins was insufficient to keep me warm. I paced to and fro outside the fence, and stamped upon the ground for cold and impatience; it is not unlikely even that I swore. At last, however, at last my hopes were realized; along the road came tripping a gentle step, which was surely Letty's timid footfall. Dear girl! how I sympathized with her hesitation, so natural, so womanly, to intrust her destinies to the charge of one of the ruder sex. How it should be the study of my future life to make her happy! Even as I listened, the footsteps ceased. A voice, whose tones were music, breathed my name. I rushed forward, and in another moment the sylph-like figure of Letty was sobbing upon my breast.

Time would not permit of long entreaty. Leading my charmer rapidly on towards the chaise, I poured forth my hopes and wishes in a passionate appeal, which clearly found a responsive echo in Letty's heart, for, although she said nothing, she hurried along at a speed I found it difficult to equal. Even at that anxious moment—so critical is ungrateful man—I could not help reflecting that the haste she testified was slightly unfeminine, and ill in accordance with the ideal of shrinking modesty I had hitherto considered her especial attribute. But I dashed the cruel thought away as soon as it arose, and we hastened down the lane.

The chaise was reached at last. I called to the postboys to look to their horses, and opened the door of the carriage to help my Letty in. Judge of my consternation, when a tall, portly figure, in a long military cloak, stepped on the instant out of the vehicle, and withdrawing the slide of a lantern, showed by its light the mocking and detesting features of my enemy, Colonel Stark!

"Hullo! young Parchment," he sneered, with a hideous grin distorting his malignant countenance, "what are you going to do with my daughter? Come, come, my lad, your gallery's countermined. Catch a weasel asleep if you can, and shave his eye. It won't do. Your plan was clever, but not clever enough to deceive an old campaigner. Come, sir, give up the lady, and march away."

"Never!" I shouted, throwing my arm around Letty's shrinking form. "There are limits even to a father's authority. Never will I surrender this dear, this lovely prize, save at her own request. She honors me with her affection, and I will not abandon the precious boon, except with life. Stand away from the carriage, Colonel Stark, and let us pass this instant!"

To my intense astonishment, the colonel broke into a burst of uproarious laughter. "The postboys, who had turned sideways upon their saddles, the better to survey the scene, exploded with similar glee. Last and hardest blow of all, from beneath the veil that shrouded Letty's features issued sounds unmistakably those of mirth! I fell back a pace, and gazed upon her shaking figure with speechless dismay."

"Ho, ho, ho!" bellowed the colonel. "This fellow'll be the death of me. Hold me up, somebody, or I shall fall. Ho, ho, ho! What did he say! 'This dear, this lovely prize—this precious boon!' Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Here, young Parchment, look at your lovely prize!"

Slowly the figure before me raised its veil, and instead of my Letty's charming features, I beheld—oh, horror!—the sable visage of that disgusting Jothee Lall, his eyes gleaming with malicious delight, his mouth distended with a hideous grin from ear to ear!

"He, he, he!" littered the wretch, holding out his arms, "Missa Tutely want run away wid Jothee all de way to Gotland. Come along, Missa Tutely—come along!"

How I got home that night, I never know. Long afterwards, I learned how this terrible mishap was to pass. Up to the morning of that unlucky day, it appeared, all had gone well. The colonel believed me seriously hurt, and intended to avail himself of the circumstance to appear at the India House, in obedience to what he imagined a genuine summons. Being in Bayfield he had called at the postmaster's to order his chaise; while in the yard, he noticed another vehicle being got ready for service, and inquisitive as usual asked for whom it was intended.

The postmaster, knowing no reason for secrecy, replied that the chaise had been ordered for that evening by Uncle Ferril, who was going to the north. The colonel's ever-ready suspicions were instantly aroused; he determined to delay his journey for a day, to see if this unusual event concealed mischief. Ostensibly, however, he made no change in his arrangements; at the appointed time, the chaise conveyed him from the Ferns, and took the road for the metropolis; but at the post-town, ten miles off he halted, ordered the post-hays to remain where they were until the evening day, and returned to the Ferns secretly and on foot. My note to Letty arriving shortly afterwards, was intercepted by the colonel's vigilance. It showed him at once that his precaution was fully justified. Under some pretext, he obtained from Letty the answer I received, and the subsequent

plot was carried out without her knowledge. Well, my courage was not damped even by this failure. Letty's genuine confidence was absolutely essential, and I tried another scheme. I re-wrote my explanation to Letty of the present state of affairs, and despatched it to my sister Grace in town. As old school-mates, the two corresponded frequently. I asked Grace to visit the Lady-principals establishment where the girls had been educated, and telling that respectable instructor she was going to pass a few days with Miss Stark, offer to take charge of any communication she might desire to send. Post-ages were high in those days; shillings were needed to purchase the privileges penny now buy; and such an offer as this was not uncommon. My sister was to copy my note to Letty, and append it to the packet of correspondence. I hoped that Colonel Stark, who would infallibly open the parcel, seeing it was made up of many sheets in that delightfully angular feminine hand so difficult to decipher, after wading through a page or two of latest fashions and school-gossip, would toss over the remainder to his daughter in disgust. I relied upon Letty's superiority of ingenuity then to discover a method of reply.

Within a week from the concoction of this notable scheme, a large packet was delivered by Jothee Lall at the office from Colonel Stark. It was directed to me. Opened, out fell the lady-principal's budget, my sister's missive to Letty, and a scrap of paper, wherein was written:

"No go, Parchment; try again." This last failure almost broke down my resolution. Fortune seemed desperate against me. How was this lynx-eyed disciplinarian to be lulled asleep? In my despair, I turned to my uncle, and humbly besought his assistance.

"Well, Caleb," replied Uncle Ferril, refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff, "I've no objection to give you whatever help is in my power. It's not perhaps strictly professional to be mixed up in these matters, but I plainly see you'll be nonsuited unless I give advice. Still, I will only aid upon condition you shall not inquire what measures I employ."

I assented eagerly. "Then write to Miss Letty again, and I will see what can be done." One day passed—two days—three. No answer. Upon the fourth day came from the Ferns a packet of documents relating to some property in the neighborhood of Bayfield. Colonel Stark desired to purchase. Out of a mortgage dropped a neat little note from Letty, addressed to me. I seized it in triumph.

Now, how do you think my astute old uncle contrived so easily what had baffled my less practised ingenuity? Very simply indeed. I did not make the discovery until some time after, but this was how he proceeded. Going to the Ferns apparently to consult the colonel about the property just mentioned, he managed to time his visit so as to find his client and Letty at their morning exercise in the grounds. My uncle took the colonel's arm and walked in front of Letty, but contrived, in the course of the interview, carefully placing his arm upon his back, to exhibit my note between his fingers. Letty demurely tripped forward, deftly extracted the missive from his hiding-place, and slipped it into her pocket. A few lines from Uncle Ferril pointed out the packet of deeds as a fit vehicle for her reply.

Letty's answer was more than satisfactory—it confirmed my belief that her father had purposely kept her in ignorance of the compact into which he and I had entered. Better than all, her fertile woman's wit pointed out a method by which, if ably managed, every condition of the agreement might be thoroughly fulfilled.

Colonel Stark, therefore, like most remarkably cunning persons, just contrived to overreach himself. Had he frankly appealed to his daughter not to enter into any engagement without his sanction, so high was the dear girl's sense of filial duty, that nothing would have induced her to run contrary to his desire. She would have trusted to patience, submission, and time to subdue her father's selfishness, and to soften his heart. As it was, her spirit revolted at the mistrust implied by his reticence, and the colonel created an adversary where he should have secured an ally.

It was my turn to chuckle now. CHAPTER IV. Acting in strict accordance with my instructions, I remained perfectly quiet for several weeks. I still took occasional horse-exercise, but sedulously avoided the neighborhood of the Ferns, and thought it useless to repeat the fracture of my cosmos. My uncle and Dr. Polt, who had both been made acquainted with the scheme now in progress, approved it highly, and augured favorably of its success.

She's a pleasant little woman, that Letty Stark," opined the doctor, "and a sensible one into the bargain. Caleb, my boy, I shan't envy you your father-in-law, but I shall you myself."

That which we confidently calculated upon soon happened; Colonel Stark, failing to detect further hostile manoeuvres, and too old a soldier not to know that an enemy of whose movements you are ignorant is dangerous, grew uneasy. His restless spirit would not allow him to play the safe game of wait-

ing patiently until the expiration of the stipulated time, and in his turn he resolved to reconnoitre the hostile camp. One frosty morning, therefore, my uncle and I were disturbed in our avocation by a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door, succeeded by a lusty peal of the office bell.

I ought, perhaps to state that my Uncle Ferril, like many other country solicitors, transacted his professional business at his own house. For this purpose, two rooms upon the ground-floor were set apart as offices. The outer room was usually occupied by the clerk, rent-collector—we were agents for a good deal of house-property in the town—general manager, and factotum, Roger Tice, while my uncle and I tenanted the inner apartment. In cases where a private consultation was desired, I slipped out of my uncle's room by a door leading into the hall, and going round to the front office, kept Roger company until the client's departure. As usual with persons of inferior rank to his own, the colonel, by excessive haughtiness and rudeness of manner, had contrived to insult Roger as mortally as he had offended Dr. Polt. I knew therefore that, if requisite, we might confidently reckon upon the clerk's assistance and secrecy.

"Colonel Stark, sir," announced Roger, popping his head into my uncle's sanctum. "Very good, Roger. Show him in," returned my uncle. "Now, Caleb."

I nodded, and vanished from the room, just as the colonel, bluff and boisterous, blustered in.

"Well, Ferril," exclaimed the visitor, "how's the world using you? Loo! abundant, eh? Plenty of quarrels stirring—Envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, only to be set right by a good dose of law and swinging costs. It's an ill wind that doesn't blow lawyers good, isn't it? Why, where's young Parchment? Thought I saw him here just now."

At this moment I re-entered the room. "Oh, there you are, young fellow," continued the colonel. "Well, how goes on the war? You don't seem to be making much progress. Three months of the six are past, and you haven't gained an inch of ground. You must be quick, if you mean to out-maneuvre Josiah Stark."

"Well, colonel," I replied, "we'll talk the matter over a little, if you please. The terms of our compact are, briefly, that I am to succeed within six months in taking you in, clearly, plainly, under your own nose, so palpably that there shall be no mistake. Those were your words, I believe, were they not?"

"Ay, ay, young fellow; right enough. But you haven't done it; you can't do it; I defy you to do it."

"We shall see. Now, colonel, I have to ask further, would you consider I fulfilled the agreement if I were to tell you what passes in your own house, to which, as you know, I cannot possibly have access? Suppose for instance, from private sources of information, I were to state the purport of a conversation you had with your daughter this morning during breakfast?"

"I don't believe you can state anything of the sort," returned the colonel, promptly, with an indignant snort at the supposition.

"Did you not say that you had finally decided upon purchasing the Wharton estate, and tell Letty she might begin to think of preparations for leaving the Ferns?"

Colonel Stark listened to the question in speechless wonder; surprise and consternation seemed to have suddenly stricken him dumb; finally, he drew a long breath, then uttered a tremendous oath.

"That infernal nigger!" he shouted. "The vile, scoundrelly, treacherous spy! That's the fellow, without a doubt. Yes, and I recollect now that he was in and out of the room at breakfast I daresay half-a-dozen times. Directly he heard me speak of quitting the Ferns, he must have bolted off with the news to his precious employer. Oh! young fellow, so Jothee's your private source of information, is he? Eh, sir? Was the nigger your informant?"

"Really, colonel," I replied, "you must excuse me; I do not feel justified in betraying whence my information is derived. It is enough for me to be assured it is correct. Do I understand you to admit this to be the case?"

## For the Middlesex Journal.

### An Autumn Leaf.

The autumn leaves are falling fast,  
From every bush and tree,  
And autumn winds are rushing past  
With mournful melody.

All nature soon will be asleep,  
Wrapped in her snowy shroud;  
Our lakes and streams will fettered be,  
And winter in his highest glee, will ride on every cloud.

The rich with stores, and cellars full,  
Have nothing now to fear,  
But God in mercy help the poor,  
Through this inclement year.

May those that are with plenty blessed,  
Give from their bounteous store,  
For to all those that freely give,  
Our God will give the more.

H. P. FIELD.

## Letter from Newbern.

NEWBERN, OCT. 9TH, 1863.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Our hot weather is past, and this month is the pleasantest of the year, though the cool morning damps, and evening dews, are not conducive to health. The city has been remarkably healthy the past season, while our troops in camp suffered severely. The Mass. 17th and 23d, 168th N. York, and 9th New Jersey, were much reduced by sickness, the last named so much so that they were ordered to Beaufort, to recruit their health, where they still remain. The Mass. 17th are now doing guard duty in the city, having recently relieved the 27th, who now occupy the barracks on the "Trent," near Ft. Gaston. The 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery have been ordered to Ft. Macon. The Mass. 23d are in barracks on the old fair ground upon the Neuse, opposite Ft. Anderson. The 26th are on picket duty up the "Trent Road."

I give you the locality of the Mass. regiments, because the points are so familiar to the "Pianalax" that a slight allusion to the scenes of their own military occupation last winter might not be uninteresting to your readers. Of the New York and Rhode Island regiments, batteries and cavalry, I need not say they are bullet proof against any attack from the rebels, for the history of every raid, and skirmish, in which they have been engaged, bears ample proof of the fact. The "Academy Green," "Foster" and "Stanley" hospitals, are now united under one management, retaining the name of "Foster Hospital." Dr. Delamater, is surgeon in charge, and everything is done to relieve the sick and wounded, that human ingenuity can devise, while the sanitary commission, through the hands of its very efficient agent Dr. J. W. Page, judiciously disposes of the many comforts for the sick, that are not to be obtained of sutlers, or commissaries, and the constant quiet way he has of doing those things, is a continual flow of blessings from one of the most benevolent systems ever devised by man. Dr. Cowgill, formerly surgeon in charge of the "Stanley Hospital," is now superintendent of all the hospitals in this department. Dr. E. W. Buck, is surgeon in charge of the "Contraband Hospital," which bears no unfavorable comparison with the others, in neatness, care of patients, or general management. Dr. Palmer, is surgeon in charge of the Cavalry Hospital. Dr. B. Bred, is medical purveyor, and Dr. Hand medical director of this department. The remarkable good health of the city the past season is due in a great measure to the efficient management of our Board of Health, of which Dr. Delamater is president. Neatness was enforced with military rigor. Every cabin, hut or "Shebang" that was infected with contagious disease, was immediately purified, or razed, while the inmates were removed and put under proper medical treatment. A constant vigilance was necessary to guard against the spread of small pox, as the colored people would secrete their sick. Sixteen cases were thus found one day. A general order has recently been issued, demanding every person white, or black, to be vaccinated before the 15th of this month. Capt. Sanford of the Mass. 27th is now provost marshal of the city, and Col. Lee, of the same regiment, is Provost Marshall Gen'l. of this department. This morning the "Ella May" brought in under flag of truce, sixty persons from Secession, twelve of whom go North, and the rest stay here with the exception of a few who have friends in Beaufort. The most prominent of the returned seceders is James Bryan, Esq., and family, one of the first lawyers in the state, who made himself very obnoxious to the people here, by making Union speeches before the rebellion fairly broke out, was always a Union man, and frankly expressed his opinion, in public and private, as long as it was safe for him so to do here, and when we took this place, he was forced to go with the rebels, his life being threatened if he refused. I got these facts from a colored barber, who has always lived here, and knows him well. This barber is a quick witted, very intelligent man, whose name was not wholly unknown to Co. G, of the 5th, John Good.

The old camp ground of the Mass. 5th, is now occupied by Schenck's Laundry, and presents a marked contrast to its former appearance. Instead of its long rows of company tents, clean streets, orderly arranged cook houses, neat hospital, and comfortable Headquarters, where so much ingenuity was displayed in making the most of the location, which was not equalled by any other in this vicinity, we find the site of the com-

pany quarters, occupied by a long double row, of stables, parallel with the Main street, to the rear of which, on the site of the old camp kitchens, and also to the front, at an equal distance from the stables, are the company tents of battery K. Only the quartermaster's storehouse, and flag staff, remain to remind one of the palmy days of the glorious old Mass. 5th. The earth-works are overgrown with rank weeds and wheel tracks, and hoof prints indent the parade ground. Since writing the above, 2400 cavalry have left here, on an excursion with ten days rations.

The 19th Wisconsin and 99th New York regiments, have just arrived here. The 27th and 23d Mass., and 9th New Jersey regiments, are ordered to Gen. Foster's immediate command at Ft. Monroe, and hourly expect to leave. These regiments have been here ever since the taking of this place, and regret leaving, many of the men having with much labor, and expense, just fitted up their supposed winter quarters.

The troops have recently been paid off, and business is lively with sutlers, and money-grubs. Small merchants have multiplied wonderfully within the past few months. Every room in the city, and some out of it, seems too available for trade, seems to be occupied. The steamer "John Farren," has just returned from Elizabeth City, and I learn from her officers, that to-day was set apart for a meeting eight miles out of the city, to enforce the conscription act, of Jeff Davis & Co., but our cavalry boys paid the place a surprise visit the other night, and the enrolling officer, with his clerk, took a hasty leave, which will postpone their arrangements for the present, as the 3d N. Y. Cavalry, do just as they please when on excursions.

They are moving lively now, and of this expedition you will be duly informed. The election returns from the Ohio boys in this department, go out in this mail, and from the one who mailed them, I learn that not a vote was cast for Vallandigham.

CHRONIC.

## Advantages of Crying.

A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of two hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy, about anything, let them go in to their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud howl, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterwards.

In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be to greatly discouraged. If it systematically expressed the result may be St. Vitus's Dance, epileptic fits or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural, is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief, on the part of children as well of older persons—and regard the eyes and the mouth as the safety valves through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

BEFORE you ask a man for a favor, consult the weather. The same person who is ugly as sin while a cold rain is spitting against the window glass, will no sooner feel the gladdening influence of a little quiet sunshine than his heart will expand like a rosebud.

The latest style of hoop skirt is the self-adjusting, double-back-acting, bustle-trucan, face-expansion, Piccolomini-attachment, gossamer-indestructable, polioeticoom-rama. It is a very smart thing.

As "diamond polishes diamond," says a German writer, "so man is formed by man." Truly. And we may add, as diamond cuts diamond, so is man fleeced by man.

A country editor received a remittance, with the request to send the paper as long as the money lasted. He indulged in a bit of a spree, got broke, and respectfully announced to his subscriber that according to his own terms, his subscription was out.

INFORMATION WANTED.—What is the principal difference between the swallow and the cat?—It is an admitted fact that "one swallow does not make a summer," but any cat can make a spring.

An old bachelor says a woman may be surprised, astonished, taken all aback, but never dumbfounded.

Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.







## BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS

FROM S. M. PETTINGILL & Co.

**PURE PICKLES,**  
Delicious Sauce,  
Fine Mustard, and  
Genuine Ketchups,  
—FROM—  
**CROSSE & BLACKWELL, LONDON.**

Chow Chow, Piccalilli, Mixed, and other Pickles,  
Sultana's, Harvey, John Bull, Anchovy, &c., Sauces,  
Pickled Onions, Pickled Mushrooms, Pickled Peas,

B. & H. also import Worcestershire sauce, Cox's

**BANKER & CARPENTER,  
PAINTS & VARNISHES**

**PAINTS & VARNISHES.**  
Store 107 State St., Factory 79 Clinton St..  
**BOSTON.**  
\* Manufacturers of all grades of  
**White Lead and Zinc Paint.**  
To those desiring a superior article of Paint, we  
would call attention to our well known brand of  
"Premium Lead," which has been recently im-  
proved, and is now the best kind to be had.

**Trusses, Elastic Hose &c.**  
Besides a complete assortment of articles in-  
cluded, for the complete

ended for the exclusive use of the Medical and Dental Professions, we have always in store, at lowest prices, a great variety of the following articles suited to the wants of the general public.

Every desirable style of most popular patterns. Particular attention, however, being directed to the merits of a NEW SPRING LEVER TRUSS, which has been proved by the experience of many wearers, during two years past, to be the BEST TRUSS yet invented—affording, as it does, a circular inward and upward lifting action, while worn, with such comfort that the wearer, after short experience, is almost unconscious of its presence.

A pamphlet descriptive of this Trust is in its presence.  
to the address of any person enclosing blue stamp.

**ELASTIC HOSE,**  
for Varicose Veins, Swollen and Weak Joints. Of  
these goods we have several grades of Silk and  
Cotton, at corresponding prices. The sizes are  
full length, three-quarters, half or knee Hose.  
Leggings, Kneecaps, and Anklets. Directions for  
measurements for fitting will be forwarded when requested.  
Also, Elastic and ordinary style Abdominal  
Supporters, Shoulder Braces, &c. Springs of  
every description, Galvanic Batteries, Hearing

A complete Priced Catalogue of Dental and Surgical Instruments will be sent to those desiring it.

13 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

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**The Freemason's Monitor,**  
By THOS. SMITH WEBB.

The Monitor contains 352 pages, is splendidly illustrated, bound in best morocco, tuck, gilt, and is sold at \$1.00 per copy, the same in muslin, 75 cents. Also, the *Manual of the Degrees of the same*, with work at 37 cents (post paid to any part of the U. S.). A liberal discount to trade.

Published and sold by A. W. POLLARD & CO.,

**GALLOUPE & PUTNAM,**  
GOVERNMENT AGENTS  
For the sale of  
**U. S. 5-20 BONDS.**

**Office, 74 State Street, Boston.**

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**A new & beautiful Juvenile Book**  
for Girls. A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Wash-  
ton st., Boston, will publish, Oct. 1st, a charming  
Illustrated Juvenile Book, adapted to children for

A Christmas or New Year's Gift Book, entitled EDITH PRES-COT, or LESSONS OF LOVE: by Emma Marshall. 1 vol. 10mo. illustrated—price 10c. This is a fine little book, and illustrates, in the life and sea shore residence of a loving family, the precept of kindness and love in small every-day matters, interspersed with stories of most charming tenderness, pathos and incident of a family whose law of life is to love one another. The young, can read this interesting story without being warmly interested, every noble resolution improved, and every good purpose strengthened. No better present to a child can be made, for its elevated and pure purposes. Every Sunday School Library should have a copy in its collection.

# HAIR WORK

B. F. BURGESS & SON,  
Manufacturers of every description of Hair Work,  
of the most life-like appearance. Wigs, Half-  
Wigs, Top-Pieces, Braids of Long Hair, &c. A  
large assortment always on hand. A good fit war-  
ranted, and no dyed Hair used. At the old stand,  
where we commenced in 1843. Wholesale & retail.

303 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

N.B.—We are constantly receiving per steamers,  
the best of German and French Human Hair.

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JOHN SOWLE,

**LOOKING GLASS,**  
PICTURE FRAME and MOULDING Manu-  
facturer, and Importer of Looking Glass Plates,  
STORE, 14 SUMMER ST., BOSTON.

A large stock of PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,  
'Carte de Visites,' and other popular Photographs  
at lowest wholesale prices.

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**BINNEY & CO.,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers.

PAPER, TWINE,  
Straw Board,  
—AND—

Paper Bags,  
64 KILBY STREET, - - BOSTON.  
A liberal discount on Bags to dealers and

**PULEXEMA.**  
A certain cure for

**Fleas, Lice, and other Noxious Vermin on Dogs, Fowls, Birds, &c.**  
Also—efficacious in removing Birds and Insects from Plants, Trees, Shrubs, &c. On hand and for sale by  
**JOHN WILSON, JR. & CO.,**  
111 N. 3rd St., Phila.

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DR. PHELPS,

At the sign of the Golden Eagle, 68 TREMONT ST.,  
BOSTON. Established in 1834. Keeps a constant  
supply of his celebrated  
**TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, BRACES**  
**BELTS, ELASTIC STOCKINGS,**  
**KNEE-CAPS, &c. &c. &c.**

He also operates on Clump Feet, and treats me-  
chanically all kinds of Physical Deformities, sup-  
plying the required instruments from his own  
manufactory, and gives personal attention to their  
proper application and adjustment.

W. H. PHELPS.

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ROMAN CEMENT,  
Imported by

BRAY & HAYES, 145 Milk st. Boston.  
Roman and Portland Cement, for brick or stone-  
work, hydraulics, gas and water pipe joints, &c.

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BRAVE SOLDIER'S & SAILORS  
**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS**  
 AND  
**OINTMENT.**  
 All who have Friends and Relatives in the Army or Navy, should take especial care, that they be amply supplied with these Pills and Ointment.

These feelings which so sadden us, usually arise from trouble or annoyances, obstructed perspiration, or eating and drinking whatever is unwholesome.

if you desire to be well. The Pills, taking according to the printed instructions, will quickly produce a healthy action in both liver and stomach, and as a natural consequence a clear head and good appetite.

**Weakness or Debility Induced by  
over Fatigue,**

Will soon disappear by the use of these invaluable Pills, and the Soldier will quickly acquire additional strength. Never let the Royalist be either weak or weary.

that Holloway's should be recommended for Dysentery and Flux, many persons supposing that this would increase the relaxation. This is a great mistake, for these Pills will correct the liver and stomach, and thus remove all the acrid humors from the system. This medicine will give tone and vigor to the whole organic system however deranged, will health and strength follow as a matter of course. Nothing will stop the relaxation of the Bowels as sure as this famous medicine.

Sores and Ulcers, Blisthes and Swellings, can with certainty be radically cured if the Pills are taken night and morning, and the Ointment be freely used as stated in the printed instructions. If treated in any other manner they dry up in one part to break out in another. Whereas this Ointment will remove the humors from the system and leave the Patient a vigorous and healthy man. It will require a little perseverance in bad cases to insure a lasting cure.

For Wounds either occasioned by

**Sores or Bruises,**  
To which every Soldier and Sailor are liable, there are no medicines so safe, sure and convenient as Holloway's Pills and Ointment. The person so wounded should immediately have his wounds dressed immediately, if he would only provide himself with this matchless Ointment, which should be thrust into the wound and smeared around it, then covered with a piece of linen from his Knapsack, and if he has a handkerchief, take night and morning 6 or 8 Pills, to cool the system and prevent inflammation.

Every Soldier's Knapsack and Seaman's Chest should be provided with these valuable Remedies.

**CAUTION !**—None are genuine unless the

book of directions around each pot or box; the same may be plainly seen by *holding the leaf to the light*. A handsome reward will be given to the one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious.

\* \* Sold at the manufactory of Professor HOWLAND, 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, in boxes at 25 cents.

**SKIN DISEASES CURED**

RAPIDLY AND RADICALLY BY  
**DR. RADWAY'S**  
**CLEANSING SYRUP!**  
*CALLED RADWAY'S RENOVATING  
RESOLVENT.*  
(A GUARANTEE.—One to six bottles of Dr.  
Radway's Cleansing Syrup—called RADWAY'S  
RENOVATING RESOLVENT—will cure h

Fever Sore, Ulcers, or Scorbute Eruptions, than can be produced. This Syrup is highly concentrated, exceedingly powerful, two teaspoonfuls being a full dose. It is entirely vegetable, and the most elegant medicinal preparation made.)

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

There is a variety of Skin Diseases that have baffled the skill of the most eminent practitioners

most popular remedies of modern science.

**DR. RADWAY**

**Has Discovered a Cleansing Syrup**  
Called **RADWAY'S RENOVATING SOLVENT**—that will cure every species of Skin Disease  
Scrofula, Syphilitic Eruptions, Fever Sores, Ulcers, &c.

Humors, Pustules, Pimples, Brouches, &c., rapidly and effectively, without exposure or subjecting the patient to the least inconvenience.

**ONE BOTTLE.**

In all ordinary cases of Pimples, Blisters, Pustules, Tetter, Cankers, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Barbers' Itch, one bottle will cure and impart purity and clearness to the skin and complexion.

**TWO BOTTLES.**

Will cure Sore Throat, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges, from the Ear, Falling

**THREE BOTTLES.**  
Will cure Fever, Sore, Ulcers, Tumors, Sores, the Nose or Mouth, King's Evil, Nodes, Discharge from the Uterus, Chlorosis, Primary, Syphilis, Glandular Swellings, Ulcers of the Womb, Rickets, softening of the Bones, Fits, Dropsical Effusions and Diseases induced by Exposure, &c.

**FOUR TO SIX BOTTLES.**  
Will cure Scrofula, Syphilis, White Swelling, Sore Legs, Syphilitic Rheumatism, Gout, Chronic

the Throat or on the Lungs, or Liver, and diseases caused by the excessive use of Calomel, Mercury Quinine, Corrosive Sublimate, &c. There is no disease of the Skin, Joints, Bones or Glands, but that this remedy will cure

It cleanses and purifies the BLOOD. Resolves all diseased deposits, and renovates the system with health and strength. In all cases ask for **KADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT.**—Price per bottle One Dollar. Persons calling at Dr. Radway & Co.'s office, 87 Maiden Lane, will be supplied with six bottles for Five Dollars. Sold

## CHILDREN.

**RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT**—given in doses of half a teaspoonful three times per day will cure sores of the gums, cankers in the mouth, sore heads, ears and eyes, either from worms, teething or any other cause. If troubled with cough, restlessness at night, half a teaspoonful of the solvent will insure a cure. Price one dollar per bottle or six bottles for five dollars. Principal office 87 Maiden Lane New York. Sole

**JOSIAH HOVEY,**  
DEALER IN  
**Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery**

Fancy Goods, &c.  
LYCEE HALL,.....WINCHESTER,  
Great care will be used in the selection of pure  
and fresh Medicines and Chemicals, and none other  
will be kept. June 7.

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NOTICE.

**Family Sewing,**  
either at her residence or the residence of others,  
and kindly solicits their patronage.

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# Widderes Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII : No. 6.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### Here is my Heart.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EURENRIED LIEDICH.

Here is my heart—my God, I give it Thee;  
I heard Thee call and say,  
"Not to the world, my child, but unto Me—  
I heard and will obey."  
Here is love's offering to my King,  
Which in glad sacrifice I bring—  
Here is my heart!

Here is my heart—surely the gift though poor,  
My God will not despise;  
Warily and long I sought to make it pure,  
To meet Thy searching eyes;  
Corrupted once in Adam's fall,  
The stains of sin pollute it all—  
My guilty heart!

Here is my heart—my heart so sad before,  
Now by Thy grace made meet;  
Yet bruised and weary, it can only pour  
Its anguish at Thy feet;  
It groans, beneath the weight of sin,  
It sighs salvation's joy to win—  
My mourning heart.

Here is my heart—in Christ its longings end,  
Near to the cross it draws!  
It says, "Thou art my portion; oh, my  
Friend,  
Thy blood my ransom was."  
And in Thy Saviour it has found  
What blessedness and peace abound—  
My trusting heart.

Here is my heart—ah! Holy Spirit, come,  
Its nature to renew,  
And consecrate it wholly as thy home,  
A temple fair and true.  
Touch it to love and serve thee more,  
To fear thee, trust thee, and adore—  
My cleansed heart.

Here is my heart—it trembles to draw near  
The glory of Thy throne;  
"Give it the robe Thy servants wear,  
Of righteousness' thin gown;  
Its pride and folly chase away,  
And thou art wise, and just and true—  
My waiting heart!"

Here is my heart—oh, Friend of friends, be  
near  
To make the temple fly;  
And when my latest foe I wait with fear,  
Give me the victory.  
Gladly on Thy love repose,  
Let me say, when life is closing,  
"Here is my heart!"

## Select Literature.

### SURE TO WIN.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUDED.

That same afternoon, Jolite Lall's subtle visage, wearing a very piteous and imploring expression, appeared at the office. The Colonel Sahib, he declared, after administering a savage thrashing with the big bamboo, had literally kicked him out of the house. Not knowing where to go, the fellow came to me. Little as he deserved kindness at my hands, yet, as his discharge was certainly the result of my operations against his master, I felt a kind of moral obligation to provide for the man's support. For the present, I committed him to the care of Roger Tice. Roger sniffed dubiously as he received his charge, offered a mild remonstrance, but finally acquiesced to my desire, and walked away with Jolite.

A week passed without a sign of Colonel Stark; at the end of that time, unable, I suppose, to curb his impatience longer, he marched down to Bayfield, and again presented himself at my uncle's house. As before, I slipped out of the room immediately upon his arrival, and re-entered it after he had exchanged a few words with Uncle Percil.

"Ah, youngster," was the colonel's greeting, "how are we getting on now? Any more choice little bits of intelligence from sneaks bribed to fetch and carry? Ah, my spark, I think your tampering with my servants has been pretty effectually stopped."

"Well, colonel," I replied, "I shall see. I have got something to communicate, certainly, and I hardly think that my private source of information is at fault. Did you not tell Miss Stark this morning, while walking in the grounds at the Ferns, that you thought of taking her to town about the end of the month after next? When the time stipulated in our agreement has expired, that is, you know, colonel, am I correct?" My adversary fell upon this into such a passion of rage that I really feared at first he would drop dead upon the spot. His sallow complexion turned to a ghastly purple; the veins upon his forehead filled and strained till they stood out as rigid and taut as cordage; he gurgled in his throat as he gasped and strove for breath.

"Those infernal reptiles!" yelled the colonel, when he had sufficiently mastered his indignation to find words; "those vile, mercenary, traitorous servants of mine! Why, you must have corrupted all the household. But I'll punish 'em. Stay you here till I come back, and I'll put your boasted sources to the test. If you can answer what I ask you then, Jesh Stark's a Dutchman, that's all."

The colonel hurried away. Upon reaching home, he instantly discharged all the servants in the house, paid them their wages, and gave them an hour to get clear off the premises, standing grudgingly by, watch in hand, as they filed away. Then he rushed back to Bayfield, burst into the office, and required me to tell him what he had done.

From my private source of information, I was enabled to comply with Colonel Stark's

demand. I forbore to characterise the language of which he made use upon receiving my answer, further than by stating that his expressions were most discourteous and of a highly actionable kind.

Grown wiser by experience, Colonel Stark acted now as he should have acted from the first, and shut himself up in his fortalice alto-gether. When the new servants arrived from town a few days after the dismissal of their predecessors, he cut off communication with the world without. All the supplies required for his garrison were taken in through the half opened door by one of the servants, appointed for that office, and supervised by himself or Letty. As an extra measure of precaution, he had all the locks changed upon all the doors by workmen from a distance, bells attached to the windows, strong bolts and bars fitted to the shutters, every loophole at which even a mouse might enter the fortress blocked and barricaded. It is not unusual, I fancy, after the deed has been stolen, carefully to brick up the stable-door.

As soon as these measures had been taken, the colonel once more presented himself at the office, and desired to know if I had anything to tell him. Again, and for the fourth time, my private sources aided me. He probably fancied I had learned what had happened from the workmen, for this time, in place of going into a passion, the enemy listened in silence, then nodded thoughtfully, and withdrew.

We gave Colonel Stark a fortnight to recover his self possession, and feel the inconveniences of the blockade he had established, then proceeded to strike the final blow.

Six weeks still remained of the time originally stipulated, when Uncle Percil and I set out together for the Ferns. We sent in our names to the colonel, and, after some hesitation, were admitted into the library. There sat the enemy, looking worn and haggard. He pointed to chairs, and we sat down. Much of what is popularly called "the bounce" had evidently been taken out of the colonel. His manner was more cautious, less defiant. Our visit clearly made him ill at ease, but he waited silently to hear what we had to say.

"My uncle and I have called upon you, Colonel Stark," I began, "to claim the fulfillment of your contract."

Here the enemy was unable to repress a start, showing how much his nervous system had become affected of late; still, he uttered never a word. I went on.

"Upon four distinct and separate occasions the stipulation contained in that agreement has been carried out. I have repeated conversations which I never heard, related circumstances which I never saw, and you have admitted both to be correct. You have adopted various methods to discover the source of my information; you have been unable to discover it; you are unacquainted with it even now. If necessary, I am prepared to repeat my execution of the stipulation for a still longer period. But it is not necessary. I maintain that I have fully, duly, and amply carried out my portion of the agreement; and I call upon you, as a man of honor and a gentleman, to perform yours. My uncle will testify that his opinion coincides with mine."

The colonel had listened to this little speech in perfect silence; he now turned, still mutely, toward Uncle Percil.

"I am decidedly of opinion, Colonel Stark, as a professional man of thirty years' standing, that my nephew Caleb has performed his portion of the contract."

The colonel leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed upon the ground. Minutes passed, that seemed hours.

"Well, so am I," he said at last. "The battle has been fought stoutly; I can't see an error anywhere in my combinations; but the youngster is too deep for me. I've turned the matter over for the last fortnight, and I cannot for the life of me discover whence the information has been gained. I can't sleep o' nights for thinking of it; it haunts my mind incessantly by day; I've lost my appetite; I don't enjoy my wine; I'm growing a burden to me; I wouldn't pass another month like this for all the leas in the Company's treasury. I give it up. Parchment, Letty shall be yours! Stop! I consent upon one condition only," he continued, checking my joyful exclamation with a warning finger. "Before you leave this room you shall disclose the means you have employed."

"Most willingly, colonel. Have the goodness, if you please, to call down Letty."

"Letty!" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, she knows nothing about—"

"Pardon me," I interrupted. "Call her down, and I think she will be found better informed than you imagine."

Colonel Stark rang the bell, and gave the necessary order. In a few minutes my charmer entered the room. Little explanation sufficed to acquaint her with what had just transpired, and with her father's conditional surrender.

"And now, Letty," I added, "if you please, bring in the culprit."

Letty went out. The colonel faced round towards the door, watching with a tremor of nervous fury to behold the traitor in his camp. Next moment, his daughter returned, bearing in her hand the warm fur-cap which her father used to an Indian climate, almost constantly wore. Letty laid the cap upon the table. The colonel took up his head-gear, twisted it upon his fingers, failed to de-

rive information from the process—laid it down again, looked at me, then at Letty.

"You see, colonel," I explained, "ordinary stratagems were useless against your practised experience, and we were forced to make you your own postman."

Lifting the silken lining of the cap, I displayed, to Colonel Stark's astonished eyes, a neat little pocket, artfully contrived, and quite invisible, unless on close inspection. In this receptacle, Letty, when she wished to communicate with me, had deposited a slip of paper containing what it was requisite I should know. Upon reaching my uncle's house, the colonel had naturally left his cap upon the hall-table while he went into the office; I had slipped out, extracted the mis-sive, and returning to the room, had given the colonel the benefit of its contents.

Colonel Josiah Stark listened to this remarkably simple explanation of the mystery that had puzzled him with mingled anger and disgust; then taking his daughter by the arm when I had finished, he pushed her towards me, exclaiming:

"There, take her, Parchment; you've won each other fairly. Heavens and earth! that a very old campaigner should be out-manoeuvred by a girl and a lawyer!"

### How Ghosts are Made.

As the manifestations at the theatres are attracting a considerable share of attention just now, the following description from the *American Journal of Photography* for Aug. 16, will be interesting to our readers:

On the raising of the curtain for the ghost scene, the lights of the theatre were mostly extinguished, the footlights entirely, while the stage was dimly lighted from above and at the sides. A murderer starts up out of a troubled dream full of ugly fearful sights, rends the passion to tatters, a la Bowers, when ghost No. 1 appears. This ghost is simply a skeleton which the murderer takes to be Death claiming him for a victim, and of course the murderer begs to be excused, etc. Death disappears, and shortly the ghost of a lady deceased in a previous act of the play, fully arrayed in ermine and jewels comes on the scene. This ghost No. 2 talks, of course in the manner of ghosts. Ghost No. 3 takes the place of No. 2, in the form of the old miser who has been lately murdered, and displays his gaping wounds. Finally the three ghosts appear at the same time, the climax is reached, and the curtain falls on the harrowing scene. The ladies of the audience are all in terror, the gentlemen raise a loud exclamation, but the curtain refuses to move.

We proceed to give a more accurate description. The ghosts are of the normal size of humanity, and their position on the stage is definitely seen. In size, form, color and action, they are nearly like mortals. That they are not human is, however, evident from the fact that they appear and disappear without moving from the spot where they stand. Moreover, their bodies are impalpable, and sometimes objects behind them are seen through them; the murderer attacks them with his "trusty steel," cleaving them from head to heel without disturbing them in the least. Our magic lantern and concave mirror theories, melted away before the facts we saw. The absence of a screen, the lifelike brilliancy illuminated, the natural movements of the lips, eyes and hands, were quite inconsistent with such explanations.

We went away the first night quite mystified; here were things which had not been dreamed of in our philosophy. We began to feel sympathy with those who said they smelt spirits, and believed they had seen a ghost. Spirit-rappings and table-tippings are only an awkward and distant approximation to the genuine ghost phenomena.

Yet the manner of raising the ghost is ridiculously simple; a little judicious reflection and the thing is accomplished.—Thus at the front of the stage there is erected a large sheet of plate glass inclined toward the audience, at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the floor. This glass is invisible to the audience, and it does not obstruct the view of objects behind it. In front of the glass and under its inclination there is an opening in the floor of the stage, at which the person who acts the ghost is placed. Now when the light is turned on this actor, the image of him is seen by reflection from the glass; the plate glass acts like a looking-glass; but the image, and by varying the position of the actor, the image or ghost is brought to any spot desired, is made to advance, recede, etc.; and by varying the intensity, color and position of the light, other interesting effects are obtained. This explanation will probably be sufficient to enable any of our readers, if so disposed, to get up a ghost for their private use.

Good! Deacon A—, having occasion to spend a night at a hotel, was assigned a room in which there were three single beds, two of which already contained occupants. Soon after the light was extinguished a man in one of the other beds began to snore so loudly as to prevent his falling asleep. The tumult increased as the night wore away, until it became absolutely fearful. Some two or three hours after midnight the snorer turned himself in bed, gave a hideous groan, and became silent. The Deacon had supposed the third gentleman asleep until, at this juncture, he heard him exclaim, "He's dead! thank God! He's dead!"—Harper.

### Gentle Words.

A young rose in the summer-time  
Is beautiful to me,  
And glorious are the many stars  
That glimmer over the sea;  
But gentle words and loving hearts,  
And hands to clasp my own,  
Are better than the fairest flower.  
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew the drooping flower,  
And eyes grow bright and watch the light  
Of autumn's opening hour;  
But words that breathe of tenderness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer-time,  
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much this world can give,  
With all its subtle art,  
And gold and gems are not the things  
To satisfy the heart;  
But, oh, if those who cluster round  
The altar and the hearth,  
Have gentle words and loving smiles,  
How beautiful is earth!

### Corpse-Preserver.

To be, for a few days longer, recognizable and approachable by friends and relatives, amounts, of course, to that much longer ten-antage of this present world. It is desirable by most of us, while the becoming offensively corrupt, so immediately after death, is an accompanying necessity which many sensitive persons would be glad to modify—perhaps immediately, for the bodies of beloved friends whom they have just now lost, but still more carefully and anticipatorily for themselves. There are those, again, of more peremptory tempers, who would prefer to know that they should be buried as soon as possible after ceasing to breathe, or, to be sure, at least, that they would be hidden from mortal sight at the first moment of becoming disagreeable. Of the latter persuasion we may as well record ourself to be, indeed; though it was not without personal interest, (as well as editorial,) that we accepted an invitation to see the "new corpse preserver," which we are about to describe. It may serve as an advertisement to the inventor if we introduce the subject by simply copying his very literal invitation:

New York, September 21, 1863.  
SIR,—We have in practical operation at the store of Mr. J. C. Rappleyea, undertaker, No. 414 Fourth Avenue, a new Corpse Preserver, "Wilson's Patent Air Circulator." The body has been in since the tenth instant, and is still in a state of complete preservation. We would be glad to have you call and examine it.

Respectfully, WILSON & GRANT.  
Of the three hundred "undertakers" of New York, (the number in active operation, we are told,) "Mr. Rappleyea, of 414 Fourth Avenue," chanced, very conveniently, to be the one nearest to our own private screwdriver—the one, in fact, to whose pitiless screwdriver we are, every-day, liable. It was without delay, therefore, on our return up-town, that we made the "call" at the respectable "store" which we had so often passed, but which, with its office in the window, had not been, hitherto, particularly attractive; the respectable solemnity of kindness, which is kept ready for customers, being within the curtained door, which we entered, at five P. M., "a survivor on business."

Received, very civilly, by the inventor himself, who chanced to be present, we were taken at once to the patented structure, standing on trestles in the back area of the store. It was a tastefully painted wooden coffin, but with a handsome superstructure—another coffin, as it were—containing the fifty pounds of ice, which did the work of the patented principle. An air-hole, at the head of this catafalque of zinc, admitted the outer air, which, after passing around the body in such quantities and with such propulsion as effectually to keep it frozen, escaped by ventilators below. A pail, at the foot of the coffin, received the water, which drips from the process at the rate of about one painful a day.—The renewal of ice, required each day, in the reservoir opening by a lid at the top, is about fifty pounds.

Of course, the sight of the corpse itself, (which had been in "complete preservation," now, for twelve days,) was as interesting as the patent which preserved it. We noticed, on entering, that the old Roman superstition had not been observed—that of laying out the corpse, always, with its feet to the door—the posture, at 414 Fourth Avenue, being exactly the contrary to this; but the drapery was that of a person treated with all due respect, an embroidered chemise reaching to the ankles, while the abundant black hair lay in graceful folds upon the shoulders. It was probably owing to the scarcity of specie only, that a coin was not placed in the mouth of the dead to pay the ferryage into Hades—Mr. Rappleyea, (Charon's brother conductor,) having provided most liberally for every thing else. We could not help admiring even the brocade and buttons on the bosom of the chemise.

As a "business value," we might mention, that the danger of burial alive is more especially protected against, by this newly-patented process, but the additional security was not needed in this case, as the gaping wound on the forehead showed the departure of life to have been fearfully certain.—This and a "hasty pallor about the lips were the signs of a death of great violence, though the complexion was otherwise of waxen fairness and the features singularly lifelike and well perfected. It was a woman of apparently about twenty-five years of age, and her very heavy eyelashes, and very dark eye-

brows, enclosing the very large shut eyes, were of rather the Spanish order. Her hands were curiously delicate and small, the undertaker declaring, that, in all his "experience of laying out bodies" he had never seen more exquisite proportions; and the arched instep of the icy cold foot, (which we touched, at his request, to understand the nature of the experiment,) was bent as if with the graceful advancing of a waltz. The posture, otherwise, was the calmness of beauty asleep. Though killed in a house of ill-fame, (and thence taken to the public "dead-house," where, as an unclaimed body, she was procured for this experiment,) it was a woman of splendidly complete development, and one who had always lived a life of luxury and elegance.

The covering of ice being restored, after a few minutes, the "preservation" went on, and (for aught we could see, feel, or smell,) might be indefinitely prolonged; and the body when ready for burial, would be only taken, purified by cold as it is, from its enclosure of zinc, and placed in its final coffin for removal to the grave. And, speaking of funeral conveyance, the invention is timely, with the greater frequency of death in these war-like days—death, moreover, in most cases, being away from relatives, and with the necessity for transporting the body to some distant spot for more honored burial. It is undoubtedly a luxury, too, which, in our poetic country, would acquire a "relish with the using," especially among the wealthy classes; so that every "respectable" undertaker would have his catafalque of zinc, (for the icing of corpses,) to be part of the "utensils" of his profession.

A generally better treatment of the dead, (let us add, for a closing remark,) would be a praiseworthy national reform. Often as the "rite" is most absurdly expensive and ostentatious, in our American handling, it is often in most stupidly bad taste. The reader's own mind will supply the instances which might be given of this. But the opinions of whole nations and of enlightened ages, on the "Art of Burial," are surely worth regarding. The classic Romans of the days of Sulla believed that the souls of the beloved dead revisited the accustomed bodies, at affectionate intervals, if the bodies were safe against vulgar corruption, and otherwise speed and kept agreeable. The burning of the body, and keeping the perfumed ashes in a convenient little urn, to be entombed or otherwise disposed of, was also a Roman observance.—The picking away of "remains" in mummies, was practised for centuries by the Egyptians, the Arabians, and other Eastern nations—as the catacombs, pyramids, and other vast "store-houses for the dead," abundantly prove.—Science has provided an art—that of desiccation—by which a body may be so dried as to be (in its shrunk proportions) wholly imperishable. This process (an expensive one) is not likely to be called for, unless a public body, like that of Jeff. Davis, were required for standing in a glass-case, and placing in a temple erected to his eternal deterioration.

One more word as to the danger of too hurried interment, which the present killing of thousands per diem makes more imminent than ever. Governments have legislated on precautions against this, and the most learned men have written treatises on the subject.—The French savant, Michel Levy, recommending that a red hot iron should always be applied by the undertaker "in verification of death." In many of the towns of Germany mortuary-houses have been built, in which the dead are legally placed and retained for a certain time before interment—a bell-pull being placed in the hand of the corpse, so that the slightest movement would call the attendant on the watch. The mortuary-house at Mainz had but one single alarm in forty five years, (an interesting statistic!) and this was from the subsiding of the unnatural belly of an old man, a few days after his death, the giving way of the support causing the crossed hands to fall in, and so ringing the bell—unintentionally on his part.

We regret that we have neither room nor time for the many interesting facts which we might narrate on this subject; but we shall, at least, have suggested inquiry into a matter which the changes of our terrible war, and the events of common occurrence, make more interesting than ever.—N. P. Willis.

SLOW WORK.—Sir Edwin Landseer is sixty-one years old. One-third of that number of years, the London Athenaeum reminds that eminent artist and the British public, has passed since he received the commission to execute the famous African lions that will, under his bolster. At Badmington, England, and other country houses where his habits were known, a servant was made to sit up and keep watch outside his room till all was safe.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

A leading publishing house in London is about to bring out a series of educational works specially for the schools of the Confederate States of America. We would humbly suggest that the first lesson should be on the subject of allegiance to their country and flag.

### Advice to Young Men.

Dear gentlemen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five listen to a few gratuitous remarks.

When you make a social call of an evening, on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you came at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you can, or rather ought to desire to use your charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent with music, chess, or other games to lend variety; but kind sirs, by no means stay any longer.

Make shorter calls and come oftener: A girl, i. e., a sensible true hearted girl, will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl, who, well knowing the feelings of *per se* mere upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten and yet must sit on the edge of her chair in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft-repeated threat into execution, that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. Ah! we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sign of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father, and distressed for all parties, mother and all, because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to.

Now, young gentleman friend, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and graciously fascinating; then, beware. Monosyllable responses will be all you need expect, and if, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling cry shall be heard coming down stairs: "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and taking your hat, depart, a sadder, and it is hoped, a wiser man. Don't get angry, but the next time you come, be careful to keep within just bounds.

We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours;" but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours in the night, exhausted nature will speak as a natural consequence; with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better, poor daughter's feelings, but must still disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances.

And now, young man, think about these things, and don't, for pity's sake, don't throw down your paper with a "pshaw"—but remember the safe side of ten.—A Martyr to Late Hours.

THE RESULT OF STREET EDUCATION.—Keep your children off the street. By that we mean, do not let them make acquaintance on the sidewalks. If they frequent the public schools, you must establish a sort of verbal quarantine at your own door, and examine the youthful tongue once a day, to see if it has not a secretion of slang upon it.

Mrs. Careful's little son, Manfred, came running into the paternal mansion the other day, shouting to the cook:

"Now, then, old girl, slap up that dinner."

"Why! Manfred?" began the astonished mother, "where did you learn such language? who have you been playing with?"

"Me," said the hopeful, "I generally play with Dick Turner, 'cause he's a bully boy with a glass eye. That's so."

The fond mother was about to express some astonishment at the optical misfortune of Dick, when the son continued:

"Ma, I'm going to buy a plug! Jem Smith wears one, and I'm as big as he."

"A plug!" gasped the mother.

"Yes, sire-ee, a plug. I've got the spon-dulicks salted down in my box, sure; it's bound to come."

The mother at this juncture ordered the youngster up stairs and sent for a man-servant to interpret the slang.

HOW TO EXTINGUISH YOUR CANDLE.—Alvanley whose recklessness in everything was proverbial, used always to read in his bed till he could no longer keep his eyes upon, then, by way of getting rid of the light, he either threw the candle into the middle of the room and his pillow after it, hoping to make a good aim, or else he placed it, lighted as it was, under his bolster. At Badmington, England, and other country houses where his habits were known, a servant was made to sit up and keep watch outside his room till all was safe.

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### Killing Fowls for Table Use.

The poultry department of the English Cottage Gardener gives the following directions for killing fowls for table use:

If the fowls are to be eaten on Thursday, let them be caught on Monday evening, and then shut up in a basket, absolutely without food or water till the next morning. Being quite empty, they must be killed, not by cutting the throat, but by breaking their neck. Take hold of the tips of the end or flight feathers of the wings, and the lower part of the thighs and knees with the left hand.—Take hold of the head of the fowl in the right hand, turn it (the head) upwards in the hand, but simultaneously pull with the left hand and press down with the right.—Isaac Walton said, "Impale the frog as if you loved him"; and Talleyrand said, "No zeal in anything; it is always getting into trouble." No zeal, no strength, and very little effort is required. Press downward with the right hand till there is a trifling jerk—it is the dislocation of the neck.—Death ensues in a few minutes. If there is any doubt it can be easily solved by feeling of the back of the bird's head, there will be an "ugly gap" between the head and the neck. When a fowl is bled to death it is very white, but it is often dry; when it is killed by dislocation of the neck it is juicy. As soon as the bird is dead, indeed I should say directly it is dead, it should be picked. The large feathers, the wings and tail, should be pulled first. The reason why they should be picked is that the fowl then gets cold; it is for the same cause essential that they should be killed early in the morning or in the evening; the latter is preferable. Even in hot water the fowl is spoiled nine times out of ten by the fermentation of the food, or the decomposition of the water that was in the body at the time of death. The bird fasted and killed as we have described, may be drawn and trussed for the spit some hours before it is wanted, and spite of hot weather it will be sweet, tender and juicy.

WALKING STICKS FOR LADIES.—Empress Eugenie has again appeared with a long walking-stick, and now the fashion is fixed. Every lady at a watering-place must "wear a cane"; and the shop windows of Paris are beginning to display them, with "purses to suit customers." Some are very cheap and homely; others elegant and costly. The length of the stick depends on the height of the lady, as they are recommended to "come about up to the lady's shoulder. They are carried for support, for protection, and for distinction; that is, the ladies like to have "something in their hands to play with," and especially at the sea-side, where they are always breaking the points of their parasols by poking at pebbles and things. And then, why should not a woman carry a cane as well as a man? Is she not the weaker vessel?

SHOCKING DETECTION!—A well-known scientific man in New-York city, some years since, found himself annoyed by boys, who rang his door-bell and ran away. So the doctor ground out a heavy charge of electricity, led a wire to the door-bell knob, and sat down to wait. Shortly there was a horrible howl, a bumping, and a falling backward down the front steps. The boy was half-murdered by the shock—and the doctor's troubles from that source were definitely ended.

LORD BYRON'S URN.—Our readers may remember that last autumn the newspapers contained a report of the death of Lord Byron's grandson, who, though a peer of the realm, was earning his livelihood as an artisan in a common English dockyard. The shipwright left a sister and a brother, the latter of whom claims the Barony of Wentworth through his mother, Lord Byron's daughter, Ada, who married the Earl of Lovelace. The claim was heard before the House of Lords Committee for Privileges, and has not yet been decided.

DEMOCRATIC EMPEROR.—Louis Napoleon shows much tact in the treatment of soldiers. He gave a ball in honor of the taking of Mexico, sent two tickets to each soldier of a regiment, and when the men came, attended by pretty village girls of Vichy, he and the Empress commenced the festivities, and high ladies of the court joined with peasantesses and privates in keeping up the dancing until eight o'clock the next morning.

"ALL IN THE EYE."—The extract of belladonna, as is well known, if applied to the eye, causes the pupil to dilate to a remarkable extent. It has been discovered that a kind of bean from Calabar has exactly the opposite quality. So, as a sort of scientific joke, the professors in England took a poor cat, and put bean on one eye, and belladonna on the other; which, they learnedly observe, "imparted a strange, weird expression to the face."

Orphanus C. Kerr says of one of his heroes:—"He was an apple-seller of fine feelings, and had once served as a deserter in the Army of the Potomac."

Cicero made the following wise remark:—"As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man who has something of the youth."



# The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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One square (14 lines type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
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Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion; each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.  
Boston—E. T. MOODY.  
Worcester—J. MANSFIELD.  
Reading—L. E. D. GLEASON.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to T. H. Palmer); South's Building, Court street, Woburn, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL, circulated largely by the Express, is a powerful agent for the sale of goods, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

# The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 1863.

## The Election.

The election, with its accompanying excitement and uncertainty, is over, and the people have settled down to a few months of repose prior to the opening of that grand contest next summer which will decide the rulership of the country for another four years. Massachusetts has arrayed herself with her sister States, from Maine to California, and has piled up her pyramid majority of tens of thousands for the support of the government in this important crisis. True to her tradition, she stands the firm guardian of the liberties of the country, and stretches forth from her rocky barriers, the hand of warm friendship to her loyal sister, Kentucky. Let no one despair for the nation as long as the heart of the people remains true to the great principles of the age.

Gov. Andrew has been re-elected by 40,000 majority. The Council Board and Senate are both entirely Republican, and the House of Representatives, as far as known, stands—225 Republicans and 14 Democrats. James M. Shute, of Somerville, was elected Councilor for District No. 3. Oliver R. Clark, of Winchester, Senator for 5th Middlesex District; Leonard Huntress of Tewksbury, County Commissioner; and Joseph H. Tyler, of Cambridge, Register of Probate and Insolvency. Following we give a list of the Senators and Representatives elected in this County:—

## SENATORS.

FIRST DISTRICT.—Francis Childs of Charlestown, Republican. Mr. Childs has 2041 to 900 for Mr. Tyler.

SECOND DISTRICT.—Joseph Crafts of Watertown, Republican. Mr. Crafts has 2782 to 1312 for Mr. Breck.

THIRD DISTRICT.—Thomas Rice, Jr., of Newton, Republican. Mr. Rice has 1619 to 901 for Walker. Four towns wanting.

FOURTH DISTRICT.—George Heywood, of Concord, Republican. Mr. Heywood has 1457 to 528. Seven towns wanting.

FIFTH DISTRICT.—Oliver R. Clark, of Winchester, Republican. Mr. Clark has 1972 to 843 for Mr. Lawrence, and two towns wanting.

SIXTH DISTRICT.—Samuel A. Brown, of Lowell, Republican. Mr. Brown has 1983 to 769 for Reed.

## REPRESENTATIVES.

Dist. 1.—Charlestown, 1st Ward, 1; Horatio W. Weston, Rep.  
2.—Charlestown, 2d and 3d Wards, 2; James M. Stone, George S. Pennington and Moses B. Sewell, Reps.  
3.—Somerville, 1; Chas. Powers, Rep.  
4.—Malden, 1; Geo. W. Copeland, Rep.  
5.—Medford, 1; John Stetson, Rep.  
6.—Belmont, West Cambridge, Winchester, 1; Samuel Butterfield, Rep.  
7.—Cambridge, 3; Charles Beck, J. Warren Merrill and Lorenzo Marzani, Reps.  
8.—Newton, Brighton, 2; John S. Farlow and Marshall S. Rice, Reps.  
9.—Watertown, Waltham, 2; F. M. Stone and John R. Stickney, Reps.  
10.—Concord, Lincoln, Weston, 1; Alpheus Morse, Rep.  
11.—Nauck, 1; Willard Drury, Ind. Dem.  
12.—Holliston, Sherborn, 1; Henry Bullard, Rep.  
13.—Ashland, Hopkinton, 1; M. P. Coburn, Rep.  
14.—Framingham, 1; James W. Clark, Rep.  
15.—Marlborough, 1; Samuel Boyd, Rep.  
16.—Stow, Sudbury, Wayland, 1; Erastus Dickinson, Rep.  
17.—Acton, Roxbury, Littleton, Carlisle, 1; A. C. Handy, Dem.  
18.—Burlington, Bedford, Lexington, 1; William Winn, Dem.  
19.—Woburn, 1; Charles S. Converse, Rep.  
20.—South Reading, Melrose, Stoneham, 2; Daniel Allen and Isaac Emerson, Reps.  
21.—Reading, North Reading, 1; Chas. A. Foster, Rep.  
22.—Wilmington, Tewksbury, Billerica, 1; Jonathan Carter, 2d, Rep.  
23.—Lowell, 1st, 2d and 5th Wards, 3; Jacob Rogers, L. G. Howe and Frederick Holton, Reps.  
24.—Lowell, 3d, 4th and 6th Wards, 3; Tappan Wentworth, Geo. W. Partridge and Joshua N. Marshall, Reps.

Dist. 25.—Chenford, Dracut, Tyngsborough, 1; Solomon E. Byram, Rep.  
26.—Shirley, Groton, Dunstable, Westford, Pepperell, 2; Geo. S. Gates, Geo. P. Day, Reps.  
27.—Townsend, Ashby, 1; Paul Gates, Rep.

The election in Woburn passed off quietly, with little or no excitement. The contest for town representative did not possess the same degree of animation that it has for the past three years. Mr. Chas. S. Converse, the Republican-Union nominee, was elected by a majority of 165; and received 17 votes in excess of the number cast for State officers by same party. Below we give a report of the doings of the meeting, for which we are indebted to N. Wyman, Esq.

For Governor.  
John A. Andrew, 358  
Henry W. Paine, 218

Lieut. Governor.  
Joel Haydel, 358  
Thomas F. Plunket, 218

Secretary of State.  
Oliver Warner, 359  
F. O. Prince, 218

Treasurer.  
Henry K. Oliver, 359  
Nathan Clarke, 218

Attorney General.  
Dwight Foster, 359  
Moses Bates, 220

Auditor.  
Levi Reed, 359  
Theodore H. Sweetser, 220

Councillor, Dist. No. 3.  
James M. Shute, 358  
S. O. Richardson, 219

Senator, 5th Mid. Dist.  
Oliver R. Clark, 355  
Daniel W. Lawrence, 220

County Commissioner.  
Leonard Huntress, 355  
E. A. Alger, 222

Register of Probate.  
Joseph H. Tyler, 359  
Joshua P. Converse, 217

Representative, 19th Mid. Dist.  
Charles S. Converse, 377  
Cyrus P. Lang, 215

Whole number of votes, 650

The following is the vote for Governor and Representative last year:—

Representatives.  
Geo. H. Conn, 419  
L. G. Richardson, 394

Governor.  
Charles Devens, 431  
John A. Andrew, 388

At two o'clock the citizens present were called to order and proceeded to act on town business.

On Art. 1.—Chose W. T. Grammer moderator. He declined, and John Cummings, Jr., was chosen.

On Art. 2.—Voted to dismiss.

On Art. 3.—Voted to accept the report of the Selectmen laying out a town way from Winn to Burlington street.

On Art. 4.—Voted to accept the List of Jurors reported by the Selectmen.

On Art. 5.—(In relation to the destruction of canker worms.) Voted to refer to the Selectmen, with instructions to take such action in the matter as they may deem expedient, and that they be allowed to expend not more than one hundred dollars.

On Art. 6.—Voted that the Selectmen be authorized to fit up the lot in which the body of the late Capt. S. I. Thompson is interred, and erect a suitable monument on the same at an expense not exceeding five hundred dollars.

On Art. 7.—Voted that the town appropriate the public lot called "Oval Green," in the Woburn Cemetery, laid down on the plan of said Cemetery, as a place of burial for soldiers from Woburn who have already or may hereafter lose their lives in the service of their country and that a suitable monument be erected on said lot to their memories, and the lot to be fitted up and the monument provided under the management of the Selectmen and Cemetery Committee.

On Art. 8.—Voted that the Cemetery Committee be empowered to purchase any land adjoining the Cemetery, for the purpose of enlarging the same that they may deem expedient.

On Art. 9.—Voted that a committee of three be chosen to make additional By-Laws in relation to truancy, and report at some future meeting. (The committee chosen were P. L. Converse, Esq., H. Collamore, Rev. R. P. Stebbins.)

On Art. 10.—(In relation to additional school room.) Voted to put over to March meeting.

On Art. 11.—Voted that the Selectmen be authorized to take all legal measures to fill the Woburn quota of men under the last call of the President for three hundred thousand men, and that those citizens whose names were read by Mr. J. B. Winn, pledging themselves to furnish means to the town to pay three hundred dollars, in addition to the United States and State bounties, to each man who shall enlist to make up said quota, be and hereby are appointed a committee to act with the Selectmen in consummating said measure.

The following is the proposition referred to above, with the names of the gentlemen making it:—

"If the town of Woburn agree to pay the fifty-two men now called for to make up the quota of said Woburn, three hundred dollars each, we agree to place in the hands of the Selectmen the sum of fifteen thousand six hundred dollars for that purpose, until the same can be legally paid by the town."

Eli Jones, J. B. Winn, Charles Tidd, Bowen Buckman, Joseph Kelley, Moses P. Winn, S. O. Pollard, Leonard Thompson, Wm. T. Grammer, Horace Conn, Moses C. Bean, A. E. Thompson, Cyrus Cummings, E. N. Blake.

Box for the Rangers.—Mr. G. R. Gage will send a box to the Rangers next Wednesday, and any parcels that may be left with him will be enclosed.

REHEARSAL.—The third public rehearsal by the Woburn Brass Band will take place in Lyceum Hall, next Tuesday evening.

"GENTLEMEN," said a farmer, writing to the chairman of an agricultural society, "put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."

COURSE OF LECTURES.—The Young Men's Literary Association of this town, intend having a course of nine lectures during the ensuing winter. They have secured, as lecturers, Geo. W. Curtis, Esq., Rev. A. L. Stone, John B. Gough and John G. Saxe, and are now corresponding with Edward Kirke (author of "Among the Pines," "Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others. With this list of names, and the low price of tickets—75 cts. for the course, and 15 cts. for single—a full attendance ought to be secured. The Association wish it distinctly understood that they do not originate this course of lectures for the purpose of adding to their treasury, but solely with a desire to afford the people of Woburn an opportunity to enjoy themselves by listening to some of the best lecturers in the country. Under these circumstances we hope to see their laudable endeavors fully recognized by our townsmen. Further particulars will be given next week.

TO THE LADIES OF WOBURN.—The Woburn Branch of the Sanitary Commission have made arrangements to commence at once the knitting of mittens for the soldiers, and invite every lady in Woburn, who can do so, to aid them in the matter. Mrs. S. Edgell Davis will provide yarn and needles at her residence. The material is furnished from the grant of \$500 made by the town last spring, and it is earnestly hoped that all will endeavor to help the good work along. The rigors of Winter will soon be upon our brave soldiers and they will need every comfort that the nimble and willing fingers of patriotic women can supply.

PROLIFIC.—Mr. S. T. Ward of Winchester, has raised several very large squashes this year from a new kind of seed, brought a few years since from the Sandwich Islands. They are known as the "Honolulu Nectarine Squash," and "possess a degree of sweetness before unknown in the Squash family. They have a russet skin, are nearly globular, and average about 35 lbs. each. The flesh when stewed and dried, is of an orange color, very transparent, very sweet, of delicious flavor and entirely dissolves in the mouth. For pies, &c., it is no superior—even the Hubbard's, in some respects inferior to the Honolulu, though a good squash."

From one of the seeds of these squashes Mr. Ward grew 450 lbs. of squashes—one weighed 111 lbs.; two 89 lbs. each, and one 78 lbs., the remaining ones being of smaller size. He cannot account for this great increase in size from that which they attain usually, as the seed the above were raised from was taken from an squash that was grown from one of the first seed brought to this country. In a day or two we expect to receive a few of these seed, and will be happy to give some to any one who wishes to experiment in raising squashes by "wholesale."

MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.—The Gazette publishes a statement of the expiration of the term of service of the several Massachusetts regiments and batteries, with their location in departments at the present time.

1st regiment, Potomac army, May, 1864; 2d, in Mississippi, May, 1864; 7th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, Potomac, June, 1864; 13th, 15th, Potomac, July; 16th, Potomac, June; 17th, North Carolina, 18th, 19th, 20th, Potomac, 21st, Mississippi, July; 22d, Potomac, Oct.; 23d, No. Carolina; 24th, So. Car., December; 25th, North Carolina, Oct.; 27th, North Carolina, November; 28th, Mississippi, 6 companies in 1864; 29th, Gulf, Feb., 1865; 28th, Potomac, January; 1st heavy artillery, Washington, July, 1864; 1st battery light artillery, August, 1864; 2d, July; 3d and 4th, September; 5th, October; 7th, 1864; 1st company sharpshooters, September, 1864; 2d, October, 1864. The other regiments, batteries and companies in 1865 and 1866.

A STARTLING REPORT.—The American has a letter from a responsible correspondent dated Annapolis, Md., 29th, which says the flag of truce boat New York arrived at the Naval School Wharf this morning from City Point, with 18 paroled men; eight of the number died on the boat on its way here.

They actually starved to death. Never in the whole course of my life have I seen such a scene as there was presented. They were living skeletons. Every man of them had to be sent to the hospital, and the surgeon's opinion is that more than one-third will die, being beyond the reach of nourishment or medicine. I questioned several of them, and all state that their condition has been brought on by the treatment they had at the hands of the rebels. They have been kept without food and exposed a large part of the time without shelter of any kind.

To look at these poor men and hear their tales of woe as to how they have been treated, one would not suppose they had fallen into the hands of Southern chivalry, but rather into the hands of savage barbarians destitute of all humanity or feeling.

THREATENED BREAD FAMINE IN RICHMOND.—The Richmond Whig of the 31st ult. says:—

"It is useless to mince words; it were folly to remain silent when we see every day evidence of an approaching bread famine in this city, whilst within the limits of the State, it is believed, there is food enough for all the people for twelve months. The population of Richmond cannot live upon air, and while the majority would be willing, we are sure, to subsist on half rations of bread, there is at present no prospect of obtaining this much during the winter."

A New York letter says more gold is sold at the Evening Board, and the market is more controlled by it than by the Noon Board in Wall street. The Night Board holds an evening session at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It is attended by all the leading brokers, and the excitement nightly puts Wall street all into the shade. As all the sales are made in view of the next day's quotation, the excitement is equal to gambling, and quite as risky.

## Woburn Soldiers.

PROMOTION.—Sergeant Joseph S. Wyman, of Co. B, 32d Mass. Regt., has been promoted to Second Lieutenant.

DISCHARGE.—Lieut. Oscar Persons, of this town, Co. D, 39th Mass. Regt., arrived home last Saturday, having been discharged from the service. Lieut. Persons has been sick for some time, but we trust now that he has reached home, he will be restored to his former state of health.

Corporal Henry E. Goodell, of this town, Co. E, 16th Mass. Regt., also arrived home last Saturday, having received his discharge. He reports the Woburn boys in the 16th, as enjoying good health.

PURLOIN.—Sergeant Dudley Nason, of this town, formerly of Co. E, 22d Mass. Regiment, but now of the 6th Company, 1st Battalion, Invalid Corps, was in town last week on a short furlough.

TAKEN PRISONER.—John A. Mead, of Co. K, 30th Mass. Regt., was taken prisoner some two weeks ago.

MISCELLANEOUS.—John Barry, of this town, who enlisted in New Hampshire some time since as a substitute, has been assigned to Co. B, 10th New Hampshire.

Private Patrick Kelly, of East Woburn, Co. G, 22d Mass. Regt., was transferred a short time ago, to the 48th Company, 2d Battalion, Invalid Corps.

Mr. Frank Steele, of this town, who enlisted in the Navy, is now on board the U. S. Steamer "Nippon," at Beaufort, N. C.

PROBABLY EASY CONQUEST OF TEXAS.—Captain W. H. Henderson, until within a few weeks in the Confederate service, has made a statement in the New Orleans papers from which we take the following extracts:

The trans-Mississippi Department, commanded by Gen. B. Kirby Smith, is conquered to-day. 'Tis true, they may fall back into Texas, and make a show of resistance—for, indeed, it will only be a show—till they reach the mountainous regions in Western Texas, where they will keep up a bushwhacking warfare, till a want of the necessities of life will, in one year, compel them to sue for peace, and be willing to take it upon the terms of the United States Government, let them be what they may. A large majority of the Louisiana volunteers, commanded by Brig. Gen. A. Moulton and Green and Spaul, will never cross Sabine river to go into Texas. I will stake my existence upon it, that two-thirds of Taylor's army deserts him before he gets into Texas.

The stronghold of the Western rebel forces is Galveston, and it is nothing to compare with that of Vicksburg and Port Hudson; and, indeed, they may be forced to evacuate Galveston without firing a gun. If Gen. Banks penetrates Texas from the east towards Houston as far as the Neches of Trinity river, Magruder will fall back to Houston. The supplies of the Colorado river cut off from the Confederate army, they are lost. A want of clothing, provisions and money has completely demoralized the trans-Mississippi Department.

A CAPITAL HIT.—The following is an extract from the recent speech of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at Exeter Hall, London:—

[A Voice.—What about Russians?] A gentleman asks me to say a word about the Russians, and as this is a little private and confidential meeting, I do not mind telling you that the whole affair, so far as relates to the Russian officers in New York, is simply a little piece of coquetry. But you will say, "Is it not an indecent thing for America, now that Russia is engaged in suppressing the liberties of Poland, to make believe to flirt with her?" [Hear.] I think it is. [Cheers.] And now you know precisely how we felt when you flirted with Mr. Mason at your Lord Mayor's banquet. [Cheers and laughter.] It does us no harm to have the English people tell us our faults; nor does it do us any harm to have them tell us that we are a nation, and that we should let you know yours, and you will allow me to say to you that while England, which is a Christian nation, and has the guardianship of the dearest principles of civil liberty, ought to be friendly with every nation, she ought when she looks out for an ally to find one in her own blood, her own language and her own children. [Cheers.] I maintain that all sorts of alliances with continental nations as against America are monstrous, and that all flirtations of America with Pandours and whiskered foreigners are equally to be deprecated.

STONEWALL JACKSON.—A correspondent of the Boston Recorder tells the following "good one" concerning Stonewall Jackson:—

"I was so much amused at the rebel prisoners' account of Stonewall Jackson's admission into heaven, that I must transcribe it for the readers of the Recorder. They were strong admirers of Gen. Jackson, and especially of the great success in his flank movements. 'The day after his death,' said they, 'two angels came down from heaven to carry Gen. Jackson back with them.' They searched all through the camp, but could not find him. They went to the prayer-meeting, to the hospital, and to every other place where they thought themselves likely to find him, but in vain. Finally they were forced to return without him. What was their surprise to find that he had just executed a splendid flank movement and got into heaven before them."

"I say, Brown, what a close shaver Jones is—why, he'll squabble about a penny!" "Well, what if he does?" said Brown; "the less one squabbles about the better."

The physician who is advertising to cure "all kinds of female weakness," must be the most wonderful of all possible doctors.

"MARRA," said Sanho, "one of your oxen is dead; 'toder too. 'Traid to tell you of boff at once for fear you couldn't bore it."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN RE-NOMINATED.—The Washington Republican publishes a telegraphic despatch from New York, dated Oct. 30, as follows:

A Union mass meeting was held at the Cooper Institute last night. It was an immense affair. It continued until one o'clock this morning.

At a quarter to one o'clock this morning, Colonel Gibbs, in the course of his remarks, nominated Abraham Lincoln for re-election. The great audience caught up the suggestion as if by electricity, and the assemblage rose to their feet and ratified the nomination on the spot, by the most unanimous, enthusiastic and long continued shouts of applause.

"Never were such dinner parties given since New York was a city as are given now"—writes the correspondent of the London Times—"Delmonico's three restaurants at the beginning, the middle, and the end of the dining region of the metropolis are kept fully employed; and dinners of twenty and thirty persons at \$20 dollars a head, exclusive of wine, are of nightly occurrence. The guests prefer the choicest and most costly viandts, regardless of the paper price. Madeira at \$12 a bottle, Chateau Lafitte at the same rate, and Chamberlain at \$16, are none too expensive for tastes. Why should they be? Do not many of these people often make as much as \$10,000 in a forenoon in the rise of stocks that fluctuate as much as 12 per cent. from day to day? And have they not as much right as the fool in Scripture to say, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?'"

A letter from one of the rebel prisoners who recently escaped from Camp Douglas at Chicago is published in the Tribune of that city. It was intercepted in the post-office. The letter was written with ink, and contained nothing that would be considered contraband—some general family and neighborhood news and gossip. But, interlined between the lines in ink was the contraband information, written with some liquid invisible until brought out by exposure to the heat. This was done by one of the Yankee clerks, who considers it a rich discovery, which may result in a return visit of the writer to Camp Douglas.

SCURRY AND SCROFULOUS ERUPTIONS will soon cover the bodies of those brave men who are fighting our country's battles. Night air, bad food, and drenching rains will make sad havoc with the strongest, therefore let every man supply himself with HOLLOMAN'S OINTMENT, it is a certain cure for every kind of skin disease. Only 25 cts. per pot.

WINCHESTER.

ASSAULT.—As Mr. Sheldon of Wilmington was on his way to Boston a week ago last Sunday evening, in passing through the Main Street in this town he was met by two young men riding in a vehicle, who commenced grossly insulting him. After stopping and having a little personal altercation with them in which their whip was wrested from him and thrown aside, he proceeded on his way. He was then assaulted with stones some of which struck him on the head and rendered him partially insensible. On coming too, he was in Medford, where he stopped at the public house and had his wounds dressed. He gave a description of the occurrence and the place where they would probably find the whip belonging to the young men. An officer proceeded to the spot and found the whip which was marked with the name of F. H. Johnson the stable in this town. On enquiring it was ascertained that S. H. Brookings Jr. and James Hunt had hired the vehicle, to which the whip was attached. A warrant was issued for their arrest but the guilty parties succeeded in keeping out of the way of the officer until last Saturday, when they were arrested and brought before Trial Justice Converse who bound them over in the sum of \$200 for examination. In default of bail they were committed to Jail.

Since writing the above respecting the young men arrested and committed for assault they have been discharged from custody on representation that they would enlist in the Naval Service, which they have since done. It is to be regretted, that in an evil hour, these young men should have been led into the commission of such an act, but an opportunity is now afforded them to make their future course right, and so rebound to their honor that their past misdeeds shall be blotted out.

TIN WEDDING.—One of those epochs in the history of individuals (excepting old bachelors) and known as the "Tin Wedding," was recently observed in an appropriate manner by the relatives and friends of a worthy couple residing near Symmes Corner. On Friday evening of last week, the domicile of our friends, who had thus reached an important period of their married lives, was visited by a large party armed with various tin implements of culinary warfare and a good supply of rations. The favored recipients of this call being surprised and unprepared for resistance, succumbed to the beleaguering force, who soon made themselves at home in the premises.

The evening was pleasantly and agreeably occupied in the interchange of thought and mutual good feeling, and the partaking of excellent rations provided by the visitors. At a late hour the company separated with the hope that they may be permitted to greet each other again when another cycle of time shall bring its return.

MAMMOTH SQUASH.—In one of our stores may be seen a squash raised by Mr. Salem T. Ward, weighing 111 lbs. It is said to have been produced from seed which came from the Sandwich Islands.

RELIGIOUS.—The Episcopalians are contemplating having religious services of their own on Sundays, and to this end are negotiating for the hall over Mr. Sanderson's store for that purpose.

TOWN MEETING.—At the Town Meeting last Monday, the following business was transacted:

Moderator, Hon. O. R. Clark.  
The list of names for Jurors as prepared by the Selectmen, adopted. Voted, not to lay out the Street from Oak to Swanton Sts. By a vote of 54 to 20 voted, that the gas lamps already erected be lighted at the expense of the town, and in case any individuals shall erect lamp posts at their expense with the approbation of the Selectmen, they shall also be lighted at the expense of the town to a number not exceeding six.

Great and unexpected triumph, this, certainly. Henceforth we may expect to see a few cheering rays mid the darkness of night, to guide the traveller on his way. Less chance for broken or bruised limbs, falling into mud holes or other dangerous experiments. Voted, to lay out the Town-way as a continuation of Myrtle St as petitioned for by G. W. Spurr and others.

Voted, that Messrs. J. F. Stone, H. K. Stanton, T. P. Ayer, A. Thompson 3d, S. H. Cutter, Alonzo Chapin, D. N. Skillings, S. S. Holton and B. T. Livingston be a Committee to use such measures as they shall deem advisable, to raise the town's quota of 300,000 men, under the order of the President of Oct. 17th 1863, and that they be hereby empowered, if they think it expedient, to petition the Governor in behalf of the town for a meeting of the Legislature, to pass a law giving towns power to aid in enlisting men.

Voted, that the Selectmen purchase a lot of land, and move the Wynan School House thereon.

The article in reference to reimbursing Mr. George Plummer for money paid by him for a substitute under the draft of July last, was summarily dismissed, the town having no authority in the premises.

ELECTION.—The election passed off very quietly, but a small vote cast.

The vote for Governor was, Andrew, 146;—Paine, 60.

Senator, Clark, 143; Lawrence 62.

Representative, Samuel Butterfield of West Cambridge the Republican Candidate, had 145; Albert Winn had 69. The vote of West Cambridge for Representative was for Butterfield 175, Winn 132, giving Mr. Butterfield in the District 121 plurality. This district has almost always heretofore elected the Democratic candidate—a great Republican or Union gain.

In addition to the account in last week's Journal copied from the Pittsburg Gazette of the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Warren Ayer, his relatives in this town have received a letter from one of the officials of the road upon which the accident occurred, giving his version of the affair, which corresponds in the main with that published. He can only account for his being upon the track on the supposition, that he was blinded by the steam and failed to see or remember the location of the bridge and was struck by it, although he was found a considerable distance east of it.

He says, "My connection with the Transportation Department is so recent, that I had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Ayer, but I know that he was very competent and faithful in the discharge of his duty, and he had been named to me for promotion, and would doubtless have received it very shortly, but for the unfortunate event which closed his career so abruptly and sadly."

Among his companions he was highly esteemed, although a recent comer among them, and much sympathy was expressed for his bereaved family."

SCHOOLS.—Dr. Thomas H. Chandler of the Board of School Committee has resigned, and a Convention of the Selectmen and School Committee will be held on Monday Evening Nov. 16th, to fill the vacancy in accordance with the provisions of the General Statutes.

EXCISE.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

ELECTION.—There was but a very little bustle on Tuesday—no hurrying to and fro, to bring men to the polls, and a very small vote was cast in town. The meeting commenced at 10 o'clock, A. M., and was called to order by the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, when prayer was offered by Rev. D. W. Phillips. After voting that the polls should close at 4 o'clock, P. M., the work of electing the various officers went steadily on, there being but a small number present at any one time. The following votes for the leading officers, will indicate the general complexion of the election:—For Governor—Andrew, 245; Paine, 67. For Senator—Clark, 242; Lawrence, 73. For Councillor—Shute, 240; Richardson, 77. For County Commissioner—Huntress, 239; Alger, 73. For Representative for the 20th Middlesex District—Daniel Allen, of South Reading, 249; Emerson, of Melrose, 211; Stephens, of Stoughton, 103; Norton, of Melrose, 69. It is said that Emerson ran behind his ticket, on account of a report which was circulated at the polls that, in the last Legislature, he voted against granting bounty to volunteers. The charge in the form in which it was made was probably incorrect, but votes were secured to Mr. Stevens by this argument and by having ballots prepared having on them the names of Allen and Stephens.

The meeting for the transaction of Town business was called to order at 3 o'clock, P. M., and J. S. Eaton, Esq., was elected Moderator. The following persons were chosen to act, in conjunction with the Selectmen, as a Committee to raise the South Reading quota of 31 men, viz:—Messrs. E. Mansfield, Peter Folsom and P. H. Sweetser. Other business contemplated by the warrant, was left to the discretion of the Selectmen, or indefinitely postponed.

ENLISTMENTS.—A Citizens' meeting was held at the Town Hall last Saturday evening, which was addressed by Col. Gould, of 30th Mass. Regiment, and Messrs. Daniel Allen and P. H. Sweetser. Its object was to increase the interest in the cause of enlistments. A plan of operation, was submitted to the meeting by P. H. Sweetser, Esq., which on his own motion was referred to a committee to report at an adjourned meeting to be held on next Monday evening.

SCHOOLS.—The public Schools will close for a week's vacation on Saturday, Nov. 21st. The exhibition will take place in the Town Hall, on Thursday and Friday afternoons of the same week, for the benefit of those who may wish to be present at the exhibitions of particular schools, and cannot attend them all











# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII: No. 7.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### Happy Old Age.

I feel that age has overtaken  
My steps on life's descending way,  
But time has left no lingering pain,  
No shadow of an evil day.  
And you, my children, gather near  
To smooth and sooth my decline,  
And I hope that your career  
Will be as blest as mine.

Not all exempt has been my sky  
From threatening storm and lowering cloud,  
But sunbursts shed from source on high  
Have cheered my spirit when it bowed.  
Not all without the shard and thorn  
Has been my path from first to last,  
But springs of flowers, of Mercy born,  
Have soothed me as I passed.

And now my mind, all clear and cool—  
As I serenely talk or muse—  
Is tranquil as yon glassy pool,  
Reflecting autumn's sunset hues.  
Time has not dulled my moral sense,  
Nor has it dimmed my mental sight;  
No passions weaken my defence,  
No doubts and cares affright.

But retrospection, even yet,  
Will lead me through past trodden ways,  
And I remember—why forget?  
The magic of my early days;  
All nature so divinely wrought,  
The untraveled mystery of things,  
Awoke me to exalted thought,  
And lent my spirit wings.

And I remember how I grew  
Up to the sunny noon of youth,  
From youth to manhood, till I knew  
That love was near akin to truth.  
My trials, bravely overcome;  
My triumphs, not of purpose vain—  
All these, with vague but pleasant hum,  
Still murmur through my brain.

My children, offspring of a tree  
Whose top is hoary with decay,  
Whose trunk is shaken as may be  
Before it falls and fades away—  
Receive what faithful men unfold,  
Revere what truthful men proclaim,  
And, before heaven and man, uphold  
The honor of my name.

For me, I have no mortal fear,  
No tremblings as I hurry down;  
My way is clear, the end is near,  
The goal, the glory, and the crown.  
Then shed no bitter tears for me,  
As ye consign me to the dust;  
Hither rejoice that I shall be  
With God, my strength and trust.

## Select Literature.

### KITTY CLARK'S WILL.

#### CHAPTER I.

A complimentary and (in their way) sympathizing throng were assembled in the room where old Kitty Clark lay dying. Dying now, there was no doubt. The wolf, so often cried caressingly during the few preceding years of her long life, was at last growling at the door. From this attack it was certain she would not recover.

She herself was aware of it. The hand of Time, which was crushing her into the grave, which had stolen from her all the vigor of life, leaving her like a dry and sapless tree, had not quenched the active mind and dauntless spirit which for seventy years she had possessed. She well knew she was dying.—It was understood that she had made a will, which was lodged in the hands of Mr. Crocks, who, as a merchant, postmaster, and member of the council of the little village in Canada, was undoubtedly the proper person to have charge of a document of such importance. Great curiosity was felt, and many now beneath Kitty's roof hoped to get from her, or those who nursed her, some intelligence as to what that will contained. But she had made no confidants; and, as evening drew on, she had fallen into an apparent stupor, from which she only awoke by sudden starts, when she would utter a groan of pain, or occasionally a word or two of prayer.

Very strange, to unaccustomed eyes, would have been the scene, lit up by the red glow of the fire bark and pine-wood blazing on the broad hearth; for, though the season was May, the night air was chill, and the rough log-walls by no means forbade its entrance. In one corner was the bed, where lay the invalid, unattended and unattended; while on and around it were the two or three women at present in office as nurses, one holding a flaring candle, another a spoon and phial, while a third supported the pillows on her arm. Filling the rest of the room, were about a dozen female figures, among whom the seven ages of woman might have been sought and found, from the infant in the cradle to the crone of threescore and ten. There was the child creeping on the floor, in charge of one just emerging from childhood; young girls in freshness and beauty; by the fireside, a young mother fondled her first-born with exultant pride, as she talked to the sedate matron who watched the gruel simmering on the glowing coals; while the old women compared notes as to the death-beds they had attended and the funerals they had seen.—The men were mostly gathered in the "sloop" outside, but the masculine element was not entirely wanting within; it was represented by old Silas Doyle, who had "the gift of grace," and had come to pray with the invalid; and handsome Martin Foyle, leaning over the shoulder of pretty Amarella Dollman, who looked up in his face with such a languishing expression in her great soft eyes. Each and all felt for Kitty, and would have aided her by any means in their power, but their sympathy did not in the least prevent

their attending to their own affairs; nor did any seem to remember that as she was now, so they all in their turn must be. The peculiar hum of many voices speaking low sounded in the room, while over all the red fire shed a lurid light, and cast fantastic shadows on the smoky walls.

Now and then the creaking door would open, and give entrance to some fresh visitor, and the crazy floor would rock under even a careful tread, as the newcomer advanced to the bed, held the candle so as to throw the light on the sick woman's face, and made audible remarks on her appearance, and the change for the worse perceptible since the last visit. It was Saturday evening, and the week's work was done and put away; this accounted for the unusual gathering, where there were generally only those who were needed or had nothing to do at home; but all were now free to make inquiries and to indulge at a common rendezvous, in a little friendly chat. Kitty was not the only sick room in Crocksville; Abel Blunt's wife was almost given over, and was, moreover, a very interesting case, as she was delicious; the interest was therefore somewhat divided, but Kitty's was the favorite resort. Abel Blunt lived in a substantial house with various rooms, and only a privileged few were admitted to the presence of the invalid; but Kitty Clark's one-roomed shanty, where the visitor had nothing to do but to open the door and walk in, gave free access to all.

#### CHAPTER II.

Let us listen to some of the scraps of conversation, and learn how matters stand in Crocksville, such having been the name given the place when it arrived at the dignity of possessing a post-office, and received a name at all. First, let us take Martin Foyle, who is whispering in low tones to Amarella: "So you think there's no chance he'll change his mind, Am'ryll, dear?"

"Not a bit. He wouldn't let Nelly marry Robert till he had a farm of his own, and he won't let me. We'll have to wait a while."

"I suppose we must; but it's awful hard to have patience."

"Well, we're both young, and we can afford it. Besides, you'll have time to consider whether you'll change your mind. Better before than after."

The reply to this woman-like and aggravating speech is lost in the remark of Bella Jones; "I guess she won't get over it this time."

"It's hard to say," replied Mrs. Jackson, to whom she had spoken. "My mother used to have just such turns, and she lived to be ninety."

"I wonder who she's left the farm to," pursued Miss Jones.

"Neither you nor me, I guess. It'll be sure to go to some one as don't want it.—Crocks'll get it, I shouldn't wonder, because he'll be rich already."

"How's Abel Blunt's wife to-day?" asked Mrs. Sands, interrupting Mrs. Jackson's sarcastic observations.

"Awful bad. They had two doctors there to-day."

"She's violent, I heard," said another.—"They had to shave her head to keep her from tearing out her hair."

"I heard 'twas rheumatic fever; but it don't seem like it."

"No," said Mrs. Sands, "taint that. They give her too much opium, and it set her kind o' wild."

"My opinion is," said Silas Doyle, joining in from his seat at the bed-head, "that she's under conviction. Her symptoms is all that way."

"Anyhow, she's in awful suffering," said Mrs. Sands.

"Ah!" rejoined Silas, with a shake of the head, "it's a blessed thing to be under conviction of sin."

Considering the proofs adduced, some people might have been skeptical as to the blessedness of Mrs. Blunt's condition, but no person expressed a doubt on the point. As if roused by the sounds familiar to every Methodist ear, the dying woman stirred and muttered some words, of which "Help me, save me," were alone audible.

"She's been that way all day," whispered Mrs. Green, the nurse with the candle, to Mrs. Sands, "praying whenever she was sensible, or in most pain."

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Sands. "Well, I've no doubt it'll be all right with her, if she's called away. She's always been a professor."

"Profession and practice don't always go together," muttered Mrs. Jones over the gruel saucer.

Here Kitty again spoke, and Mrs. Green bent down to listen. "Her mind's running on the Scriptures; she's saying something about Jephthah's daughter."

Mrs. Jones and another woman exchanged glances across the hearth, and both shook their heads. "Ah!" said Mrs. Jones, "taint the Scriptures she's thinking of when she talks of Jephthah's daughter."

bers what happened over thirty years ago; I was a lump of a girl then, about fourteen or so, and one of the first things I remember is old Kitty Clark and her husband. They always lived just here, in this shanty; I don't believe there's been a morsel done to it since it was built, and it's fit to tumble down.—She was always a queer sort o' body. I've heard my mother say that if you went in when she was setting the table, she'd clear the things right off again, and pretend she was washing up the dishes, just as if she was afraid you'd want to eat with her; and if her maid or the boys (she had two then) come in, she'd keep them waiting till you was gone, she was that curious and secret. Sam Clark, her husband, was a shifless sort o' man; not that he wasn't fond enough o' money, or didn't try to make it, but he wasn't fond o' hard work, and had a turn for tradin' and speculation, and when a man's that way, instead o' stickin' to his work regular, the money goes faster than it comes. They never got on. They worked this land on shares, and kept on year after year, and didn't seem to improve, till the boys was big enough to leave home, and then they went off to work on their own hook.

"Well, of course, thirty years ago this place was a sight different from what it is now; there was no store then within fifteen miles, and the roads was bad, so we was dependin' on peddlers for the most part of the things we wanted. They used to come round regular—the grocery peddler, and the dry-goods peddler, the tinman (he carried hardware mostly too), and others besides, just as they do now, only a deal ofener, and their stocks was twice as good. They was always a familiar sort o' men, and they brought the news of the town they came from, so people was generally glad to see them. They used to stop for the night at the last house they got to after dark, and pay for their board in some article of their trade when they was going away."

"I recollect one of them, by the name of Jephthah Murney. He came from Williamsburg, and dealt in jewelry and such-like trash. I didn't think it trash in those days, though; and I believe the girls thought more of Jephthah's visits than any one else's, and spent most of their savings with him. He was a foolish kind o' man; if he had a little money about him, he was sure to let you know just how much, and what he was going to do with it, and so on, as if he wasn't quite wise. "You'd better quit that habit you've got of talking of your money, Jephthah," says my mother to him one day, "or you'll chance on some one who'll save you the trouble of carrying it." But Jephthah only laughed, and went on just the same."

"He came round the land in January, thirty-two years ago. I mind it well, for there'd been an awful snow-storm, that had kept me two days and nights over at old Uncle Jake Pitcher's. When I came home on the third evening, mother told me Jephthah had been there. Well, I was real sorry to have missed him, for I'd been reckonin' on a pair of gold ear-rings he'd got, ever since his last visit, when I hadn't money enough to buy them; but mother comforted me. "You can get 'em in the morning," says she, "for Jephthah calculated he wouldn't get further than Kitty Clark's to-night, 'count o' the drizzle bein' so bad." Well, she kept talking of Jephthah. He'll be robbed some day, as sure as life," says she. "I never heard of a man talk so foolish as he does, to be in his right mind. He told me to-day, he had two hundred dollars on him, besides his stock, and he was going to buy some land and leave peddling. But he'll be robbed first, if there's a ha'porth of roguery left in the world."

"Well, the next morning, bright and early, I went over to Kitty Clark's. It was real cold, and I ran most of the way, as fast as I could, for the deep snow. When I knocked at the door, I heard a scuttery kind o' noise inside, and I had to knock again before Kitty said, 'Come in.' When I opened the door, she was throwing something into a cupboard; she had an everlasting fire on the hearth, and a big pot over it, and there was an awful smotherin' smell like burned feathers or scorched woolen rags."

Here Mrs. Jones paused to stir the gruel. Something in the last words had made Mrs. Blake clasp her baby closer, and glance fearfully round.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Well, I looked round," continued Mrs. Jones, "but I didn't see no sign of Jephthah. 'Where's Jephthah Murney, Mrs. Clark?' says I. 'That's more'n I can tell you,' says she; 'he quit here this morning at daylight.' I was disappointed, but that wouldn't bring him any nearer; so I said I'd have to wait till he came round next time. "When Jephthah Murney comes round again, you'll get ear-rings for nothing," says Kitty; 'he's going to quit peddling, and buy a farm.' 'Yes,' says I, 'he told mother he had two hundred dollars yesterday.' 'Well,' says she, 'he didn't say here how much he had, only just what I tell you.' I didn't stay long, for she seemed to think me in the way; she kept fussin' round; but somehow she managed to be all the time between me and the cupboard door. Early as it was, the floor was fresh fied off, and the place red up as if it was afternoon."

"I guess it was four or five days after there was an alarm raised, where was Jephthah Murney? His horse and cutter was

found loose on the road between this and Hawleyburg; but he was never seen or heard of again. Of course there was a great inquiry made, and Sam and Kitty Clark, being the last people that had seen him, were examined very close; but they stuck to their story; and though the shanty was searched all over, and up and down, nothing was found that could show they had made away with him; but yet the notion got abroad, and for a long time they were suspected. A store in Williamsburg was robbed of about two hundred dollars a few days before Jephthah's last trip, and some thought he done it, and absconded to the state. Maybe he did; but it's always been my opinion, and a good many others' too, that he did the job the money he never carried it further than Kitty Clark's. I don't know why, but it always rested on my mind the look of the shanty on that morning; the scuttery noise, the fresh-washed floor, and the awful suffocatin' smell."

"It turned out that Jephthah had left one child, a girl about twelve years old. All he had was on him, and the child was destitute. She boarded with a woman who used her very bad, and one day that old Andrew Foyle went to Williamsburg, he took pity on her, and brought her back with him as bound girl. She was a pretty child, if it hadn't been for a sacred look in her eyes, but she grew out of that; and when she was about nineteen, Andrew's son, Martin, took a fancy to her. She was a smart girl, so Andrew made no objections to the match, and she made a good wife for the little time she lived. She was very like her son Martin there, carrying on that way with Am'ryll Dollman."

"That'll be a match some day, I shouldn't wonder," said Mrs. Blake.

"'Twouldn't be before this, if Martin had a farm of his own; but while he lives with his father old Dollman won't allow it."

"And so nothing was ever heard of the peddler?"

"Not a word. The Clarks got on better, some for a while. They seemed to have money, which looked queer, seeing how poor they'd always been; and they bought this farm. But then everything went wrong; the two boys died—one was killed by a tree falling on him, and Sam had a stroke which kept him to his bed for the rest of his life, which wasn't long. He was out of his head at the end, and Kitty never let any one near him but herself. Since he died, she has lived alone, and shared the land. It's good land, and I should think she must have saved money. I wonder who she's left it to."

"Young Martin, perhaps."

"I guess not. She always had a sing'lar dislike to his mother. Maybe, her conscience told her why. No; it's her more likely to be Am'ryll Dollman. She took a fancy to her when she was a child, and kept to it."

"Well, it'll come to pretty much the same thing which has it, so as one of them gets it," remarked Mrs. Blake.

A sudden stir in the corner made all look towards the bed. The invalid had opened her eyes, and raised herself, unaided, on her arm; for a moment or two she gazed round on the assemblage, as if not understanding their unwonted presence; then she broke into a laugh, harsh and loud: "Aha!" she cried in a shrill voice; "they looked everywhere but in the right place! Up and down, up chamber and down cellar, but they never thought of the north wall!" and sunk back exhausted.

A kind of shudder ran through the spectators. "My! ain't that awful?" said Bella Jones; while pretty Amarella shrank, as if for protection, a little closer to Martin Foyle, and the nurses' attention became absorbed in their charge. She, however, had again subsided into stupor, and said no more.

"She'll go off that way," said Mrs. Green. "She may linger a while, but she'll sleep her life out so. And now, as it's getting late, I think I'll clear out."

The clock, indeed, by this time announced that it was a most dissipated hour for the inhabitants of Crocksville; nothing but the agreeable feeling that on Sunday morning there was no occasion for waking with the daylight, would have kept them so long from their rest. All now departed except the watchers for the night, and the shanty was left to comparative quiet and repose.

#### CHAPTER V.

No one was surprised to hear the next morning that Kitty Clark was dead. She had never moved or spoken since the demonstration that had so alarmed her visitors the preceding evening, which had evidently been the last effort of expiring nature. "She just went out like the snuff of a candle," Mrs. Jones remarked to those who came with inquiries and offers of assistance. That lady had taken on herself the office of superintending the preparations for the funeral, and was arrayed in her robes of state, a black silk gown, "which," as she had once observed, "was the convenient dress you could have; it answered for everything from a wedding to a funeral;" the richness of the material adapting it for festive occasions, and its sober hue rendering it a suitable garb of mourning. There was considerable excitement in Crocksville this Sunday morning; it would perhaps be uncharitable to say the people were glad old Kitty had departed, but certainly they were glad that there was now the opportunity of gratifying the curi-

osity felt by all regarding the paper in Mr. Crocks' hands.

It was a pity the contents could not have been known on this idle day, when there would have been nothing to do but discuss them; but Mr. Crocks said, "that, 'cordin' to rule, the will hadn't ought to be read till after the funeral," and announced his intention of not making them public till the proper time, rather enjoying, in the meanwhile, the consciousness of being the only person in possession of the secret. It was considered a most unnecessary piece of ceremonial formality; however, speculation and conjecture kept the interest alive.

It was surprising how many people found they could leave their work, "just for an hour or two," the next afternoon to attend the funeral. Certainly, old Kitty was more "in her ashes honored" than she had ever been in life. As Mrs. Jones remarked: "It was mazin' what folks would do for the sake of curiosity; there was old Jim White had never been known off his own place for six years; and Sally Black had left her washing half through to hear the news an hour sooner." As old Kitty had neither kith nor kin, every one deemed him or herself to have a chance of the inheritance, and a right to be present. Whatever else she might have died possessed of, there was, at all events, the land, more than fifty acres, in first-rate condition; it was a prize to be coveted; and as the old woman was generally considered to have been "not quite right," no one could tell on what unlikely person her favor might have fallen.

Curiosity was gratified, and patience rewarded at last. Mr. Crocks opened the important paper, and read the contents aloud. It was short, and to the purpose, as Kitty had been wont to speak. The land was left to Stephen Dollman, in charge for his daughter Amarella till she should be of age, when it was to be hers unreservedly; the small stock of crazy furniture, the pig, the cow, and the money in an old leather purse in the cupboard, amounting to about fifteen dollars, were Amarella's at once, unconditionally; the house itself, stripped of everything, was left to young Martin Foyle.

Every one was surprised, not at the first part, for Amarella had always been thought rather a favorite with the old woman; but all wondered that she had not left more money. "She never spent much, and she had ought to have made more out of the farm." Then the strange legacy to Martin excited universal astonishment; no one could see any meaning in it, except the freak of a crazy old woman. Kitty had known nothing of Martin; had hardly ever seen him; and it could scarcely be thought she intended a joke at his expense after she was dead; yet what else could the bequest of the worthless old shanty be considered? Martin laughed; he had expected nothing, and was not disappointed. Some congratulated Amarella, and some envied her; while old Mr. Dollman went out forthwith to inquire into the state of the fallows, and decide which were to be sown with barley, and which with wheat.

#### CHAPTER VI.

It soon appeared that Mrs. Blake was wrong in her calculations. Old Mr. Dollman evidently considered that it made a great difference whether Amarella or Martin possessed Kitty Clark's land. With the usual blindness of fathers, he refused to see that the marriage was more practicable now than it had been before, and contended (and it must be allowed with some reason) that the inheritance of four log walls and a crazy roof had in no respect advanced Martin's claim to his daughter, who was now an heiress, and a most desirable match for any one. The lover sued in vain; the old man was not to be moved either by reason or entreaties. Amarella endeavored to comfort her betrothed with the whispered assurance "that, as soon as the farm was quiet, she would give it to him, and then"—But though there was some consolation in this, it was not much, for Amarella was only nineteen, and there were still two years of probation to be gone through.

In the meantime the summer was advancing, and Martin's shanty was a constant annoyance in Mr. Dollman's eyes. It was a blot on the fair surface of the land, a wretched, rickety eyesore, and was, moreover, very much in the way. During the slack time between hay and harvest, he suggested to Martin to pull it down, offering to perform the work if he might use such of the logs as were worth anything to mend the fence.

Martin, who had almost forgotten that the shanty was his, readily agreed to the demolition, but declined to part with the logs; most of them were rotten and of no use, but some would do for a shed he was putting up at home.

The next day, he began the work of destruction. Great was the disturbance of insects and reptiles that had enjoyed secure repose for thirty years; great was the amount of rubbish, worm-eaten wood, cobwebs, and dust, brought to light in the process of removal; and great was the smoke that arose from the smouldering embers of the worthless logs. Martin and his "man" worked two days, and but one side remained to be pulled down—it was part of the north wall, the only one which had been lined inside, on account, as people supposed of its being most exposed to the cold wind; and as it would be more trouble than the rest, it

had been left till the last. Martin was pulling off the ragged smoky boards, when a blow of his axe caused something to fall down inside with a rattling sound; another blow, and the board gave way, and there came tumbling at Martin's feet what for a moment made him start. Being a young man of stout nerves, however, he examined the object, and found it to be a worn leather valise, which had broken open in the fall, and from which had escaped—a paper parcel addressed to himself, a stained handkerchief marked "Jephthah Murney," part of a peddler's stock of old-fashioned jewelry, and a quantity of human bones.

The secret was discovered; the mystery which had puzzled Crocksville thirty years before was explained. Sam and Kitty had managed their murder with more discretion than such things are usually conducted with, and kept their secret well. How much they repented, or whether they repented at all, could never be known. Their ill gotten gains had prospered little in Clark's hands, and his death and that of her son's had taken from Kitty all desire of enjoying them.

Her life savings were contained in the parcel for Martin Foyle; they amounted to seven hundred dollars, and were marked, "Martin Foyle, in payment of a debt to his mother." Kitty had made reparation, though in a strange and tardy fashion.

The discovery caused great excitement, and furnished matter of talk and wonder for a whole week. At the end of that time it became known that Mr. Dollman had reconsidered Martin's suit, and that the wedding was to take place as soon as a house could be put up on the farm.

## The Great Virginia Express Line.

SECOND ARMY CORPS, Virginia, October 21.

Dear Republican.—If you have any business in the transportation line, or anything connected therewith, let me solicit your custom for our GREAT POTOMAC AND RAPIDAN THROUGH ROUTE!—From Potomac and Dispatch!—Meade & Lee's Through Express, weekly line, between Alexandria and Culpepper; connections with principal points North and South (especially the Old Libby prison).

The subscribers having completed their arrangements and gotten their line into running order, will hereafter, until further notice, run their machines (the "Army of the Potomac" and "Army of Northern Virginia") every week through from Culpepper, Va., to Alexandria, Va., and vice versa, giving their personal attention to the running of each train, Lee preceding Meade at a proper interval on the out trains, and Meade preceding Lee with similar regularity on the in trains. The perfect familiarity of these old stagers with the whole route in question, and the frequency with which they have traversed it, enable them to calculate with perfect accuracy the time of arrival at the indicated points. Having gotten up all their locomotives and rolling stock regardless of expense, and putting them through night and day alike, they are enabled to disregard the ordinary drawbacks of weather, state of roads, &c., as those who do a smaller business cannot.

Patronage respectfully solicited.

G. G. MEADE.  
R. E. LEE.

P. S. The line through Pennsylvania has been discontinued in consequence of a painful collision which occurred there in July last, but as such things have been carefully avoided ever since, and every precaution taken for the future, it is hoped that an indulgent public will not remember that unfortunate occurrence to the prejudice of the company.

DENN BROWN, Secretary.

LEATHER BONNETS.—A Philadelphia paper says:—"We have been shown ladies' bonnets made of leather. What is more, they are very pretty. In a week or so they will be in the market. We also examined very pretty artificial flowers, the foliage of which was of the same material. The colors are almost in different shades. The price is about the same as for flower with foliage of muslin or velvet."

FORTIFICATION OF BEAUTY.—A New London (Connecticut) man has invented a weapon that may be inserted in the handle of a lady's parasol, and will drive a ball through an inch and a-half plank at the distance of ten rods. Steel-clad and armed with these parasols, the dear creatures would be invulnerable.

MY advice to any American, coming to England, is, that on arriving at Liverpool he should purchase—1, a stove-pipe hat; 2, a dress-coat; 3, a pair of white gloves.—Then, though his sins be scarlet, his dress will be *en regle*. It matters not whether his head have brains, if only it has a stove-pipe outside. It matters not whether his throat deserves a halter if it only has a white tie. His hand may be dyed in blood, but a white glove will make it snow-pure.—M. D. Conway.

SOFT SOAP FOR ALL SORTS.—For a lieutenant, call him captain; for a middle-aged lady, kiss her, and say you mistook her for her daughter; for a young gentleman rising fifteen, ask his opinion respecting the comparative merits of Mechi and Mappinas razor scellers.

NEVER trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

## Odds and Ends.

SUFFICIENT for the right is the ornament of being right.

THERE is a man out West so forgetful of faces, that his wife is compelled to keep a wafer stuck on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies; but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

WINTER too often changes into stone the water of heaven and the heart of man.

THE MOST FOXGLOVE SOLDIER EVER KNOWN.—General Importance.

THE purpose of an unmarried woman is generally like herself—single.

PRaise may be as hurtful as censure. It is as well to be cast into a pit as blown into the air.

THAT man is rich who is dowered with a hate of hate, a scorn of scorn, and the love of love.

YOU cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

MR. NOOGS, speaking of a blind wood-saw-yer, says, "While none ever saw him saw, thousands have seen him saw."

WORTH TRYING.—A dashing and fashionable widow says she thinks of suing some gentleman for a breach of promise, so that the world may know she is in the market.

DO all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper, if he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him; if he is selfish, promote generosity.

PLEASURES OF LIFE.—The loftiest, the most angel-like ambition, is the earnest desire to contribute to the rational happiness and moral improvement of others. If we can do this—if we can soothe the rugged path of one fellow-traveller—if we can give one good impression, is it not better than all the triumphs that wealth and power ever attained?

LAUREL lost his leg at the battle of Leipzig. After he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying, or pretending to cry, in the corner of the room. "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master; "you know you are glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

JONES, since his marriage, has taken to talk alightingly of the holy estate. Brown was telling him of the death of a mutual friend's wife, whom "the disconsolate" had courted for twenty-eight years and then married. She turned out to be a perfect virgin, but died two years after the wedding. "There," said Jones, "there's luck! See what the fellow escaped by a long courtship!"

THE SMALL CHANGE.—There is a prevailing disposition among small dealers, indeed, among business men generally, to repudiate all the small postal currency that have pieces torn off them, or have been torn and mended. They imagine that such notes will not be redeemed by the Secretary of the Treasury.

They are in error. A treasury order, issued some time since, did substantially announce that such notes would be rejected, but a more recent treasury announcement, has been made, and to the effect that all such notes will be redeemed, providing one-fifth of a note be not missing and that it be apparent that a mended note has been repaired with the piece torn from itself, and is not made up of pieces from two or more different notes. There is no excuse, therefore, for refusing to accept in trade, notes that are slightly ragged or have been honestly repaired. They are as valuable as notes perfectly new, and will as readily find, when the time comes, a just redemption. By and-by we shall expect to see the brokers advertise their willingness to purchase these tattered notes at a discount, because they know they will be able to obtain new ones for them from the treasury, but why should the poor, who would be the ultimate victims in such a case, submit to such exaction. Let them be warned in time, and act accordingly.

USEFUL INFORMATION.—The washer-women of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save nearly half in soap. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For linens, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines required to be very stiff a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet, it is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries, if used in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda, is a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water; all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an ordinary sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth. To give to black tea the flavor of green tea, add a single leaf from the black currant tree.—*Galesman's (Paris) Messenger*.



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B. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
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## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1863

### Recruiting.

Recruiting for the Quota of Woburn, has been commenced, and the office is in Lyceum Building. The large bounties offered, and the urgent need of men, ought to impel every man to make one more effort to close this destructive war and restore peace and harmony to the land. The country needs the immediate and earnest co-operation of all its citizens, and it is to be hoped that she will receive it. No man can afford to allow his neighbor to do his work, for the labor to be done will require the aid of all. The Selectmen of towns and the Aldermen of cities, throughout the State, will act as recruiting officers, and it is expected that this arrangement will prove more advantageous than any heretofore employed. The Legislative Committee on the Governor's address yesterday agreed to present a bill guaranteeing the payment of a bounty of three hundred dollars to each volunteer under the last call for three years' men. This bounty, which is offered by the national government, will give veterans \$752, and other soldiers \$652. Thus the pay of a veteran per month, should the war continue three years, will be \$24.90; of a recruit \$21.30. But it is not probable that the war will continue three years longer, perhaps not two; and the sooner it ends, the greater will be the pay, as the bounties offered will be paid irrespective of the length of time it may continue; and should a man die in the service, his heirs will receive the whole amount of bounty money due him.

Men cannot stand aloof, now, for want of sufficient remuneration. Money is offered them with a lavish hand, and patriotism calls upon them to be up and doing. The hands of the Government should be supported, so that a retrograde movement from our present gratifying position shall become impossible. Men are needed and must be had; if they do not come of their own free will, they then must come by force. The great work on hand cannot now be delayed without serious and perhaps fatal damage to the nation. The rebels show unmistakable signs of weakness on every side, and a few more well directed blows delivered now and early in the spring, will send them staggering "to the wall." The days of grace allowed by the President's proclamation are rapidly passing away, and what is to be done must be done quickly, if we would avoid the unpleasantness of a draft.

CANKER WORM.—The image of the Canker Worm, is now preparing to perpetuate its race for another year, and can be found during these mild days, in all places where the worm made its appearance last season, crawling up fences, &c. An application of tar to all such localities will effectually do the work of destruction. All those who desire to stop the devastation of this insect, should now make the exertion, and all persons who are not familiar with its appearance are requested to call at the Woburn Bookstore and see specimens. Our Selectmen are now engaged in endeavors to destroy this pest, and will give any information in their power concerning the best mode for its eradication.

BOLTON'S FAIR.—The fair for the benefit of the soldiers, under the direction of the Sanitary Commission, will take place in Boston or about the middle of December, and the ladies of Woburn who kindly promised to help the good object along, are requested to send their contributions as soon as possible to the residence of Mrs. S. Horton. Let every one give according to his or her means, and no one will be able to say that Woburn has not done well.

IRISHMAN.—The public rehearsal given by the Woburn Brass Band, Tuesday evening, was largely attended. At the close those present voted to request the Band to continue their, and the members have consented to do so. The next will take place, in two weeks from last Tuesday evening.

LECTURES ON GEOLOGY.—Prof. Gunning, who has recently closed a course of lectures in South Reading, on Geology, proposes to deliver a course of six, in Woburn, commencing on Tuesday evening next, in Lyceum Hall, on which occasion no charge will be made for admission, and the public are respectfully invited to be present. One of the lectures will be devoted to the Geology of Woburn, thus giving it a local interest.—Prof. Gunning has the highest recommendations from our most celebrated men of science. Prof. Agassiz, says—"I know Mr. Gunning well enough to say that he has accurate and extensive knowledge, which fully qualifies him to give sound instruction." Prof. Gunning will illustrate his lectures by a series of very fine paintings, representing the condition of the earth at successive epochs. Geology is a subject which should secure the attention of every community, and we hope the people of our town will deem it for their best interests to attend Prof. Gunning's lectures.

Y. M. L. A. LECTURES.—The course of lectures to be given under the auspices of the Young Men's Literary Association, will be inaugurated next Thursday evening, by Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D., of Boston. His subject will be "Campaign Life." It will be remembered by our readers that Dr. Stone was chaplain of the 45th Regt., during its nine months term of service in North Carolina, and doubtless his lecture will be extremely interesting to Woburn people, especially the members of the Phalanx. Our readers, by referring to the advertisement in another column will learn full particulars.

SAPONIFIER OR CONCENTRATED LYE.—This article will be found advertised in another column. It has been before the public for a number of years, and is very rapidly rising in public favor. For family use it is unsurpassed in quality and cheapness. Tanners will find it an excellent and cheap substitute for potash. In Salem it is used in some of the largest tanneries and gives the best of satisfaction. Wm. C. Brigham, is the agent for Woburn.

FUNERAL OF CAPT. BUCKMAN.—The body of Capt. Wm. M. Buckman, was brought to town on Thursday afternoon, and the funeral will take place, from the Baptist Church, on Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. The returned Soldiers of Woburn and vicinity will attend the funeral, and the Selectmen request that the places of business in town be closed during the services.

A SURPRISE.—Mrs. B. F. Wyer, was agreeably surprised last Saturday afternoon, by the members of her S. S. Class, and was made the recipient of a handsome Photograph Album.

FULLMOON.—Orderly Sergt. L. J. Shedd, of this town, a member of Co. 1, 2d Mass. Cavalry, arrived home last Tuesday, on a furlough of fifteen days.

WOUNDED.—Lieut. Archelaus Welch, of Stoneham, Co. H, 33d Mass. Regt., was wounded in the late battle at Brown's Ferry, Tenn.

APPOINTMENT.—Mr. S. G. Cowdrey, teacher of the Center Grammar School, has been appointed principal of the Winchester High School, and has accepted the position.

DANCING SCHOOL.—Mr. William Beard will commence a Dancing School in Lyceum Hall, on Monday evening. He proposes to teach Waltzing, Plain and Fancy Dancing. For particulars see bills.

RETURNED SOLDIERS.—The returned soldiers of Woburn will find a notice in our advertising columns in which they are interested.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire late on Monday afternoon, was caused by the partial burning of the house near the Watering Station, recently occupied by Harry Goodell. The damage was very slight.

NEW YORK HORSE MARKET.—Business in the horse market in New York city is quite active. The Herald reports fancy carriage horses in good demand. Young handsome teams, stylish drivers, have sold as high as \$1,200, while quite a number have been sold from \$600 to \$900. Those who want stylish teams do not stand upon the matter of two or three hundred dollars, and pay twelve hundred almost as readily as one thousand dollars. Single roadsters and saddle horses have also sold quite freely at \$1,000 to \$1,200, some few fancy horses bringing \$1,000 to \$1,200; but sales at these prices are infrequent, except in cases where speed forms one of the chief attractions. Ordinary work horses sell usually at from \$130 to \$175 to \$200, and heavy draught horses at \$200 to \$300—several sales within the week at the latter rate. In Government horses the activity shows little or no abatement; \$125 is still the price and very good horses are brought in at that price.

CHARLESTON.—The Army and Navy Journal says that the reason of the concentration of fire for the reduction of Fort Sumter, already so thoroughly ruined, is that the little island on which the fort stands or stood is of commanding importance as a place of refuge for any of the iron-clads which may be disabled after entering the harbor. The possession of the ruins of the fort was therefore a necessary preliminary. The same journal says that facts in its possession, unsuitable for publication, "inspire the best hopes of the success of the grand combined land and naval attack. The nature of the obstructions to the harbor, which have always been the bugbear to the fleet, is now thoroughly understood.

RAVAGES OF THE POTATO ROT IN IRELAND.—Late English papers state that the potato rot has suddenly appeared in Ireland, destroying a large portion of the crop. This fact has tended to increase emigration, and people were leaving in large numbers for Canada and the United States.

### Letter from the Rangers.

CAMP NEAR KETTLE RUN, VA.  
Nov. 4th, 1863.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Thanks to the ladies of No. Woburn, who so faithfully packed the box which arrived in camp to-day, a portion of the contents of which found its way into my tent. I was thinking, this beautiful Autumn day, how nice something would taste from home—something out of the usual routine of camp rations,—when my chum ordered the way clear for numerous paste board boxes, which upon being opened were found to contain Cakes, Apples, Butter, Tea, and Pies, the latter were done for, the journey being too much for them, and we had no means of judging the cooking qualities of the makers thereof; everything else was good, aye, fine—and for dinner, instead of Hard tack and Pork, there might have been found upon our humble board, delicacies from a New England pantry.

So much has been written of late about the "retrograde movement" of the Army of the Potomac, and the lateness of the day at which I go to work upon my correspondence, that I hardly think it necessary to add one word not directly connected with our Regt. or Company.

I have chronicled everything of note and interest up to our arrival at Kelley's ford, on the Rappahannock river. We arrived there Sunday afternoon, Oct. 11th, and at 1½ o'clock A. M., Oct. 13, were awakened and marched till dawn of day, when we supposed we should get breakfast, but no we must make dinner answer the purpose, for we did not stop to eat anything till noon, at Warrenton Junction; then on we went and reached Bristow Station about eight o'clock at night, a very severe day's march. We were routed at four the next morning, our Haversacks were replenished with rations, and at six we sped away and reached Centerville Heights at one P. M. Here we found plenty of boards wherewith to bunk our tents, having made all preparations for a stop, we considered ourselves lucky in not going any further that day, when orders came to fall in and the 2d Division of the 1st Army Corps proceeded to picket at Bull Run, some five miles distant from the heights. In the morning there was considerable maneuvering to get us home again which was accomplished after a while and soon found ourselves supporting a Battery, and put our tents up, and no sooner had orders to take them down again. All this while it was raining severely, finally our position having been decided upon we were ordered to pitch tents near a dwelling house and mill, known as Kinchelowe's Mill, we staid there till Oct. 19th, when in a rain storm we marched about ten miles to Haymarket. At night we were obliged to keep awake and allow no fires on account of the supposed nearness of the enemy. The next day we changed camp, which was broke at four P. M. and marched through Thoroughfare gap, and camped on a hill one the west side of the mountains. Our stay here was prolonged till Saturday the 24th, when, accompanied with a rain storm, we started at eight o'clock in the morning, and at seven o'clock P. M. pitched a camp on mile below (south) of Bristow Station.

We passed over a portion of the late battle ground, which was easily identified as such, by the new made graves and the quantity of war materials laying around loose. Our duty seems to be to guard the Railroad and ourselves from prowling rebels, who invest this portion of the state. The Railroad, which is now repaired as far as Warrenton Junction, was most completely destroyed by the enemy, the rails were bent in every conceivable manner, sleepers burned, and in many places the foundation excavated.

John A. Mead, (Co. K,) and eleven others of the Regiment, fell into the hands of the enemy, during our late march from the Rapidan. He (Mead) was left in charge of the rations, which the picket were to take; he was to join with the latter and overtake the column, but the night was dark and they probably mistook the proper road and thus became an easy prey to Stuart's Cavalry, by whom they were gobbled up. "Oh well," if the rebel authorities give them enough to eat they may well be contented with their winter quarters. Johnny you got to Richmond before your brother soldiers.

Col. Leonard, 13th Mass, has assumed command of the brigade. Sergeant Wm. B. Brown, who for some time past has been in command of the Drum Corps, is now acting Division Ordnance Sergeant. Lieut. Wyman, who has been absent for sometime on account of ill health, rejoined the Regiment at Kinchelowe's Mills, his pleasant and more healthy countenance in our midst is a great satisfaction to his associates, both officers and men.

Capt. Richardson's health is so much improved as to be obliged to remain in the hospital.

We were mustered for pay last Saturday, (Sept. and Oct.) and will probably be paid off soon.

Lieut. Persons has been discharged from the service on account of disability.

FRIDAY, NOV. 6th, P. M.  
Yesterday afternoon at three o'clock we received orders and at four were on our way to Catlett's Station, where we arrived about eight o'clock and turned in.

This morning we changed camp and are now watching and waiting for another move.

O.  
GEN. ROBERT ANDERSON, the hero of Fort Sumter, now past the allotted age of man, has been relieved from the command of Fort Adams, on account of his increasing ill health. Gen. Anderson has a large family, who have been reared in all the appliances of luxury, by means of his own private fortune, which was some three hundred thousand dollars at the breaking out of this war, but being invested mostly in the South, (his fortune having come by Mrs. Anderson, a Southern lady) it was all confiscated and lost; leaving Gen. Anderson and his family entirely dependent on his income as an officer in the U. S. service.

### By the Camp Fire.

BY HOPLITE

"Nunc est bibendum,  
Nunc est pulchrum terra."

sings Horatius Flaccus. How at times does a certain collection of words haunt a person's mind and ever falling from his tongue beget a sort of mental fever. Sometimes it is a phrase, a sentence, a distich. Dwelling constantly in his mind and on his tongue every change in its sound is rung, and every different possible meaning is searched out. This in childhood begets fanciful and laughable names for familiar objects, in later years oftentimes is the foundation of trains of thought more or less valuable and interesting. I remember during the first engagement in which it was my luck to bear a part that I was ever repeating to myself the chorus of a certain ballad just then coming into vogue, and always since the mention of the battle calls to my mind the ballad and vice versa. The chorus occupied my attention until crowded out by the press of other matters or forgotten by another. Thus these words from Horace haunting me for a certain space I began to look about for the wherewith to make the intruding sentence pay for its keeping.

Therefore the toll which I will extract from it shall be a new and exceedingly free translation and an adaptation of it to present circumstances. These fair October days, possessing the very essence of life enjoins that translation to be, "now let's drink long draughts of health, now let's turn the earth with springing foot." To enjoy the beauty of these days none has such opportunity as the soldier. Springing from his lowly bed to the piercing bugle note, rendered doubly ringing by the frost pervaded breeze, from beneath his blankets jumping at once into the open air, he lays the foundation for a day of healthy enjoyment. The invigorating air causes the blood to circulate merrily and dashingly, health tingles in the farthest vein. It seems to me that if these house-dwellers, to whose lungs the morning air brings nothing but unpleasant surprise, could turn soldiers, they would draw something else beside melancholy reflections from the fading of the year. Doubtless many authors have written many pretty things upon the decline of the year, the fall of the leaves, the withering of the grass, and correspondingly land the opening bloom of spring, drawing from the former dismal comparisons upon the closing of life, from the latter hopeful visions for the future; but a more careful consideration from the standpoint of common sense and experience must needs tell a different story. It is a well known fact that Fall is the healthiest season of the year, Spring the sickliest. The atmosphere of these autumn days, like rich wine, puts strong life into the veins and joyous imaginings into the mind. The sun seems nearer and to hang about one a very atmosphere of light and joyousness. The air intensely rarified shows outlines wonderfully distinct of objects at extreme distance. The sky clear or dotted here and there with fleecy and quickly shifting flakes, presents scenes of chaste and cool beauty, to be insensible of which one must needs be soulless indeed. The trees have put on their autumn colorings and in Virginia where the mingling of evergreens and deciduous growth is so fine, the effect of October's approach is indeed beautiful. Red, purple, yellow, green, combined in plots, patches, strips, flanked perhaps in the distance by the sober russet of a huge pine forest or the glittering of some silver winding stream, such scenes varied by every variety of combination yield not the palm even to the growing life and opening freshness of young Spring. And with Autumn's still beauty there comes withal such overflow of animal life! It is an intense enjoyment itself the mere possession of existence. No melancholy thoughts there, no dismal forebodings, all is free, buoyant as the air we breathe. Hail happy Autumn!

All these sights and feelings the soldier experiences more especially from his closer intimacy with nature. From the nature of his profession delivered over to many hours of idleness nor allowed the pleasures of civilized life to occupy his attention, he needs must come to an appreciation of all the beautiful and healthful which surrounds him. It is just the present weather that brings out to the full extent the careless joviality of camp life. As the shades of evening begin to gather, the flickering camp fires shimmer among the sturdy oaks each surrounded by its merry throng of blue-clad soldiers. The joke passed from lip to lip and "the sounding side of the dim woods" ring with hearty laughter.

Antics strange and boisterous are cut oftentimes more vigorous than graceful. Loud arguments are held upon every debatable subject under the sun. And as the evening wanes grown quieter they indulge in reminiscences and anecdotes with intervals of silence in which no doubt home loves and home hopes prevail.

The circle which shortly before was all activity with boisterous mirth, perchance now sits in silence around the crackling blaze each mind bent upon its separate errand. Thus ended, with cheerful sport and thoughts of home three days spent in healthful habits. The bugle rings out upon the stillly night air tattoo notes which at intervals reechoing from every copse and dingle then sinks and dies upon the ear among the distant mountains. Once more the silence of the night is broken by solemn sounding "taps" and then all is still. No sound remains except the clank of sabre scabbard as some lonely sentinel turns on his beat. The fires glimmer and the line of snowy tents shine lonely beneath the Autumn moon. Thus ends the soldier's day.

DEPRESSION OF THE SHIPPING INTEREST.—Of one hundred and fifty vessels now loading at New York, for foreign ports, only twenty are American. The depredations of the rebel pirates are cutting the American shipping interest up to a fearful extent.

To lie a little is not possible; if he lies, lies an entire lie.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—We think the following statement should have a wider circulation than the American Bible Society Record, where we find it, can give it, and therefore give it to our readers:—

One Sabbath afternoon, recently, several officers called at the headquarters of Col. —, in command of a brigade. During the interview, Col. — addressed a brigadier general thus: "General, I bet you that the Bible your wife gave you at parting, months ago, is just as nice and clean as it was when you received it at her hands." "Ah, not quite so," responded the listener; "I think I can say what neither you nor any other officer present can say." "What is that?" "Sir," said he, "I have not let pass a single day, since I entered the service, without reading a chapter in my Bible." "Upon your honor?" Upon my honor, sir.—

"What! not during the terrible times at Stone River?" "I was in the thickest of the fight, but I did not fail even then to find time to read my daily chapter in the Bible; and if you will take and examine my Bible, you will find the chapters marked as read in daily order." No one could doubt the word of the speaker.

AN IMPORTANT SOUTHERN ITEM.—We find in late numbers of the Raleigh Standard, which have come to hand, that the rebels are constructing a railroad connection between Danville, in Virginia, and Greensboro, N. C. It seems that about 15 miles of the road have been completed, and that the cars are expected to run through—a distance of about 45 miles—by New Year's or at furthest by the spring. This is a highly interesting fact, as it opens a new line of communication between Richmond and the Southwest, over the North Carolina Central Railroad. But it is not probable that the road will be completed at the earliest day named, so that if Weldon can be seized by our forces any time during the fall or winter, the rebel forces will be cut off from supplies by rail, beyond the northern boundary of North Carolina; or in other words, they will be limited to such lean pickings as can be found in the wasted fields of Eastern and Southern Virginia. By all means let Weldon be seized.—Washington Republican.

SUFFERINGS OF UNION PRISONERS IN RICHMOND. Major Houston, of the 132d N. Y. regiment, recently released from Libby Prison, furnishes additional facts concerning the inhumanity of the rebels in their treatment of the Union prisoners confined in that prison. He says:

The Union prisoners in the Libby Prison have been gradually reduced to a state of starvation, being furnished with a small piece of bread—once to sixteen men—most in the same proportion, and a little wishy-washy soup, once a day. The scenes which occur among the prisoners are heart-rending in the extreme. The cries for food are pitiable, and the ravings of the men rendered insane, in many instances by the pangs of hunger, sound through the building night and day. Men are dying daily, and the horrors of the Jersey prison have been revived in the treatment of our poor incarcerated soldiers. One man in the room with Major Houston was so prostrated by want of food that when a piece of bread was thrown him by his brutal jailor, he had not the strength to eat it, but died with the scrap in his hand, clutching in death the very staff of life. A party of prisoners had made arrangements to escape, preferred death by the bullet rather than endure the lingering torture of the exit through the door of starvation, and had bribed the guard, for \$200, to let them go on a certain night. By some means the scheme came to the knowledge of Gen. Winder, the Confederate Haynau. The guard was removed, and orders were issued to shoot any person attempting to leave the prison.

BRITISH COMMERCE.—Every monthly report issued by the British Board of Trade shows that the decline in the commerce with the United States is made up by an increase of the trade with other countries. Great numbers who were supported by the cotton manufacture have gone to other pursuits, while many have emigrated. Several trades—among them shipbuilding and gunmaking—have increased immensely, and given employment to a much larger number of persons and a greater amount of capital. These circumstances have tended greatly to reconcile the English commercial classes with the great decline in the cotton trade.

THE COAL DUTIES.—The New York Evening Post says:

"Let the tax of one dollar and ten cents per ton, which is now imposed by our tariff on bituminous coal, and of sixty cents per ton on other sorts, be repealed, and we should soon introduce a competition that would bring down prices. Why should the Pennsylvania producers enjoy a monopoly when the people are suffering? Why should our ships which carry out grain to England come back in ballast, when they might fill their holds with coal but for the duty? Let us hope, then, in the interests of the whole community, that one of the first acts of Congress will be to repeal this duty, and open our ports to an unrestricted importation."

OPINIONS OF AN HONEST OLD BARKEEPER.—"Taste is various. Thus, there are those who are for the union of brandy and water with, but not without sugar—those for it without, but not with—those for it with or without, but prefer it without. It thus becomes a question, not of two sides merely, but of at least four sides even among the bibulous, saying nothing of teetotalers, who oppose the whole thing altogether. Confidence dies and universal suspicion reigns. There is no comfort in bar-tending."

A lady with an immense erinoline knocked over an unfortunate gentleman in London by a single sweep of her skirts. His head struck the curbstone, and the shock was so severe that he died in a short time.

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make everybody round you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind actor pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

SENATOR SPRAGUE'S MARRIAGE.—A Washington dispatch says—Senator Sprague was married on Thursday evening to Miss Kate Chase, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury. A large number were present, including many from northern cities—as many as forty from Providence R. L. All the branches of the government were represented, the Executive by the President and Cabinet, the Supreme Court by Judge Wayne, the Senate by Senators Anthony and Wilson, and the army and navy by officials occupying the positions.

WE once saw a young man bravely turning up his glass; he was a true-hearted, glorious fellow, and was, he said, sowing his wild oats. We afterwards saw a policeman hauling a miserable drunkard from the gutter to the station-house. The wild oats were being harvested.

### SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.—The following Schools will have their exhibitions in the Town Hall on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 19th, viz:—Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Center Primaries, West Primary, Woodville, and North District; each teacher being required to bring her exercises within the limits of 25 minutes. On Friday afternoon, Oct. 20th, the following will exhibit, viz:—Center Senior, Greenwood, Montrose, Senior West, Grammar and High. The first four named will be limited to 25 minutes each. The High and Grammar schools to 40 minutes each. The Hall on each day will be opened at half past 12 o'clock, for the reception of the Schools, and the exercises will commence at 1 o'clock.

WAR MEETING.—An adjourned meeting was held at the Town Hall, on Monday evening, at which Hon. D. W. Gooch addressed the assembly for nearly two hours, on the cause of the rebellion—the means of putting it down, &c. His words were timely, and well received, because spoken with the candor with which the speeches of that gentleman are characterized. The committee appointed at a previous meeting to mature a plan of operation, were not ready to report, from the fact that Gov. Andrew had got the start of them, and they were waiting to see what action the Legislature would take. It is expected that another meeting will be held on Wednesday evening of next week; if so, prominent speakers will be present.

HORTICULTURAL.—At a meeting of the Horticultural Society on Monday evening, among other business it was agreed to meet once in two weeks during the Winter and a part of the Spring months, at the residences of the members, for the purpose of holding familiar discussions or conversations on the various subjects embraced in the objects of the Society. The first Friday evening in December, was designated for the first meeting. The Executive Committee will determine upon the place and subject. Many invitations have already been received for the privilege of entertaining the meeting.

THEIRS.—In these time of high prices for cottons and linens, housekeepers will do well to see that their clothes are not left out to take the evening air. The whiter they appear, the more readily they are discovered by those who will not heed the injunction, "Thou shalt not Steal." Some in our village have recently mourned in the morning for the loss of articles, of which they were in possession the night before.

AID TO SOLDIERS.—A call is issued for a meeting of the citizens and especially of the ladies of South Reading, to be held in one of the rooms of the Town House, on Monday evening, to make arrangements for forming a Soldiers' Aid Society.

### READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The noble, talented, and patriotic "Carlton" C. C. Coffin, Esq., war correspondent of the Boston Journal, gave a most thrilling address in the Bethesda Vestry on Tuesday evening, Nov. 3d, giving a most graphic account of several battles in which he has been an eye witness. Mr. Coffin is a fluent speaker and appears to be well absorbed in his subject. He spoke one hour and a half and the large audience exhibited no signs of weariness, manifesting the most intense interest throughout.

The incendiary is evidently at work again among us, as on Friday evening of last week, the barn adjoining the octagon of Dr. Wakefield was consumed by fire, none of the contents being saved but the horse and carriage. The house was on fire several times, but was saved with only slight damage. Engines from South Reading and Stoneham were expeditiously on the ground, but the fire was mainly subdued before their arrival.

SOLDIERS, SEE TO YOUR OWN HEALTH, do not trust to the Army supplies; Cholera, Fever and Bowel complaint will follow your slightest indiscretion. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT should be in every man's knapsack. The British and French troops use no other medicines. Only 25 cents per box or pot.

### WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—On Wednesday of last week, the Shattuck Estate on Forrest Street containing about six acres of land with the buildings thereon, was sold for \$1925; and the house and land in rear of Centre Depot next to Deacon House, for \$1475. On Thursday, the Danforth Estate by order of R. F. Fuller, Administrator, was sold to Edward Polonze of Bedford, for \$1730.

SCHOOLS.—Mr. J. F. Powers, the Principal of the High School having accepted a call to preach to the Universalist Society in East Cambridge, has resigned, and the same has been accepted to take effect at the close of the present term. Mr. Powers has been with us about a year and discharged his duties with fidelity and ability. The school bears the marks of his discipline, and his thoroughness in teaching and training the youthful mind. The High School was never in a better condition, and the Committee in parting reluctantly with him in their official capacity, give him their best wishes to that higher work for his success, and that in attaining the position he is to assume he may have the satisfaction and the reward which comes to the faithful in this highest earthly calling. The Editors of the Trumpet, the Organ of the Universalist denomination, under the heading of East Cambridge says: "We congratulate our brethren in this place on their success in securing the pastor of their choice, Mr. J. F. Powers, a graduate of Tufts College, a fine scholar, close thinker, and impressive speaker, accepts their call; and enters upon duty about the first of December. We predict eminent success as the result of this pastoral arrangement."

The Committee have elected as his successor, Mr. S. G. Cowdrey the teacher of the Grammar School in Woburn for a year or more past. He was a graduate of the Woburn High School under the administration of Mr. Wm. A. Stone, and of Harvard College in the Class of 1861, and has been a successful teacher since. He has accepted the appointment, and will begin his labors among us with the commencement of the Winter Term, Dec. 7th. The Schools will close for the Fall Term on Friday Nov. 20th and be followed by a vacation of two weeks.

The Selectmen have purchased a lot of land on Church St. nearly opposite the Estate formerly owned by Chas. Kimball, Esq., and intend moving the Wyman School House immediately thereon. The location is about a mile nearer the centre of the town, and will it is said, better accommodate a majority of the pupils, and has no house in its immediate vicinity whose inmates will be annoyed by the school. The removal of the school house, necessitates the closing of the school a week before the close of the term.

EXCELSIOR.

### Special Notices.

#### COURSE OF LECTURES.

The Young Men's Literary Association have the pleasure of announcing to the people of Woburn and vicinity, that the services of the following gentlemen have been secured as Lecturers for the coming season:

REV. A. L. STONE, D.D., Boston.  
JOHN B. GOUGH, Esq., Worcester.  
REV. J. C. BODWELL, Woburn.  
DR. OLIVER W. HOLMES, Boston.  
REV. R. P. STEPHENS, D.D., Woburn.  
JOHN G. Saxe, Esq., Albany, N.Y.  
GEO. WM. CURTIS, Esq., New York.  
REV. J. SPENCER KENNAKD, Woburn.  
EDMUND KIRKE, Esq., New York.

The first lecture will be given in LYCEUM HALL, on THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 19th, by

Dr. A. L. STONE.

SUBJECT—"CAMPAIGN LIFE."  
Tickets for the course, 75 cents. For sale by the members of the Association and at all the principal Stores. Lectures will commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. Single tickets 15 cents, to be had at the door.

Woburn, Nov. 12th, 1863.

#### MILITARY.

The Funeral of the late Capt. Wm. M. Buckman, will take place from the Baptist Church, on Monday afternoon, November 14th, at 2 o'clock. Returned soldiers are invited to appear at the Army, at 12 P.M., in overcoats and regulation caps. Also to meet at the same place, Saturday evening at 7 P.M., for drill. Per order of Committee, R. M. DENNETT, Clerk.

Woburn, Nov. 13th, 1863.

#### NOTICE.

The Woburn Gaslight Company hereby give notice, that from and after October 1st, 1863, the price of Gas will be raised to \$3.50 per one thousand cubic feet.

AARON THOMPSON, Treasurer.



To Horse Owners.

DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT FOR HORSES is unrivalled by any, in all cases of Lameness, arising from Sprains, Bruises, or Wrenching, its effect is magical and certain. Harness or Saddle Galls, Scratches, Mange, &c., it will also cure speedily. Spavin and Kingbone may be easily prevented and cured in their incipient stages, but confirmed cases are beyond the possibility of a radical cure. No case of the kind, however, is so desperate or hopeless but it may be alleviated by this Liniment, and its faithful application will always remove the Lameness, and enable the horse to travel with comparative ease.

Every horse owner should have this remedy at hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of Lameness will effectually prevent those formidable diseases mentioned, to which all horses are liable, and which render so many otherwise valuable horses nearly worthless. See advertisement.

Pulmonary Consumption a Curable Disease!!

A CARD TO CONSUMPTIVES.  
The undersigned having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a *sure cure* for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he believes to be valuable. He hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address—  
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,  
Williamsburg, Kings County,  
N. Y.

51—4m

TO THE

**Kodine Water**  
Is the most important and modern chemistry, and it is impossible to over-estimate its influence as a remedial agent. Kodine has been considered the most useful article in *Medicine*, and many of the most scientific and practical chemists and physicians have investigated its effects upon the human system. It is pronounced to act upon the **HEART, LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIGESTIVE ORGANS AND GLANDULAR** and to have great control over **SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.**

Notwithstanding the great and ability which have been devoted to its investigation, it remained almost unused, until Dr. Henry Anders, a physician and chemist of this city, after years of patient labor and experiment, discovered a chemical process which enabled him to produce a **PURE KODINE** without a solvent. This, considered impossible by the scientific world, was so highly appreciated by the Faculty that it was published in the *Medical Journal*, and its use recommended to practitioners. (See *American Medical Monthly*, July 6, 1856, page 76.)

This valuable medicine is now available to the public for the cure of Scrofula in all its manifold forms, Consumption, Cancer, Heart Liver and Kidney Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Dyspepsia, and diseases arising from specific causes, &c.

**AS A TONIC,**  
its operations are evoked by strengthening the digestive organs and increasing the appetite. It cures of Dyspepsia, Emaciation and Debility, an increased nutrition of the body is the result of the employment of Kodine. It restores color, strength and color; hitherto pale relaxed and feeble, he becomes full, strong and hardy.

Full directions for use are sent by Express on receipt of price.  
All consultations free.  
DR. H. ANDERS & CO.,  
Physicians and Chemists,  
No. 45 Broadway, New York.

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD

To produce a preparation so eminently harmless, so generally approved, and so perfect in its operation as **"CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE."**  
It corrects the lustrous effects of other dyes, it invigorates the Hair, is applied in a simple manner, operates instantaneously, does not stain the skin, and its tint is permanent.

**COUNTERFEITS OF NATURE.**  
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.  
Price \$1.50 and \$3 per box, according to size.  
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.  
Is invaluable with his hair, as it imparts the softest softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.  
Price 50 cts., \$1 and \$2 per bottle, according to size.

Married.

Winn—Dow—In Woburn, Nov. 11th, by Rev. J. C. Bodwell, Mr. William H. Winn, of Burlington, to Miss M. Josephine Dow, daughter of Stephen Dow, Esq., of Woburn.

Putney—Carr—In Roxbury, Nov. 4, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, of Boston, Mr. Stillman J. Putney, of South Reading, to Miss Emily A. Carr, of Roxbury.

Died.

Carter—In Woburn, Nov. 13th, Mrs. Mary Carter, wife of Albert Carter, aged 47 years.

Doreghey—In Woburn, 6th inst., Robert H. Doreghey, 11 months, 2 weeks.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of JOHN E. FAWCETT, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of the said deceased, and of the legal effect of which, by John Cummings, Jr., of said Woburn, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said John Cummings, Jr., is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the "Middlesex Journal," printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two to be at least before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Next of Kin, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the estate of MANNING W. SULLIVAN, late of South Reading, in said County of Middlesex, deceased.

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to George H. Sweetser, of South Reading, in the County of Middlesex, You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said Sweetser is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the "Middlesex Journal," printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two to be at least before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To all parties interested in any of the Real Estate of JONATHAN FRANK, late of Lexington, in said County of Middlesex, deceased.

WHEREAS, DANIEL CUMMINGS, of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex, has prays that he be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, and that he be authorized to sell, convey, and dispose of the real estate of said deceased, lying in this State, and praying that partition be made of the same among the heirs and those holding under them, according to law.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth TUESDAY of NOVEMBER next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said Cummings is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy of this order to each person interested who is known to him, and by publishing the same in the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, once in each week for three weeks at least, before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this Thirtieth day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To all parties interested in any of the Real Estate of JONATHAN FRANK, late of Lexington, in said County of Middlesex, deceased.

WHEREAS, DANIEL CUMMINGS, of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex, has prays that he be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, and that he be authorized to sell, convey, and dispose of the real estate of said deceased, lying in this State, and praying that partition be made of the same among the heirs and those holding under them, according to law.

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And said Cummings is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy of this order to each person interested who is known to him, and by publishing the same in the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, once in each week for three weeks at least, before said Court.

MILLINERY GOODS!

Fall and Winter Styles, 1863.

MRS. M. E. FIELD,  
GRATEFUL for the liberal patronage she has received since her removal to New Bank Block, would respectfully announce that she has just received a large and carefully selected stock of goods suitable for

Fall and Winter Wear, consisting of the latest styles of Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Plumes, &c.

She has also added to her previous assortment of Yarns, Worsted, Hosiery, Gloves, Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, of various qualities and prices, all of which she offers at the lowest cash prices.

Cloak Making promptly attended to. Also, PINKING done to order.

MOURNING BONNETS

Ready made, constantly on hand, and made to order at the shortest notice.

MRS. M. E. FIELD,

New Bank Building, Woburn Centre.

Nichols' Sulphate of Lime,

For preserving Cider, on hand and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

COAL! COAL!!

THE subscriber will have for sale, next week, a Cargo of

NUT COAL,

WHICH HE WILL SELL AT

One Dollar Less per Ton,

than any other kind. This Coal is equal in quality to any in the market, and is as profitable for consumption.

JOS. B. McDONALD,  
Woburn, Oct. 23d, 1863.—4f.

PRICES OF

LADIES' CLOAKS

—AT—

OUR NEW SALESROOM,

NOS. 90 AND 92 TREMONT STREET,

Opposite the Tremont House, Boston,

\$6.50, \$7, \$7.50, \$8, \$8.50, \$9, \$9.50,

\$10.50, \$11.50, \$12 to \$13.

WE INVITE ALL

EXAMINE THESE GARMENTS,

as we feel confident they are far

Below Regular Prices.

CUSHMAN & BROOKS,

CLOAKS AND SHAWLS.

JOBBERS AND RETAILERS.

53w

Killikink! Killikink!!

Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

MALES WHO SUFFER

From Painful Menstruation;

MALES WHO SUFFER

From Suppression of their Courses;

MALES WHO SUFFER

From Irregularities;

MALES WHO SUFFER

From Profuse Discharges;

MALES WHO SUFFER

From Uterine Discharges;

MALES WHO SUFFER

From Chlorosis, or Green sickness;

MALES WHO SUFFER

From Leucorrhoea, or Whites;

MALES WHO SUFFER FROM ALL

THESE COMPLAINTS INCIDENT TO

THE SEX, whether resulting from Indiscretion, Habits of Dissipation, or in the "Critical Age," or "Turn of Life," will find a

REMEDY IN THE

FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL

PREPARED AT THE

NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT.

It is no new or secret Compound, but has been used for upwards of twenty years by a large proportion of the most liberal and respectable of the Reformed Practice of Medicine.

It will cure, in a very large proportion of the cases, such Diseases as the following symptoms would indicate, and immediate relief will be procured in all.

Indisposition to Exertion, Wakefulness, Uneasiness, Depression of Spirits, Trembling, Loss of Power, Pain in the Back, Alternate Chills and Flushing of Face,

Headache, Languor, Aching about the Thighs, Intolerance of Light and Sound, Pale Countenance,

Derangement of the Stomach & Bowels, Difficult Breathing, Hysteria, &c., &c.

Dr. W. C. GIBSON, 3 Fremont Place, Boston, says:

"I have used the FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL in my practice for many years; and I regard it as one of the best Medicines for Female Complaints that can be found."

Dr. J. K. RICE, Author of "Woman: Her Diseases and their Treatment," says:

"This Medicine appears to exert a specific influence on the Uterus. It is a valuable agent in all derangements of the Female Reproductive Organs."

Dr. E. SMITH, President of the New York Association of Botanic Physicians, says:

"No female, if in delicate health, should omit the timely use of this valuable Cordial."

Price per Bottle, Fifty Cents.

5 Bottles for Two Dollars.

Prepared and sold at the well known establishment,

THE NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT,

Geo. H. Sweet, M.D.—Proprietor.

100 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

For the Cordial is for sale in Woburn, at

MRS. FIELD'S Millinery Store.

48—6m

WILLIAM WINN,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

BORLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Orders left at the Journal office will receive prompt attention.

MICA, OR SHEET ISINGLASS,

For Stove Doors, Lanterns, &c., constantly for sale at 31 Union Street, Boston, by G. H. BROWN.

Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,

Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

NOTICE.

WM. C. BRIGHAM begs leave to inform

the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has purchased the stock and good will of the Drug Store formerly occupied by R. W. COXANT.

After an experience of some five years in the various departments of the Drug business, he offers his services to the public. Woburn as an Apothecary. It is his desire to conduct a business devoted strictly to this interest, and to establish a reputation for his store of the highest respectability. A competent Druggist, a general assortment of reliable drugs and medicines are indispensable in every large town.

Sensible of the responsibility resting upon him, and desirous to do the best of his ability, he hopes with strict attention to business secure a share of the public confidence and patronage.

It is his privilege to offer the following references:  
Rev. Dr. S. K. Lorthrop, Chestnut St., Boston.  
Dr. John Ware, 57 Tremont St., Boston.  
Dr. John Hennes, 11 Arlington St., Boston.  
Surg. Gen. Wm. J. Dale, State House, Boston.  
Theodore Metcalf, 39 Tremont Street, Boston.  
Weeks & Potter, 120 Washington St., Boston.  
Dr. T. W. Fisher, Medway.

WM. C. BRIGHAM,

(Successor to R. W. Coxant.)

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

No. 5 Wade Block, Main St.,

This day offers for sale a large assortment of

American and Foreign

Drugs and Medicines,

Chemicals, Choice Tobacco,

Flavoring Extes. Choice Cigars,

Fancy Articles, Meerschaum Pipes,

Toilet do. Brier-Root Pipes.

The best selection of goods to be found this side of Boston.

Call and satisfy yourselves.

All goods warranted as represented.

The stock also embraces a large and complete assortment of

BRUSHES of all kinds, TOILET SOAP,

PERFUMERY, PUFF BOXES, PEN-

KNIVES, RASORS, SYRINGES of

all patterns, HAIR DYES, DYE

COLORES, &c.

SPONGES, CHAMOIS SKINS, &c.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

carefully prepared from the choicest materials.

FRESH LEECHES constantly on hand.

Woburn, Oct. 1, 1863.—4f.

Dentistry.

THE undersigned have associated themselves together in the practice of Dental Surgery, at the old office of Dr. S. K. Lorthrop, at Tremont Row, Boston. We are prepared to do the best of our work in every department of our profession, and to do so at the lowest rates. We have a special attention to filling decayed Teeth in the most thorough and approved manner. In addition to the use of the rubber dam, we use the most perfect and reliable artificial teeth, and have a large assortment of special pains in mounting whole and half sets on Plate and Rubber—made of adapting artificial teeth to the mouth so as to be perfectly comfortable, as to have almost entirely superseded the use of gold and other precious metals for that purpose. The Rubber dam being less expensive than gold and silver, brings the price down to the reach of the poor. We have a large number of other articles that an experience of twenty-five years will secure to our patrons, and we are well in the habit of supplying the wants of our patients. We are confident that we can do better for our patients than any other dentist in the city. We are confident that we can do better for our patients than any other dentist in the city.

Grand Seal Smoking Tobacco!

A very popular brand, for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

MIDDLESEX

WAR-CLAIM ASSOCIATION,

Office, 4 Niles Block, 33 School St., Boston.

THIS ASSOCIATION has been formed to aid the Soldiers and Seamen of Middlesex County, their Families or others, in obtaining PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY, FRIZES, MONEY LAND, and other claims against the Government. Advice will be given by the Attorney or Secretary without charge.

Upon the collection of claims, small charges, estimated at 10 per cent, will be made.

Letters seeking information should be addressed to the Secretary.

Applications for the collection of claims should be made to the Attorney.

HON. JOEL PARKER, President.

HON. D. W. COLEMAN, Vice Presdts.

DIRECTORS—Joel Parker, Geo. S. Boutwell, D. W. Coleman, Leonard Huntress, James M. Shurtz, Paines J. Stone, Chas. Hudson, E. J. Collins, Amos Stone, H. Howard, H. Conn, J. H. Watt, Charles Kimball, John K. Goring.

A. B. COFFIN, Attorney, No. 33 School Street.

GEORGE W. COPELAND, Secretary and Treasurer, Tremont Street, Boston.

A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 4 Niles Block, Boston.

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Street.

At STONHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock P. M. Office

at STONHAM from 10 to 12 o'clock P. M.

Central Market,

Main Street, Woburn.

THE subscriber having taken the store for

merely occupied by E. O. SOLES, will keep on

stantly on hand West India Goods, Groceries,

Provisions, Vegetables, &c. H. WHITFORD.

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE

EFFECTED IN

Good Stock & Mutual Companies;

Also, PENSIONS, BOUNTIES, BACK PAY,

&c. obtained for Widows, Children, Mothers, Brothers or Sisters, through the agency

of HORATIO WOODMAN, Esq., of Boston.

By SPARROW HORTON, Agt.,

AT THE

WOBURN POST-OFFICE.

FARINA COLOGNE!

Just received and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

Luxuriant Hair for All.

Bogle's Hyperion Fluid, Restores and Dresses

Hair.

Bogle's Electric Hair Dye, Best in the World.

Bogle's Lotion of Glycerine, Cure Ties and

Warts.

Bogle's Wigs and Hair Work, New Improve-

ments.

Surpass all others. Cheapest, best and most

reliable. Try! Be convinced. W. C. BRIGHAM.

36—1y

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy

Goods, &c.

347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

FRANK B. DODGE,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

Also, DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware,



## BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

FROM S. M. PATTINSON &amp; CO.

PAGE, RICHARDSON &amp; CO'S

LINE OF

BOSTON AND LIVERPOOL

PACKETS.

Leaving Liverpool every 10 days.

Passage Certificates

To and from England, Ireland and Scotland, and

BILLS OF EXCHANGE.

Payable at any Bank in Great Britain, to be had at

either of our offices in Boston, or sent on application

by letter or otherwise.

Agents for the Atlantic Royal Mail

Steamship Line.

Between Boston, Galway and Liverpool.

PAGE, RICHARDSON &amp; CO.,

114 State, 412 Commercial, 10 Broad st., Boston.

KURTZ, SWALLOW &amp; COFFIN.

Importers and Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic

SADDLERY HARDWARE,

Patent Leather &amp; Carriage Trimmings, Wheels,

Spokes, Hubs, Rims, &amp;c.

No. 59 MILK STREET, BOSTON.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF

PURE COD LIVER

OIL AND LIME.

For Consumption, it is the only reliable

remedy known. It has, in thousands of

instances, restored patients that seemed past

hope of recovery; and, in tens of thousands,

has arrested the disease in its primary stages,

and restored the patient to robust health.

Beware of cheap imitations. It is necessary

to persist in its use for a considerable

length of time.

FEMALE DEBILITY.—To sustain and

augment the vital forces; to make new, rich and

pure blood; to build up the nervous system; to

restore energy to the mind and body—no

thing can be better adapted than this preparation.

In Asthma, General Debility, Emaciation,

Coughs, it is a reliable remedy. Nine-tenths

of the cases where it is supposed to fail, simply

arise from the remedy being abandoned

before its beneficial effect became obvious.—

Be careful and get the genuine, manufactured

only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, 166

Court St., Boston.

Save your Money!

DON'T PAY ONE DOLLAR

For a small bottle of HAIR DYE, when you can

get a bottle five times as large, of a better dye, for

the same money.

Wilbor's Monitor Hair Dye

is superseding all others.

It requires no preparation, does not smut

or wash off, will not soil the finest linen. One

application will last until the hair grows out,

when it can be applied at the roots without

more trouble than common hair oil.

It is warranted not to injure the Hair or

Skin.

Manufactured only by ALEX. B. WILBOR,

Chemist, No. 166 Court Street, Boston.

KIMBALL &amp; CO.

Furniture Warehouse,

UPHOLSTERERS, DECORATORS,

And Manufacturers of every variety of

Household Furniture.

Dealers in all kinds of

Upholstery Goods, Looking Glasses,

Mattresses, Feathers, &amp;c.

LIBERTY TREE BLOCK,

460 &amp; 464 Washington St., Boston.

Army and Navy Goods.

Staff, Line and Navy Regulation Seals,

of the Ames Manufacturing Co., and others, war-

ranted the best in the market.

Chapeaux, Belts, Sashes,

Hats, Epaulettes, Spurs,

Caps, Gloves, Buttons,

EMBROIDERIES of every description,

Silk &amp; Bunting Flags, Guidons &amp; Standards.

ALSO,

MASONIC &amp; ODD FELLOWS' REGALIA.

Military and Masonic Tailors.

Your attention is called to our assortment of Fan-

cy Colored Broadcloths, Buttons, Straps, and Em-

broideries. Wholesale and Retail by

A. W. POLLARD &amp; CO.,

NO. 6 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

Banner of Light,

A large quarto Journal of Romance, Literature

and General Intelligence, and also an Exposition

of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth

Century. Nearly one page of Messages from the In-

visibles to their friends in earth-life; also, Essays

on various subjects, by the Spirits, are published

in each number.

Issued weekly at 154 Washington Street, Boston,

by William White &amp; Co. Price \$2.50 per annum,

in advance.

SOMETHING FOR THE MILLION.

It is affirmed by those who have and who are us-

ing it, that the

RATTAN OR CANE MATTING

is the most cleanly and durable Carpeting they

ever used. For offices, Stairways, Saloons, Store-

rooms and Cais, it is no equal.

Manufactured and sold by

C. WAKEFIELD, 33 FULTON ST., BOSTON.

J. FORTUNE &amp; CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DRY GOODS MERCHANTS

7 AND 9 SUMNER STREET,

Boston.

GEO. L. STEARNS &amp; CO.,

Manufacturers of

Patent Improved Lead Pipe,

PURE BLOCK TIN AND SHEET LEAD.

Also, dealers in PIG and BAR LEAD,

Copper and Iron Pumps, Hydraulic Rams, &amp;c.,

159 MILK STREET, BOSTON.

JOHN HOLT,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Harness Trimmings

of the First Quality. Figures and Letters for

names and addresses. 30 Union Street, Boston.

## BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

FROM S. M. PATTINSON &amp; CO.

AUTUMN STYLES

Men's and Boys'

CLOTHING,

In every variety of Material,

At Low Prices.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Our CUSTOM DEPARTMENT is am-

ply supplied with the novelties of the season. Or-

ders for GENTLEMEN'S CUSTOM CLOTHING

promptly executed, and warranted to give satis-

faction.

GEO. W. SIMMONS &amp; CO.,

OAK HALL,

32 &amp; 34 NORTH STREET, BOSTON.

BARRETT'S DYE HOUSE,

140 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

(Near Old South Church—opposite School St.)

Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Shawls, and other

articles of ladies' wear, colored and finished

in the best possible manner.

Gents' Garments dyed or cleansed whole,

Carpeting cleaned in pure water, and grease

removed.

Curtains, Bed Clothing and Upholstery dyed

or cleansed.

Feathers dyed all shades, and dressed as

handmade by the dyers in any country.

Felt Hats dyed or cleansed and trimmed.

Kid Gloves dyed black, very light colors

dyed Purple—also cleansed.

Pierces Goods from Stores, Ribbons, Trim-

mings, &amp;c. &amp;c. dyed and put into shape for

the market.

The proprietors of this ancient establish-

ment have all the improvements, steam, chem-

ical and modern appliances necessary to give

their customers the most perfect satisfaction.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY

Gold, Plated, and Orfide Jewelry,

IS AT

J. H. BRUCE'S, 45 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.

Merchants, Auctioneers and Pedlars

are invited to call and examine our stock.

Goods sent to any part of the country or Canada.

Send for a Circular.

\$40. Traveling Agts. Wanted. \$150

EMPLOYMENT AT A LIBERAL SALARY.—The

Franklin Sewing Machine Company want a

limited number of Agents to travel and

solicit orders for Machines, at a salary of \$40

to \$150 per month and expenses. Perma-

nent employment given to the right kind of

Agents. Local Agents allowed a very liberal

commission. Machines not excelled

by any other in the market, and warranted

for one year. For Circulars, Terms, Con-

ditions, Book of Instructions, and specimen

Machine, address, with stamp for return pos-

tage, HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.

Box 302, P. O.

FAIRBANKS &amp; BEARD,

Wholesale Dealers in

Ale, Porter, Cider, Soda, and

MINERAL WATER.

Athenaeum Building, Howard Street,

BOSTON.

Draught Ale and Porter. Sole Agents for Milne's

Croton Ale.

THE FAMILY MOURNING STORE,

20 Winter Street Boston

We would call the attention of all in pur-

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where every requisite for Mourning can be

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Dresses, Gowns, and a large collection of LOW

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CHINES; LOGGING AND PORT SAWS; Eng-

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cough, clear your throat, purify the breath,

and give volume to the voice. They are unpar-

alleled for allaying inflammation in the Larynx, Trachea,

and Lungs. They relieve all complaints which

originate in the respiratory organs. They will re-

vent a cold settling upon the lungs. They contain

opium or narcotic properties. They are the safest

medicines for children. They are useful in every

case of cold, cough, or inflammation of the

throat, and in all cases of difficulty of breath-

ing and in all cases of pulmonary complaint,

and in all cases of cold and catarrh of the

nose, and in all cases of cold and catarrh of

the eyes, and in all cases of cold and catarrh

of the ears, and in all cases of cold and catarrh

of the bladder, and in all cases of cold and catarrh

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### Finish Thy Work.

Finish thy work, the time is short;  
The sun is in the west;  
The night is coming down—till then  
Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all thy work, then rest;  
Till then, rest never;  
The rest prepared for thee by God  
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow;  
Ungird thee from thy toil;  
Take breath, and from each weary limb  
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down  
On some celestial hill,  
And of its strength-reviving air  
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace;  
Life's battle fought and won,  
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,  
"Well done! well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,  
Give praise to God above;  
Sing a new song of mighty joy  
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who held thee up  
In all thy path below;  
Who made thee faithful unto death,  
And crowns thee now!

## Select Literature.

### "GOING TO THE DOGS."

[The following is an English picture; but so like to many of the experiences of American life, that we venture to copy its descriptions without alteration.]

The wonder of my life has been, that out of my many quondam acquaintances, who seemed to me on the high road to the Isle of Dogs, so very few have actually gone there. Surely, that Providence which appears to watch over drunken men, must take remarkable care of the many harebrained creatures who seem never born to behave themselves like people in their sober senses. Not long since, meeting an old school-fellow who, as tutor of a College, Cambridge, and for many years connected with one of our great military academies, had seen the wild oats of some thousands of young men sown with ample time to grow—I asked him what he thought of the difficulties, of which we hear so much, and the desperate struggle for subsistence supposed peculiar to this high-pressure generation. His long experience, I was pleased to find, pretty nearly coincided with my own. We could neither of us recall any single instance in which any gentleman's son had sunk to a state of painful degradation, unless by more than ordinary recklessness or misconduct. "But," continued my friend, "many a worthless fellow who deserved to have gone to the dogs, has fared better than he deserved through the unwaried kindness of his relations and friends."

Two points are wonderfully in favor of chesmen: family feeling and family pride. "After all, Fred's wilful extravagance," said a brother-in-law, only the other day, "and drained as his sister's family has been, I never thought I should have given him another penny, but literally he must have applied to the parish of Marylebone for bread, and—to say nothing of his sister's feelings—there is something so painful after an intimacy for half my life, something so discreditable to be known to have a relation so situated, that the end of it was, grumbling all the time, I made him a weekly allowance."

Professional men are ruined, and go on; and apparently as well off nearly as ever. There was my friend, the doctor—Dr. Slop (we will call him). One day he called to get his butcher, his grocer, his daughter's schoolmistress, and other long-suffering creditors, and said: "My debts are one thousand five hundred pounds sterling, my goods and chattels are assigned under a bill of sale, and if you put in an execution, a big white jar of leeches, with drugs and gallipots, are all you will get; but, *per contra*, I have a fluctuating estate in mumps, measles, and midwifery cases, that averages eight hundred pounds a year. But all this requires that I should still keep up appearances, and your security will vanish unless you leave me six hundred pounds a year to go on with." I actually knew a case in which creditors subscribed to keep a man afloat, to work on at the rate of one pound for them and three for himself.

But the professions furnish but a very small contingent of those who "go to the dogs." For professional men have habits, as well as knowledge, which generally save them from the lowest depths of social misery. It is of the "do-nothings"—of the foolish sons of foolish mothers—who either were brought up to nothing, or followed some profession too loungingly to undertake it—it is of them we care alone to speak, having observed not a few, and marked several distinct stages of their progress to the Isle of Dogs. These stages are generally much the same, and the men are easy to classify according to their ages, or the years it takes either to tire out or to see the last of their relations—though some go down hill much faster than others. The first stage is generally run by about thirty-five years of age at the latest. Youth, and all youthful indulgence, by that time, have passed away—many of your old family

friends have passed away, too, and you find yourself among a set in society who look hard at you, are particular about introductions, and rigorously sum you up for what you are, and not at all for what you have been; and you begin to stand very little on the respectability of your family, and very much upon your own.

There was Charles Willes. He talked about all kinds of professions, but followed none. He wanted "something under government," and Charlie's ideas of "something under government" were amusing. He once told me that "something in the Woods and Forests, or some out-of-door work, would suit him exactly; but a high stool in an office would be the death of him." At last his father lost all patience with him, principally because "Great Western" dividends had gone down to something fractional, and as Charlie thought that the older he grew the more money he was entitled to spend, the paternal ire did one day culminate at such a pitch over long bills for lavender kids, patent leather boots, and "follies changing with the varying hour," that Charlie was sentenced to transportation, in the modern sense of the term—that is, condemned to emigrate; but just then the father died, and the mother—Lord love the whole generation of them—could not confirm the sentence. So Charlie lived on idly and extravagantly, till his three sisters had married, and last of all his mother died and was buried; and the only warm heart that no folly or recklessness on Charlie's part could ever chill, was buried with her. Then came the opening of the will, and the family did not feel more indulgent to Charlie, when they found that though the Prodigal had already had his share, a pound a week was charged on the sisters' portions notwithstanding. But the sisters still felt sisterly, and Charlie was billeted from one to another till they had hungry and expensive children to provide for. From that hour, Charlie's idleness was seen in all its frightful enormity, simply because what Dr. Chalmers called "the expulsive influence of a new affection."

I am sure it takes as much self-denial, high principle, good temper, and virtue of all sorts to steady and to ballast one idle man as would keep ten busy men in innocence itself. Added to this, say, "Philip is so ungrateful we can do nothing more for him." Just as if, in this mortal world, any one man's gratitude ever were known to swell up to the inordinate dimensions of any grudging donor's expectations. No wonder a man like Philip goes fast down hill. As one symptom of his declension, Philip soon found himself out of nearly all society; for some men looked cool at him, and long before others might have followed their example, Philip voted his friends "a bad lot altogether," and boasted that he had dropped their acquaintance first.

All this Philip admitted to his cousin, Arthur Willoughby, a thriving young man in a public office. The difference between the lot of the two men is singular: Arthur has a Sunday dinner at the house of one old family friend, and short-dated invitations to fill Banquo's seat with another. Arthur's cheerful looks and honest endeavors to do well, it does every family man's heart good to see. He has all the benefit of that natural inclination—one of the benedict arrangements of Providence on virtue's side—which prompts us to help those who help themselves; so ready are we all to give a friendly hand to second those manly efforts which promise to reward our kindness by some gratifying results.

The following sentence from a good, fatherly old boy at this moment rings merrily in my ear: "Fill your glass, Arthur, and pass the bottle. But, when you get your next step in the Treasury? What! not till Christmas—nine months hence? That's much too slow for my liking; I must speak to Lord Grey's secretary and see if I can push you on a little faster."

Now, it is by this genial, generous feeling, which God has planted in the human breast, that many a worthy, striving young fellow has a timely shove up-hill—how or why he little dreams. But men like Philip are very wormwood to all earnest-minded men—so natural is our reluctance to find the drones faring as well as the busy bees of society, that most men would rather see them down in the world than up.

But, unhappily, since making the above observations, time has passed on, and I have met Philip Wardlaw again. He has learnt the truth that your own kith and kin will tire at last, and that, "as man never contented in one stay," some die, and others are widely scattered, and are no more seen. "Out of sight out of mind," is pre-eminently the fate of "the poor relation." So Philip finds himself alone in the wide, wide world—that world in which, however wide, a man cannot pay his standing, he very soon finds there is no room for him!

Well, we met Phil. in the Strand, looking very poor and very miserable; and being equally averse either to avoid his company or to be seen in it, we stepped aside with him into a chop-house. We weren't a little moved by comparing what he was with what he had been, and "drops of compassion trembled in our eyelids" as we "bid him tell his pitiful story." "You little thought ever to see me in my present sorry plight," he said, looking down upon his threadbare clothes; "but the last twelve months have wrought quite a revolution in my thoughts, and feelings, and ideas of things in general. Often as I had heard the common saying about one day 'coming to my senses,' I never knew what it meant while I had any one to keep me; but now my eyes are opened. I have awakened as from a dream, and feel like the creature of another sphere, for the world has changed with me altogether. Even the very streets are quite different, for ever since my clothes became seedy, and clean linen so scarce—you see I am forced to button-up in the dog-days—I have found myself instinctively keeping to all the lanes and alleys. I always cut Regent-street and go through Golden Square—not that anybody is very likely to come up to me—no—I walk the town as much alone as if I were dropped from a balloon in some town in Kamtschatka.

Various things strike me as queer and anomalous in the winter of my fortunes. It was easier far, while I could hold my head up, to be invited to all the luxuries of the season than it would be now to beg a loaf of bread. The same men who will spend pounds to be 'genteel,' won't spare a penny to be generous. Very strange isn't it? There is nothing between turtle soup and starvation! "Time hangs very heavy when a fellow's poor. You see, I have no home—only a small bedroom—a poor garret—and a man is not expected to be there in the day-time except once in a way. There are penny reading-rooms—one in Leicester Square—but you can't stay there all the morning; they soon find out what you are after, and one of the waiters said he should have thought I had taken a lease of the premises! In fine summer weather I can do pretty well; but the winter is awful! I dread next winter. Last Christmas-day all the recollections that flooded upon my mind almost broke my heart. As to the idle man's usual resource, lounging into shops and looking about me, all that has now passed away. The shop-man comes up to see me and asks what I want? Even the parks now can only be said to be half open to me. I only dare go there in the mornings; and as to loitering about Rotten Row, I should dread the very thought of such a thing—there are glances I might encounter which would pierce me to the soul. And as to the Serpentine, I have not been near it for weeks. The last time, one of the Humane Society men dodged me and eyed me so suspiciously, I really believe he thought I was about to drown myself. So, all I can do is to mope about under the trees, passing gaunt and wretched-looking creatures like myself—men whose coats speak of West End tailors and of better days. Some of these men look at you sympathetically, as if poverty were itself an introduction, and we all belonged to the same sorry and stranded fraternity. One man above fifty years of age said he had been a gentleman commoner of Christchurch College, Oxford; another, only seven years before, had lived in Carlton Terrace, a dashing man in the Guards. You would hear such things; but, save from an occasional begging-letter, you are never likely to hear of men like these, or what has become of them. If you were in such a condition, you would feel a natural shrinking from all your former acquaintance; and as to your relations, they would take very good care no one should hear of them."

After finishing his mutton-chops, and warming into a yet more communicative humor over a pint of stout, he said he was much obliged by my kindness, and even the shilling he had saved him, (of course I could not leave him without a more substantial assistance) was something to dwell on and to feel happy about all that day; for "a little happiness goes a long way in these times." He then told me that all he had was twelve shillings a week, and even that depended on the life of a sister, or the caprice of her husband. He had one good, kind friend—an Irish reporter, who had let him into a penny-a-line. "I attend for him at Bow-street sometimes, when he has something more profitable elsewhere. I also have a reading ticket for the British Museum, and I once tried hard to find something ancient to freshen up for the publishers; but it was 'no go.' One after another in Paternoster Row—anything but Paternoster—anything but very fatherly—I found it; it is full of early clerks, who pretend to go to the principals, and choke you off without seeing them—one after another of these fellows eyed me as if I were not a likely sort," (this, of course, showed their discrimination,) "and said they could not enter on any proposals without an introduction of a literary kind."

"My friend the reporter said he never had anything but what he worked for since he was eighteen years of age; but 'necessity made a man marvellously inventive, and whetted his eye-teeth'—just what I experienced; and if I had been brought up as he had been, he thought I should have developed some marketable qualifications long before my time of life."

I left Philip Wardlaw, with all the more pain, because I clearly saw that had he not been ruined by the cruel kindness of his friends, there really was some "marketable" stuff to be got out of him. However, I very plainly perceived that he would not live that hard life long. The following winter—it would appear that his fears of it were ominous—I received an imploring letter to visit him in Wardour-street. There I found him with a rheumatic attack of a serious kind—the cold and draughts of London-streets had pierced the joints of nature's harness—inflammation of the heart followed, and poor Philip died!

There is much reason to believe that the old expression, "Never say die," has actually no little to do with the issues of life. When a man's spirit is broken, I would not give much for his chance of length of days; and a cast-down gentleman soon becomes broken-hearted, and his system is lowered to a point that invites disease, with little vital power to bear up against it. Not long since while fitting out a friend's cabin at the West India Docks, I had some talk with one of those Jew shop-dealers, ever touting with a list of "fixings" and of cabin furniture to remind the unwary traveller of far more wants than he ever thinks of before starting, or ever finds out afterward; and I asked Moses concerning those gaunt gangs of dock laborers—many of them once having

seen better days—who were said to find in unloading cargoes and working at the windlass that sphere for unskilled labor which poor gentlemen sought in vain in other places. He replied: "Yes, sir; they have tried it on in times past, but they can't stand the living—the common Irish drive them out of the market. Fill an Irishman's belly, never mind how hard the food, and he is all right; but that won't keep a gentleman's heart up. I know them well; their clothes soon come to hang loose about them; and then—the overlooker need but eye their shuffling shambling figures, and there's no more work for them."

Philip Wardlaw seemed to me the lowest stage, but I soon learnt a lower still—still nearer the Isle of Dogs. William Ballard, a Cantab, having exhausted all his cash and all his credit, and the patience of his friends besides, enlisted as a common soldier in a regiment going to India. One of the officers proved to have been his chum at Harrow, and smoothed the roughs of regimental life for him all he could—bad at the best—and was the means of making interest for him at Madras, and removing him to an appointment on the Board of Works; but he wrote home that the loneliness was insufferable, and he should soon die—and, shortly after, he did!

In this case—as is too common—the last stage was one of drink and delirium. Poverty, loneliness, and a broken spirit, soon led a man to drown his misery in liquor; low diet, also, creates a craving for a stimulant. Then the more a man drinks the less he has to eat, and thus the lowest depths of degradation are reached by rapid strides. I have a lively recollection of the confessions of an unhappy friend—one who was eventually arrested in his downward course. He said:—

"I should have been assisted once before but the man who inquired into my case mistook the casual intoxication from liquor taken from sheer exhaustion before I could eat anything, for habitual drunkenness, and reported that nothing could be done in a case so desperate."

No doubt some ruined men are more callous and shameless than others, but these are generally of the younger sort. One day about four years since, as Lord P— was going over a crossing in Regent-street, the sweeper, whom he had at first disregarded, appeared strangely familiar as well as importunate, and said:—

"Come my lord, you'll give me a trifle for old acquaintance sake."

"You indeed! Why, where can I ever have seen you before?"

"What! don't you remember Jobber Day at Eton?"

Lord P— gave his old school-fellow a sovereign, and passed on. This Etonian came down to sweep a crossing before he was thirty years of age.

Day had been a very popular fellow at Eton, and very rich in "leave books" when he left; though his ideas were very similar to those of a school-fellow of ours, who said the last morning he spent in Oxford, "Any gentleman may have a pick at my books, for now I have finished my education I never can want to set eye on books again." The reason we called him "Jobber" was, that some one heard Day's father was a large cattle-breeder—so the fellows, never very complimentary, said he was a pig jobber; and Jobber Day was his sobriquet ever after.

Poor Day, I pity him, and with him many thousands like him, who "go to the dogs" from the same cause. The misfortunes of such men date from the day of their birth—born with "a cell more in the heart, and one less in the head." Why, what can you hope or expect of a good, generous soul so constituted—I know just such a case—as to be allowing an sick person ten shillings a week while writing, all round the family, to pay for the necessities of life, for themselves, all the time. Day was like a man born (we used to say) with half a bottle of champagne in him, and who never got over the effervescence to the hour of his death. He had none of the Scotch temperament, and was very strong of the Irish; and between the two there is a very wide difference. The latter will feast and be merry with the baliff in the house; the former will have no appetite for his dinner to-day, if he sees any doubt of another some years after death. At the present day, the people called prudent look almost too far into the future to enjoy the present; and the devil-me-care temperament of men like Day is really deserving of a better fate.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.—A gentleman went with a friend to the opera, and arrived before the doors were open. While waiting in the crowd, standing behind his friend, he amused himself by picking the pocket of the latter, abstracting therefrom a handkerchief. Hardly had he done so when he was tapped on the shoulder, and on turning round he saw a gentlemanly-looking individual, who handed him his own snuff-box with a polite bow, observing that he never knowingly "operated on a brother professional, and was sorry that he had made such a mistake."

Mr. George Peabody, the American banker, of London, has presented Yale College with a geological cabinet worth one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

The Married Man's Embarrassment.  
BY THOMAS HOOD.

A pretty task, Miss S—, to ask  
A Benediction pen,  
That cannot quite at freedom write  
Like those of other men.  
No lover's plaint my Muse must paint  
To fill this page's span,  
But be correct, and recollect  
I'm not a single man.

Pray, only think, for pen and ink,  
How hard to get along,  
That may not turn on words that burn,  
Or Love, the life of song!  
Nine Muses, if I choose, I  
May woo all in a clan,  
But one Miss S—, I daren't address—  
I'm not a single man.

Scribbles unweaved, with little head  
May eke it out with heart,  
And in their lays it often plays  
A rare first fiddle part.  
They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,  
But if I so began,  
I have my fears about my cars—  
I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak,  
Nor on your lip be warm;  
I must be wise about your eyes,  
And formal with your form;  
Of all that sort of thing, in short,  
On T. H. Bayly's plan,  
I must not twine a single line—  
I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart  
To keep you off its beat;  
And I might dare as soon to swear  
At you as at your feet.  
I can't expire in passion's fire,  
As other poets can—  
My wife (she's by) won't let me die—  
I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,  
Forbidden bow and dart,  
Without a groan to call my own,  
With neither hand nor heart;  
To Hymen vowed and not allowed  
To flirt even with your fan;  
Here end, as just a friend, I must—  
I'm not a single man.

A PLEASANT DOG-STORY.—The wisest dog I ever had (said Sir Walter Scott) was what is called the bull-terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, inasmuch that I am positive the communication between the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room with great appearance of distress. Then if you said the baker was well paid, or the baker was not hurt, after all, Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered, and barked, and rejoiced. When he was unable, toward the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor; and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go to the hill, or at the back to get down to the moor-side.

IN WANT OF A PLACE.—A place-hunter in Prussia, having asked Frederick the Great for the grant of some rich Protestant bishopric, the King expressed his regret that it was already given away, but broadly hinted that there was a Catholic abbacy at his disposal. The applicant managed to be converted in a week, and to be received into the bosom of the true Church; after which he hastened to his friend the King, and told him how his conscience had been enlightened. "Ah!" exclaimed Frederick, "how terribly unfortunate! I have given away the abbacy. But thief rabbi is just dead, and the synagogue is at my disposal; suppose you were to turn Jew?"

MODERN ECONOMY OF TIME.—The Scientific American shows how time has been economized by the application of machinery:—  
Cotton.—One man can spin more cotton yarn now than four hundred men could have done in the same time in 1769, when Arkwright, the best cotton-spinner, took out his first patent.

Flour.—One man can make as much flour in a day now as a hundred could a century ago.

Lace.—One woman can now make as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago.

Sugar.—It now requires only as many days to refine sugar as it did months thirty years ago.

Looking-glasses.—It once required six months to put quicksilver on a glass, now it needs only about forty minutes.

Engines.—The engine of a first-rate iron clad frigate will perform as much work in a day as forty-two thousand horses.

A SPICY PARAGRAPH.—"What is the use of living?" asked Jack Simmonds, the other day. "We are flogged for crying when we are babies; flogged because the master is cross when we are boys; obliged to toil, sick or well, or starve, when we are men; to work still harder when we are husbands; and after exhausting life and strength in the service of other people, die and leave our children to quarrel about the possession of father's watch, and our wives to catch somebody else."

Odds and Ends.  
Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.  
Opinions founded on prejudice are always sustained with the greatest violence.  
The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

Habits influence the character pretty much as under-currents influence a vessel, and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes, or retard our progress, their effect is not the less important because imperceptible.  
Horace Mann very beautifully remarked that a brother's tender relation to a sister was designed by Heaven as a preparation and a prophecy of that holier relation for which one shall forsake father and mother, and brother and sister.

CONVERSATION.—Surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.  
Few parents like to be told of the faults of a child. The reason is obvious. All faults are either hereditary or educational; and in either case to point a finger at a child is, indirectly, to reprove the parent.

The Preciousness of Little Things.  
Everything is beautiful when it is little—little souls, little pigs, little lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children. Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered Paradise than anything we know of; little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

Agur's is a model prayer, but then it is a little prayer, and the burden of the petition is for little. The sermon on the Mount is for little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. The Roman said: *Veni, vidi, vici*—I came—saw—conquered; but dispatches now-a-days are longer than the battles they tell of.

Everybody calls that little they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect *bijou* of a wife. We saw her; she weighed 210; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things besides; and what was she but precious, and what could she be but little.

We rather doubt the stories of great argosies of gold we sometimes hear of, because Nature deals in little, almost altogether. Life is made up of little; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars.  
Multum in parvo—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most, and remember longest.—B. F. Taylor.

FORGIVENESS.—Let not the sun in Capricorn go down upon thy wrath, but write thy wrongs in water; draw the curtain of night upon injuries; shut them up in the tower of oblivion, and let them be as though they had not been. Forgive thine enemies totally, and without any reserve of hope that, however, God will avenge thee.

To do no injury, nor to take none, was a principle which, to my former years, and impatient affections, seemed to contain enough of morality; but my more settled years and Christian constitution, have fallen into severe resolutions. I can hold there is no such thing as injury; that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another is to malign himself; that the truest way to love another is to despise ourselves. I was unjust unto my own conscience, if I should say I am at variance with anything like myself.

Let age, not envy, draw wrinkles on thy cheeks; be content to be envied, but envy not. Emulation may be plausible, and indignation allowable; but admit no treaty with that passion which no circumstance can make good. A displacency at the good of others, because they enjoy it, although we do not want it, is an absurd depravity, sticking fast into human nature, from its primitive corruption; which he that can well subdue was a Christian of the first magnitude, and, for aught I know, may have one foot already in heaven.

Where charity is broken, the law itself is shattered, which cannot be whole without love, that is the fulfilling of it. Look humbly upon thy virtues, and though thou art rich in some, yet think thyself poor and naked without that crowning grace, which thinketh no evil, which envieth not, which heareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth all things.—Sir Thomas Browne.



## The Middlesex Journal,

S. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
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Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square.  
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

SPECIAL NOTICES, inserted in extra space for one insertion, each subsequent insertion .50.  
All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until otherwise ordered, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.  
Stoughton.—E. T. WHITFIELD.  
Winchester.—J. M. HOBBS.  
Reading.—E. D. GILKINSON.  
S. M. PUTNEY, (successor to V. B. Palmer),  
Society's Building, Court Street, Boston, are duly  
authorized to take advertisements for the JOURNAL,  
at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL, circulated largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING, done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1863.

## Rev. Dr. Stone's Lecture.

On Thursday evening last, Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone of Boston, delivered the opening lecture in the course for this season. The very full attendance augurs well for the success of the efforts of the committee. The subject, "Campaign Life," was one in which no loyal heart could, at the present time, be disinterested. Although many may have heard the tale of a "thousand times over" from the lips of friend or relative, yet the interest of all was kept on the *qui vive* as the speaker passed from the descriptions of the ideal pictures of war formed by those at home, miles away from the conflict, to the narration of the stern realities of a soldier's life. Taking the incidents from his own campaign in North Carolina, the speaker gave vivid sketches of the landing, the camp life, the weary march, the first battle field, the advance upon the foe, the blanched cheek, the set teeth, the glaring eye, the roar of musketry, the first wounded, the charge on the enemy, the retreat of the foe, the care of the wounded, the bivouac and the return on the morrow to camp with the train increased by prisoners and contrabands. The hospitals, he said, about Newbern, were very comfortable. The soldiers rough as they might appear, made the tenderest of nurses. In referring to the distribution of the mail and describing the joy of those who were remembered by home friends and the downcast look of those who had received no cheering missive from home, he urged the necessity of long, frequent and even at the expense of shortening the prayers, letters for the absent ones. The lecturer paid a passing tribute to the colored soldiers, and commended their efficiency. In closing an earnest wish was expressed for the future restoration of the American Eagle in peace and security to the pinnacle of a free and united country.

The next lecture will be delivered by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, on Thursday evening, December 3d.

FUNERAL OF CAPT. BUCKMAN.—The funeral of the late Capt. Wm. M. Buckman, 8th Regt., Corps d'Afrique, took place from the Baptist Church on Monday afternoon. The service was held at 2 o'clock (the hour appointed) the house was filled in all parts, with the exception of the broad aisle, which was reserved for the family and friends. Selectmen and other town officers, and the company of returned soldiers, commanded by Capt. Wm. T. Grammer. The body, which had lain in State at the Selectmen's room, was carried thence to the church, by the bearers, Capt. Kent, Charlestown, 6th Regt.; Capt. Currier, Medford, 5th; Capt. Stevens, Stoneham, 6th; Lieut. Munroe, Roxbury, 47th; Lieut. Harrington, Somerville, 5th; Lieut. Persons, Woburn, 39th. The exercises in the church consisted of a Voluntary by the Choir; Prayer by Rev. Mr. Barney; Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. Dr. Stebbins; an address by the Pastor, Rev. J. Spencer Kennard; Prayer by Rev. J. C. Bodwell. The company then formed and received the body with presented arms, after which, conducted by Lieut. Wyer, the procession proceeded to the Cemetery, where the ceremonies of consecrating the "Oval Green," or Soldiers' lot, was conducted by Rev. Mr. Bodwell and Rev. Dr. Stebbins.

TOWN MEETING.—It will be observed by an advertisement in another column, that the Selectmen have requested the citizens of this town, to meet with them in the Town Hall on Monday evening, to see what measures they will take to fill the quota of the Town under the President's last call. Every citizen ought to be present, to aid the work along, as the 5th of January is drawing nigh.

SAD ACCIDENT TO A SOLDIER.—Charles H. Dale, of Co. G, 13th Mass. Regt., who had a leg shattered last summer in one of the battles, and from which he had not recovered, recently fell while ascending a flight of stairs, in one of the hospitals, and broke his ankle. Amputation may have to be performed.

SHARP PRACTICE.—Yesterday afternoon an event took place in our town which is worthy of notice. Mr. Jos. B. McDonald, our enterprising coal and lumber dealer, having occasion to leave his counting room for a few moments, found on his return, a well dressed stranger therein, who said he wished to purchase a number of tons of coal to go to North Woburn. Mr. McDonald supposing everything to be right invited him to take a seat in order to arrange matters, but the individual did not seem inclined to do so and said he would be back in a few moments, and started in the direction of Winchester. Mr. McDonald then thought all was not right and examined his money drawer but finding that undisturbed made no further examination. A short time after he had reason to use his overcoat, but found that it was missing, and further search revealed the fact that three coats and two vests had been stolen. Suspicion at once fell upon the stranger, and Mr. McDonald immediately started for Winchester where he took the Lowell train for West Medford, and there telegraphed to Boston a description of the person. After doing this he took the Woburn 3 p.m. train for home, and while between West Medford and Mystic Station observed a man with a bundle walking down the track, who to all appearance was the same person who visited him in Woburn but a short time before. The speed of the train was lessened and Mr. McDonald was allowed to get off. He then took the main road for West Medford in order to "steal a march" upon his sharp friend, and overhauled him near the depot. His first act was to lay hands upon the culprit—he cannot say that they were "violent," but they were determined—and demand the surrender of the goods. The person declared his innocence and made an attempt to free himself, and in this was successful, but lost the bundle, which, on being opened was found to contain two of the missing coats and the two vests. Mr. McDonald then requested several persons who were near to help him to pursue the rascal but they demurred, and finally he got a horse and started, but the pursued had reached the woods and no traces could be found of him. This is a "lettle" the smartest proceeding we have heard of in these parts for some time, and we propose that Mr. McDonald be immediately placed upon our Detective board of Police.

SERMON BY REV. DANIEL MARCH.—We have received a copy of a sermon recently delivered in Philadelphia, by Rev. Daniel March, from the text—"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart."—Eccles. vii. 2. Mr. March in a "note," says—"I had been absent from my pulpit two months. In the mean time the death of my daughter, after many years of suffering, and my own severe and repeated illness, had made the intended summer's vacation a season of great trial and affliction to myself and family. The following sermon was preached on the first Sabbath morning after my return to the labors of the pulpit and of the parish." We expect to have a few copies of this sermon during the coming week, and thus will be able to gratify the wishes of many who have inquired for them.

GEOLOGY.—The course of lectures on geology noticed in our last issue, will commence on Monday evening next. As Lyceum Hall is occupied on that evening, the first lecture will be delivered in the lecture room of the Congregational Church, and will be free. We hope our citizens will avail themselves of this opportunity to acquire knowledge, in a pleasant way, of one of the most interesting and sublime of the Sciences. The press of Western Cities where Mr. Gunning has lectured, we see, is hearty and enthusiastic in his commendation. The evenings and subjects will be found in another place.

A BAD PRACTICE.—It has become the practice of many boys, and some older persons, to deface handbills posted in public places, thus rendering them useless. It is a rare case, in some sections of our town, where a posted handbill stands undestroyed twenty-four hours. It should be the endeavor of every citizen to stop, as far as lies in his power, this pernicious habit. Bills so defaced, cost money, and ought to be allowed to remain undisturbed until they have served their purpose. If a man does not wish bills placed upon his fence, all he has to do to stop the grievance is to raise the sign—"Post no bills," and his object will be accomplished. But we are inclined to think that boys are the principal offenders, who are not aware that they are liable to punishment for so doing; if so one or two examples would remedy the evil.

RECOVERING.—We are happy to be able to say that Major McDonald is recovering satisfactorily from the severe wound he received at Gettysburg. He is now able to walk with the help of a cane only.

ENLISTMENTS.—We understand that thirteen aliens from out of town, have been secured toward filling the Woburn quota under the President's last call. Mr. Robert M. Dennett has enlisted, and will probably be assigned to the 39th.

DISCHARGED.—First Lieut. William B. Bennett, of this town, Co. F, 22d Regt. Mass. Vols., arrived home last Wednesday evening, having received his discharge from the service, for disability.

THANKSGIVING SERVICES.—The Baptist and Orthodox societies worship together in the Church of the latter on Thanksgiving day. Rev. Mr. Bodwell will preach.

NOTICE.—Whoever has in his possession any keys belonging to the Woburn Natural History Association, is requested to leave them at the Post Office.

DECEMBER MAGAZINES.—All the December Magazines are for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

## Warren Academy.

The annual examination of this institution was held on Friday of this week. The board of trustees met at 11 o'clock. A. M. Hon. G. Washington Warren, of Charlestown, President. The present corps of teachers was retained for another year, and liberal arrangements concluded for the further efficiency of the school. It was also voted to hold the Annual Meeting in the summer instead of the fall. Dr. E. Cutter was elected a Trustee. The exercises of the examination were conducted in the afternoon and were of an interesting and gratifying character. Some excellent declamations very pleasantly concluded the school portion of the programme. The President and the Rev. J. C. Bodwell then addressed the school. Their remarks were very happy, well timed and invaluable to the pupils. After a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Miles, of Charlestown, the company adjourned to the hall overhead, where the Warren Cadets drilled with muskets, under the command of Master William R. Cutter, their captain, with great credit to themselves and satisfaction to the spectators. Col. Clark, of Boston, the military instructor, arrived in the half past three train and the company performed some difficult portions of the manual in a manner highly complimentary to the Colonel. This ancient institution of learning is in a very prosperous condition. The attempts of the Trustees to foster habits of discipline and physical development by a competent instructor and well equipped military department, cannot fail to meet the approbation of all who believe in a sound mind, in a sound body.

A GOOD MEDICINE.—We seldom hear of a medicine giving better satisfaction, in all cases of a Neuralgic or Rheumatic character, than Lawson's Curative. It has received the highest commendations of many sufferers from these distressing complaints, and undoubtedly will soothe the most intense pain. The Curative is for sale in Woburn, by W. C. Brigham, and we advise all who need such a medicine, to give it a trial.

DEATH OF A SOLDIER.—Private James H. Stewart, of this town, a member of Co. I, 12th Mass. Regt., who was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg, has recently died in the hospital at Baltimore, of wounds received in that battle.

COURSE OF ASSEMBLIES.—Niagara Engine Co., No. 1, will commence a course of six Assemblies at Niagara Hall, next Tuesday evening. The music will be by the Woburn Quadrille Band, and the price of tickets for the Course is set at \$2.00. Evening tickets, 50 cents.

READING ASSEMBLIES.—The thirty-fifth annual course of these Assemblies, commenced at Lyceum Hall, Reading, on Thanksgiving evening. Doubtless the hall will be well filled.

REHEARSAL.—The Woburn Brass Band will give another of their Public Rehearsals in Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday evening next.

MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHION for the Winter of '63-4, is for sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

TRANSFERRED.—J. Webster Colcord, of Co. G, 13th Mass. Regt., has been transferred to the Invalid Corps.

The Woburn Irish Literary Association hold their Sixth Annual Ball, in Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening next.

THE FUEL QUESTION.—The price of coal as yet shows no signs of abatement. The Philadelphia papers admit that seven dollars per ton, at the present rate of production and cost of labor and transportation, would give abundance of profit; yet owing to a combination among the mining companies and railroads, the price is forced up to twelve dollars per ton. In Minnesota the fuel question has been solved by the discovery of vast beds of peat, sufficient to supply the population for centuries, which can be cut, dried and delivered in St. Paul at \$2.50 or \$3 per cord, and afford a remunerative profit.

DIPHTHERIA.—A physician who has treated over one thousand cases of diphtheria and never lost a single patient, says his treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: Table salt, 2 drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, 1 drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup which half fill with boiling water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply 1 oz. each of spirits turpentine, sweet oil, and aqua ammonia mixed to the whole of the throat and to the breast bone every four hours, keeping flannel to the part.

The London Times speaks thus of the late speech of the Emperor of the French: "Having proposed a Congress as the only escape from the dilemma of silence or of war, he tells us that two ways are open; the one leads to progress through conciliation and peace, the other sooner or later conducts fatally to the war by the obstinacy of maintaining a post which is rapidly rolling away. Unless then the congress which he proposes actually meets, and unless its deliberations are crowned with that success which he anticipates for them, there is ultimately no alternative but war."

Does he mean that war is inevitable, except upon one condition, and that the condition upon which alone war can be avoided is impossible in the present imperfect state of human nature? If this be his meaning, the vision of his imaginary Congress fades away. The scene opens behind it and discloses an army drawn up in order of battle.

## Letter from 6th N. Y. Ind't Battery.

NEAR FAYETTEVILLE, VA., }  
Nov. 12th, 1863. }

DEAR EDITOR,—Once more the coming frosts have retreated before the warm attack of the broadly glowing sun and we enjoy a return of the Indian summer. Old Sol floods the fields and purple woods with golden beams, and the morning air bereft of their icy edge breathe health and comfort. No longer is the soldier's attention solely occupied with plans for the retention of animal heat, and your correspondent again finds himself at liberty to indulge his own garrulity and inflict his composition upon your readers. We have been undergoing an exceedingly cold snap. For several days previous to our fitting from Sulphur Spring rumors of movements in every imaginable direction were rife, but not until the morning of the 7th inst., was any one of them realized.

Upon that day about the middle of the forenoon much to the consternation of our mess who were engaged in the laudible occupation of stewing beans, "hoot and saddle" sounded and soon we were in the saddle. Being determined not to lose our beans, the water was drained off and enveloping them in several thicknesses of grain bags we tied them upon a caisson postponing the completion of the cooking until the first halt. Forming column of march much more speedily than usual, the brigade moved swiftly off in the direction of Fayetteville, by the same road on which we made our very precipitous march upon the 12th of the preceding month. Arriving near that place about the middle of the afternoon, we could distinctly hear cannonading in the direction of Rappahannock Station. Continuing the march to Bealton, where we arrived just previous to night-fall, the sound of the fighting came more plainly to our ears, the sound of cannon intermingled with the rattle of musketry. Slowly the cannonading proceeded with a desultory fire of small arms until gradually swelling to a full battle chorus, the fight seemed to cease with one tremendous volley of small arms. We bivouacked upon the plain at Bealton. Darkness settling down upon the broad extended fields enveloped the monstrous wagon trains and their guards bringing with it a rising and a cutting wind. Searching about the bare plain, we found just wood enough wherewith to cook our coffee and beans, and the latter tasted none the less excellent for their two doses of cooking, and that we had been without eating from early dawn until after dark. Rumors more or less extravagant, kept arriving from the front, but all seemed to concur in the point that we had whipped the rebels.

The night was spent alternatively between my blankets and the fire, not that my blankets would not keep me warm, but Wax, my bed companion, would persist in pulling them off me.

Morning came colder than ever, and soon it was possible to learn the true state of affairs. We had attacked the rebels at Rappahannock Station, flanked them and cut off their retreat across the river. Our batteries aided by flanking columns of infantry had destroyed their pontoon bridge and on this side some 2000 men had fallen prisoners to the prowess of the veteran 6th Corps. I saw these prisoners as they were marched to the rear and will acknowledge they were very fine looking men. They were nearly all comfortably dressed being deficient chiefly in foot covering. Yet I did not see but one bare-footed. Poor fellow, I could not but pity him for the soles of his feet were blistered and bloody. Many of them had new overcoats and jackets. In conversation with one of them belonging to the 67th N. C. Regt., I learned that they belonged to Ewell's Corps, and that they had been engaged in building winter quarters at the time of the attack. It was a complete surprise to them. I saw a member of the Louisiana battery which our fellows had captured, who told me the battery consisted of two Parrott guns and two 3-inch Dahlgrens, all captured from us at Winchester. But I think he must be mistaken in regard to the latter as the U. S. does not use the latter for land purposes. They must have been 3-inch Griffin guns sometimes called regulation guns.

The army advanced across the Rappahannock river that night at Kelly's Ford capturing at the latter place some 300 more of the rebels. Gregg's division of cavalry remains behind at Bealton all that day being engaged at its old occupation of covering the rear. Just at dark all of the baggage train having moved toward the river we followed and camped about half a mile short of the river. Bealton is distant from the river about three miles. The cold still increasing. There we remained two nights and one day. While camped there we watered at the ford and could notice the increase to the fortifications which the rebels had made while they had possession of the river this time. On both sides far to the right and left stretched long lines of earth works comprising rifle pits, redans, and redoubts, innumerable. Some of our fellows saw the graves of those fallen in the engagement. It was very brisk while it lasted. Leaving at this place all the 9th, the succeeding morning we made a retrograde movement and halted near the little town of Fayetteville. Remaining there one night we, next day, advanced two miles to this place, where we have been ever since. Gregg's division now picks the rear of the army from Falmouth to Waterloo a distance of some 50 miles. Up to to-day the weather has been very cold, but now it is much more endurable. On the morning of the 10th marching from Rappahannock Station to Fayetteville we were only too glad to walk leading our horses by the bridles. The preceding night there had been a slight fall of snow upon the Blue Ridge and their white summits viewed from the lowlands looked indeed beautiful but "shivery." Their tops seemed as if clad in burnished silver.

Isolated as we are from the rest of the army it is utterly impossible to learn the current of events. We needs must content ourselves with the belief that we are contributing our portion to the success of the

movement now taking place. Whatever it is it seems to excite but little remark and yet it is not impossible that it may prove the greatest success of the season. As usual all sorts of rumors prevail, some saying that the advance of the Potomac army is now beyond the Rapidan, others maintaining that it is about to fall back once more to the line of the Rappahannock. Whatever is done must be done soon as before long the winter rains will set in, wherein are greater reinforcements for Lee than thousands of soldiers.

HOPLITE.

## SOUTH READING.

AUCTIONEER.—It will be seen by reference to the advertising columns of the Journal, that James Eustis, Esq., of South Reading, has obtained a license to practice as auctioneer. Mr. E. for many years served in that capacity, but when so large a sum was demanded for a license, he concluded to relinquish his part of the business to others. But it seems that auction sales, as well as other things have greatly increased, and our citizens have been obliged to obtain auctioneers from Woburn, Stoneham, Reading, North Reading, Charlestown, etc. While these were all good, their equal now offers his services, and without doubt his past success will be a guarantee for the future.

TOWN LIBRARY.—Last week on Thursday evening there was an exhibition in the Town Hall, the avails of which are to be devoted to the Public Library. The labor of getting up the affair was performed mostly by the librarian and other enterprising ladies, assisted by some of the gentlemen. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity and many went away unable to obtain admittance. It was repeated on Monday evening, with less success on account of its being stormy. The exercises consisted of Music, Tableaux, Declamation, Dialogues, etc. The singing under the direction of Mr. I. W. Bailey was of superior order. Mr. C. W. Adams entertained the audience with some of his favorite songs. It is said by those present that the affair passed off finely, and quite an addition of good books to the library will be the result.

SOLDIER'S RELIEF.—A meeting was held at the East Room of the Town House on Monday evening, for the purpose of forming a Soldiers' Relief Association. It being very stormy, there were but a few present. The meeting was organized by the choice of E. Mansfield, Chairman, and Chester W. Eaton Secretary. Hon. Lilley Eaton, Rev. Mr. Bliss, and Mr. Stephen Lufkin were appointed a committee to prepare a constitution, and report at an adjourned meeting to be held on Friday evening of this week.

THANKSGIVING.—It has been customary for several years for the Congregational and Baptist Societies in this town to hold a union service on the day of the annual thanksgiving. Next Thursday the meeting will be held in the Congregationalist church and the Rev. Mr. Bliss will preach on the occasion.

DEATH OF CAPT. LOWELL.—Oliver H. Lowell, who it has been sometimes feared was among the fallen at Gettysburg, was appointed Preceptor of the Grammar School in South Reading about April 1st, 1861, and after five or six months of faithful and persevering labor, he resigned his charge to accept the appointment as Principal of the Young Ladies Seminary at Gorham, Me., where an increase of salary was among the inducements for a change. He had a kind and loving heart, and carried away with him the esteem and affection of those who had made his acquaintance during his short stay among us. We copy the following obituary notice from the Boston Journal of Nov. 17:—"A few days since funeral services were performed at Gorham, Me., in honor of the memory of Capt. Oliver H. Lowell, who fell at the battle of Gettysburg. Although unable to recover his body, his friends felt that his patriotic conduct and his many private virtues demanded a public recognition. A sermon was preached on the occasion by Rev. Mr. Balcom of Lewiston. The deceased was a graduate of Tufts College in the class of 1860, and when the war broke out occupied a desirable position in the Young Ladies' Seminary at Gorham, Me. Believing that his country had the best claim upon his talents and energies, he resigned his place, volunteered, and was elected First Lieutenant of Co. F, in the 16th Maine regiment. Proving an efficient and faithful officer, he was soon promoted to the captaincy of Co. G in the same regiment. He fought at Fredericksburg under Burnside, at Chancellorsville under Hooker, and under Meade at Gettysburg, where he received his death wound. He was a young man of fine intellectual and moral character, and possessed social qualities that endeared him to all who knew him."

FIRE.—Another fire occurred in town early on Wednesday morning of last week. The large tool house, near Reading line, belonging to the Ice Company, was consumed, with a quantity of tools for ice cutting, carpenter's tools, etc.

For the Middlesex Journal.

SURPRISE AND PRESENTATION.—Last week, Tuesday, Miss Lucelia Daland having resigned her position in the Basket Department to teach school, was completely taken by storm the following evening, by the young ladies under her charge, and presented with a large copy of Webster's dictionary and a ball. They were also amply provided with a numerous assortment of the good things of this life, and the tables fairly groined with the weight that was upon them. Supper was served about eleven, after which the presentation took place. The address was made by Miss Lydia Symonds, a young lady of rare talents and formerly a teacher in New Hampshire.

MISS DALAND, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Having met here for a sociable time, and after passing the evening so pleasantly, the time has come when we must separate, and indeed Miss Daland we could not leave until we had made a feeble effort to express to you our love and friendship. We have most

of us been under your care and supervision for some time past—working together day after day in peace and harmony, passing many pleasant hours in each others society, mourning with the afflicted, and longing with the gay and happy; and although working for day wages, still happy hearts kept time to the feat of hammers and the ring of bodkins. Perhaps we have sometimes seemed to err and not done exactly in accordance with your wishes, but your examples of love and good will would soon restore us to peace and quietness. Although we come as a delegation from the Cane Factory, but believe me, when I say that, beneath our aprons of drilling, beat hearts as warm and true as any beneath velvet robes, and hands, though they will never be noted for taper fingers or snowy whiteness, yet ever ready and willing to help in need, and to grasp in a warm welcome those who are afflicted. For such as these am I chosen to speak. But words are inadequate, why should I attempt it? heart can answer heart better than words express. You are soon to leave us for a different sphere in life, but please remember when far away among the Granite hills of New Hampshire, there are still left in South Reading those who will feel favored in sharing your pleasures and sorrows. You have our best wishes in your new undertaking, may success crown every effort. And now, in behalf of these your friends, I present you this book and bell, as a small token of our love and esteem. Please do not accept these on account of their value, for that indeed is small, but because they are a gift from us to you, more of a useful than an ornamental gift; but in choosing, we selected what we knew would be of some value to you in your future labors. Please accept them with our love. And when far from us, should you turn to these, please let some stray thought, some word of kindness find its way to us through those white winged messengers of love.

We shall never all meet again on earth, but in after years, when bowed down with care and sorrow, may we turn to this evening as one bright oasis in the desert of life. Should news ever reach us that some one of this group have gone before, be sure the rest will drop a tear over the memory of the deceased, and a prayer for the afflicted friends.

Miss Daland we can no longer address you by the title of overseer, but we can still call you by the dearer name of friend; and we hope that we may soon have the pleasure of welcoming you back to our circle—if time should permit; if not, may we all meet again where partings are unknown."

Miss Daland replied—Miss SYMONDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—This to me is an unexpected surprise, and I thank you sincerely, but it would be useless to attempt anything of a speech after such an elaborate address as I have received, but something at least is due to you for the interest you have taken in my welfare. We have indeed been a happy band, no harsh words have passed between us to mar our happiness. Most of you know my history, my life has indeed been checked, but as I am about to begin life anew, I hope for a brighter future; but if it should be dark, there will at least be two bright spots of sunshine that will light me on my way. I thank you for the alacrity with which you have ever acceded to my wishes, and I would now add in regard to the one who is about to fill the place which I have vacated, that much will depend on you, whether her task is happy or otherwise. She is about to fill a responsible station, and one of constant annoyance, she has my best wishes for her success, but with you lies whether it will be pleasant, but if you manifest the same willingness to accede to her wishes that you have to mine, she will succeed most nobly. Accept once more my most sincere thanks."

For a few moments all was silent, and tearful eyes told too plainly that sincere hearts accompanied the gift, but as usual in such cases, sounds of merriment soon resounded through the house. In the course of half an hour a dessert of Mazens was served after which the company quietly retired.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

UNION LEAGUE.—This organization held its first public meeting in their hall on Thursday evening of last week, and were addressed by Charles W. Slack, Esq., of Boston. His subject was the origin and object of the Union League, and the duty of every loyal citizen to become connected with it. In commencing, he gave a glowing description of the triumphal entry of Gen. Burnside and his brave army into East Tennessee, bearing the proud emblem of our nationality. It was in that portion of our country where loyal men had suffered so much, that the Union League had its origin. In deserted houses, in mountain fastnesses and in secret places these loyal hearts met together and swore that they would be faithful to the dear old flag. From this, it spread into Ohio, Kentucky and Illinois, until now every State in the Union, that is any way loyal, has its council fires burning. The result of this organization, we see in the late elections. Scores of men heretofore voting the Democratic Ticket, went up boldly to the polls and voted the Republican or Union Ticket.

The object of the organization is simply and solely, the unconditional support of the Government and the Administration, in this its hour of trial.

Reference was made to the Democratic Convention at Worcester in September last and the position there taken, as only a sample of the opposition which the Government has to contend with.

Mr. Slack went on to show what had been done under the present National Administration, for the benefit of the country, and from it deduced reasons why he should give our unqualified support to it. He spoke for about an hour to an audience which filled the hall, in an eloquent manner.

It is proposed by the Council here, on every other week to have the evening of meeting devoted to debates, essays on lectures,

and open to the public to a limited extent! As we have no Lyceum meetings this winter to exhibit our native talent, the opportunity which will be afforded to speak and to hear, will doubtless be improved to the mutual benefit of those concerned.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—Mr. Allen F. Boon, has been chosen to fill the vacancy in the School Committee caused by the resignation of Dr. Chandler.

SUICIDE.—Last Monday afternoon about five o'clock, a woman living near the Mystic Station on the railroad upon the borders of the river, observed a man walk deliberately down to the water, take off his hat, and with the remark, "This is the way to Boston," step directly into the water which at this place is some ten or twelve feet deep! Before assistance could be obtained and the body taken out, life was extinct. The same man was, during the afternoon in the Depot, and acted so strangely that the person having the care of the depot and residing in the house connected with it, became frightened and sent to the village for an officer, but unfortunately no one was near at hand to respond, and soon after he was led to make way with himself. His great desire seemed to be for water, and his incoherent talk, indicated that he was laboring under a temporary fit of insanity. Coroner White of Medford was summoned, who held an inquest on the body on Tuesday morning, which resulted in a verdict in accordance with the facts stated.

Upon his person was a small vial containing valerian and ether put up by J. G. Wilbur of Boston. Mr. Wilbur states that he sold the medicine to a man who was accompanied by a female, but did not know them. The man was about thirty years of age, and evidently a foreigner.

IDENTIFIED.—The unknown man who committed suicide by drowning was Mr. Broadbent, an Englishman, residing in Boston, where he leaves a wife and child in destitute circumstances.

DEBATE.—The meeting of the League on Tuesday evening next will partake of the character of a Town Meeting, in which matters of grave import will doubtless be discussed. Admission will be by tickets, to be obtained of the members. EXCELSIOR.

A CARD.—Mrs. Harry Goodell returns her thanks to Engine Co. 1 and 3, and especially to her neighbors, for their prompt and successful endeavors in arresting the fire which broke out in her house last week. She also wishes to say, in order to counteract reports abroad, that no goods of any kind were stolen.

Woburn, November 18, 1863.

## Special Notices.

## GEOLOGICAL LECTURES.

PROF. W. D. GUNNING,  
Will deliver a course of  
**SIX LECTURES ON GEOLOGY,**  
in Lyceum Hall, Woburn.

The Lectures will be illustrated by a series of the

## FINEST PAINTINGS,

representing the condition of the earth at successive epochs; its extinct animals and plants; enormous saurians, wide-spreading marshes and fern and moss forests, coral reefs, glaciers, &c. The Paintings are by Macaulay, one of the first artists in the country.

The lectures will be delivered on the following evenings:  
Monday Evening, November 23d, 7 o'clock.  
Tuesday " 24th, " 7 1/2  
Wednesday " 25th, " 7 1/2  
Thursday " 26th, " 7 1/2  
Friday " 27th, " 7 1/2  
Saturday " 28th, " 7 1/2

1st LECTURE.—Methods of examining the crust of the earth and reading its history. Earliest condition of the Earth. Epoch of chemical and mechanical forces. Lifeless world.

2d LECTURE.—Vital Forces. The first tenants of the earth. Monuments they have left of their activity. First forms in which life was manifested prophetic.

3d LECTURE.—Period of enormous vegetation. Formation of Coal. First beginnings of animals—how they "prophecy" of their living kindred.

4th LECTURE.—The reign of Reptiles. Lizards, tritons, &c. The reign of Mammals. The long summer.

5th LECTURE.—The long winter. Glaciers. Geology of Woburn and vicinity.

The lecture on Monday evening next will be in the LECTURE ROOM of the CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, as Lyceum Hall is occupied on that evening. It will be FREE.

Tickets for the Course, 75 cents.  
Single Evening, 15 cents.  
Doors open at 6 o'clock. Lecture will commence at 7 o'clock.  
Woburn, Nov. 20, 1863.

## WARREN ACADEMY.

The winter term of this institution will commence on Monday, November 30th, 1863, under the charge of D.



**WM. H. CLARKE,**  
Organist and Musical Director of the First Congregational Church, Woburn, Mass.  
**Teacher of Piano and Vocal Music.**  
Terms per Quarter, \$15.  
Office—Rear entrance of the Church, (Up Stairs).  
Hours for pupils, from 8 to 12 A. M., and from 1 to 6 P. M., daily, except Thursdays.  
New and Warranted Piano for sale, from \$100 and upwards, according to compass and style of finish. *care-free*

**WATER.**  
**Iodine Water**  
Is the most important discovery of modern chemistry, and it is impossible to over-estimate its influence as a remedial agent. Iodine has been considered the most useful article in *Materia Medica*, and many of the most scientific and practical chemists and physicians have investigated its effects upon the human system. It is pronounced to act upon the

**LIVER, KIDNEYS,**  
**DIGESTIVE ORGANS AND GLANDULAR SYSTEM.**  
And to have great control over the **SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.**  
Notwithstanding the zeal and ability which have been devoted to its investigation, it remained almost unused, until Dr. H. A. Clark, a physician and chemist of this city, after years of patient labor and experiment, discovered a chemical process by which iodine can be dissolved in water.

**PURE IODINE IN PURE WATER**  
without a solvent. This, considered impossible by the scientific world, is now available to the public for the cure of Scrofula in all its manifold forms, Consumption, Cancer, Heart Liver and Kidney Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Dyspepsia, and diseases arising from specific causes, &c.

**AS A TONIC,**  
its operations are evinced by strengthening the digestive organs and increasing the appetite. It imparts increased nutrition of the body is the result of the employment of Iodine. The patient recovers flesh, strength and color, hitherto pale, relaxed and feeble, he becomes full, strong and robust.  
Full directions accompany each bottle.  
TESTIMONIALS MAY BE SEEN AT OUR OFFICE.  
Price \$1 per bottle. \$5 per half dozen.  
Sold by druggists and sent by express on receipt of price.  
All consultations free.

**DR. H. A. CLARK & CO.,**  
Physicians and Chemists,  
No. 46 Broadway, New York.

**WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD**

To produce a preparation so eminently harmless, so generally approved, and so perfect in its operation as

**"CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE."**  
It corrects the injurious effects of the hair, and operates instantaneously, does not stain the skin, and its use is not

**COUNTERFEITS OF NATURE.**  
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.  
Price \$1.50 and \$3 per box, according to size.  
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.  
Is invaluable with hair, as it imparts the most softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the hair.  
Price 50 cts., \$1 and \$2 per bottle, according to size.

**Died.**

**AMES**, in Woburn, Nov. 12th, Clarence E. Ames, aged 10 years, 1 mo., 27 days.  
**ROONEY**, in Woburn, Nov. 13th, Ann Rooney, aged 5 years, 5 mo., 16 days.  
**EVANS**, in Woburn, Nov. 18th, Mrs. Samuel Evans, 91 yrs., 2 mos., 6 days.  
**COWLEY**, in South Reading, Nov. 17th, Widow Elizabeth H. Cowley, aged 83 yrs.  
**CARTER**, in Woburn, Nov. 13th, Mrs. Phoebe B. Carter, aged 47 yrs. (Corrected).  
**TAKE**, in Woburn, Nov. 8th, Mrs. Mary E. True, aged 33 yrs., 3 mos. (Corrected).

**WOBURN VILLAGE LODGE, No. 100, INCORPORATED AS WOBURN LODGE.**

**TOWN MEETING.**  
The Citizens of Woburn are requested to meet at the

**TOWN HALL,**  
On Monday Evening, Nov. 23rd,  
at 7 o'clock, to see what measures they will take to aid the Selectmen in

Recruiting the Quota of the Town,

under the last call of the President for three hundred thousand men.

By order of the Board of Selectmen,  
A. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.  
Woburn, Nov. 20th, 1863.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
MIDDLESEX, SS.

**Assignee's Notice.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Assignee of the estate of

**PATRICK CALAN, of Woburn.**  
In said County, Trade Insolvent Debtor, and the second meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtor will be held at the Court of Insolvency, at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the Thirtieth day of January next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims.

**HORACE COLLAMORE, Assignee.**  
Woburn, Nov. 21st, 1863.

**SHERIFF'S SALE!**  
MIDDLESEX, SS.

BY virtue of an execution which issued on a judgment in favor of Mary W. Bacon, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Executrix, of the last will and testament of Oliver Bacon, deceased, at the term of the Superior Court, for the County of Middlesex, holden at Lowell, in said County, on the first Monday of September last, to wit: On the fifth day of October, A. D. 1863, I have taken all the right in equity which George W. Bacon, of Winchester, in said County of Middlesex, had on the fourth day of March, A. D. 1863, when the same was attached and returned, and now has to redeem the following described Mortgage Real Estate, situated in Winchester, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing about eighteen thousand and square feet, and is bounded Southwesterly by Church street, there measuring ninety feet, being the same premises conveyed to George W. Bacon by two deeds of warranty, dated May 8, 1855, and recorded with (South) Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book 706, page 430. The said premises were given by John W. Shapley, dated May 25, 1855, and recorded as above, Book 714, page 460.

And on Saturday, the twelfth day of December next, at four o'clock, P. M., at my office in Woburn, No. 7, Wade Block, I shall offer for sale at PUBLIC AUCTION, said right in equity of redemption to satisfy said execution, and all costs and charges of sale.

**HORACE COLLAMORE,** Deputy Sheriff.  
Woburn, Nov. 10th, 1863.

**Old Brand Windsor Soap—Genuine**  
On hand and for sale by

**W. C. BRIGHAM.**

**MRS. WM. P. WYMAN,**  
**Makes and Repairs Furs,**  
Sturgis street,  
SOUTH-WEST SIDE OF ACADEMY HULL,  
Woburn, November 20th, 1863.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
MIDDLESEX, SS.

**In Insolvency.**  
NOTICE is hereby given, that the Hon. William A. Richardson, Judge of the Court of Insolvency, in and for the County of Middlesex, has issued a warrant against the estate of

**JAMES PARKER, of Woburn.**  
In said County of Middlesex, Carrier, insolvent debtor, and the payment of any debt, and the delivery of any property belonging to said insolvent debtor, to him or for his use, at the transfer of any property by him are hereby enjoined by law.

A meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtor, to prove their claims and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at the Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the Ninth day of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

**HORACE COLLAMORE,** Deputy Sheriff, Messenger.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
MIDDLESEX, SS.

**PROBATE COURT.**  
To the Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of JOHN E. LAWRENCE, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by John Cummings, Jr., of said Woburn, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor thereof named; You are hereby cited to appear at said Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said John Cummings, Jr., is hereby directed to cause the reading of said will to be done in open Court on a day to be named by said Court, and to cause this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the "Middlesex Journal," printed at Woburn, to be published to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this Tenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

**J. H. TYLER, Register.**

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
MIDDLESEX, SS.

**PROBATE COURT.**  
To the Next of Kin, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the estate of MANNING W. SELLAN, late of South Reading, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to George H. Sweetser, of South Reading, in the County of Middlesex; You are hereby cited to appear at said Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the Second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said Sweetser is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the "Middlesex Journal," printed at Woburn, to be published to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this Tenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

**J. H. TYLER, Register.**

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
MIDDLESEX, SS.

**PROBATE COURT.**  
To all parties interested in the will of the Real Estate of DANIEL CUMMINGS, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased, intestate: GREENING.

WHEREAS, DANIEL CUMMINGS, of Lexington, in the County of Middlesex, has presented to said Court, for Probate, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, and praying that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor thereof named; You are hereby cited to appear at said Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the FOURTH TUESDAY of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said Cummings is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each person interested who can be found within the state, fourteen days at least before said Court, and if any one cannot be found, by also publishing the same in the MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, a newspaper printed at Woburn, once in each week for three weeks at least before said Court.

Witness WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this Tenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

**J. H. TYLER, Register.**

**JAMES EUSTIS,**  
**AUCTIONEER,**  
South Reading.

**SAPONIFIER,**  
**OR CONCENTRATED LYE.**  
**FAMILY SOAP-MAKER.**  
**ECONOMY! ECONOMY!!**

**EVERY FAMILY** can make its OWN SOAP from WASTE KITCHEN GREASE at a COST of only FOUR CENTS per pound with saponifier, which has three times the strength of Potash.

Full Directions accompany each one pound box.

**To Tanners.**  
The attention of Tanners is called to the Saponifier for making a superior article of Soft Soap, or Lye, at a great saving of expense and time over the old method of using Potash. Parties who are using it, pronounce it superior to any other soap they have been able to obtain for the purpose.

The genuine Saponifier is only put up in 1-lb. cans by the

**PENNSYLVANIA SALT MANUFACTURING COMPANY,**  
Patentees and sole manufacturers.

Beware of Counterfeits! Be sure you buy the right can!

For sale by CHARLES TOPPAN, 16 Blackstone street, and MERRILL BROTHERS, 215 State Street, Boston. Also, by Druggists and Grocers generally.

For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM, Druggist and Apothecary.

**H. HARRIMAN,**  
**HARNES AND COLLAR MANUFACTURER.**  
Corner of Oakley Court and Main Street, (opposite the Court House), Woburn, Mass.

Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices.

**Repairing neatly done.**

**HARRIS JOHNSON,**  
**LICENSED AUCTIONEER,**  
WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to promptly on reasonable terms.

**NOTICE.**  
THE undersigned respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has procured a superior Sewing Machine and is prepared to execute on the most favorable terms, all kinds of

**Family Sewing.**  
either at her residence or at the residence of others and kindly solicits their patronage.

**SUSAN M. SWANEY,**  
Railroad street, Woburn.

**Old Brand Windsor Soap—Genuine**  
On hand and for sale by

**W. C. BRIGHAM.**

**MILLINERY GOODS!**  
**Fall and Winter Styles, 1863.**

**MRS. M. E. FIELD,**  
GRATEFUL for the liberal patronage she has received since her removal to New Bank Block, would respectfully announce that she has just received a large and carefully selected stock of goods suitable for

**Fall and Winter Wear,**  
consisting of the latest styles of Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Plumes, etc.

She has also added to her previous assortment of Yarns, Worsteds, Hosiery, Gloves, Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, of various qualities and prices, all of which she offers at the lowest cash prices.

**Cloak MAKING**  
promptly attended to. Also, PINKING done to order.

**MOURNING BONNETS**  
Ready made, constantly on hand, and made to order at the shortest notice.

**MRS. M. E. FIELD,**  
New Bank Building, Woburn Centre.

**Nichols' Sulphite of Lime,**  
For preserving Cider, on hand and for sale by

**W. C. BRIGHAM.**

**COAL! COAL!!**  
THE subscriber will have for sale, next week, a Cargo of

**NUT COAL,**  
WHICH HE WILL SELL AT

**One Dollar Less per Ton,**  
than any other kind. This Coal is equal in quality to any the market, and is as profitable for consumption.

**JOS. B. McDONALD,**  
Woburn, Oct. 23d, 1863.

**PRICES OF**  
**LADIES' CLOAKS**

**OUR NEW SALESROOM,**  
**NOS. 90 AND 92 TREMONT STREET,**  
Opposite the Tremont House, Boston,

\$6.50, \$7, \$7.50, \$8, \$8.50, \$9, \$9.50, \$10.50, \$11.50, \$12 to \$13.

**WE INVITE ALL TO**  
**EXAMINE THESE GARMENTS,**  
as we feel confident they are far

**Below Regular Prices.**

**CUSHMAN & BROOKS,**  
JOBBER AND RETAILERS,  
**CLOAKS AND SHAWLS.**

**Killiknick! Killiknick!!**  
Just received and for sale by

**W. C. BRIGHAM.**

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Painful Menstruation;

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Suppression of their Courses;

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Irregularities;

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Profuse Discharges;

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Ulcerated Uterus;

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Chlorosis, or Green sickness;

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER**  
From Leucorrhoea, or Whites;

**FEMALES WHO SUFFER FROM ALL**  
**THESE COMPLAINTS, INCIDENT TO**  
**THE SEX, whether resulting from Indiscretion, Habits of Dissipation, or in the "Critical Age," or "Turn of Life," will find a**

**REMEDY in the**  
**FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL**  
PREPARED AT THE

**NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT.**  
It is a new or secret Compound, but has been used for upwards of twenty years by a large proportion of the most liberal and respectable of the Reformed Practice of Medicine.

Indisposition to Exertion, Wakefulness, Unpleasantness, Depression of Spirits, Trembling, Loss of Power, Pain in the Back, Abundant Clots and Flushing of Heart,

Drugging Sensation at the Lower Part of the Body, Headache, Languor, Aching along the Thighs, Intolerance of Light and Sound, Pale Countenance,

Derangement of the Stomach & Bowels, Difficult Breathing, Hysteria, &c., &c.

Dr. W. C. GEORGE, 3 Fremont Place, Boston, says:

"I have used the FEMALE STRENGTHENING CORDIAL in my practice for many years; and I regard it as one of the best Medicines for Female Complaints that can be found."

Dr. J. KINS, Author of "Woman: Her Diseases and their Treatment," says:

"This Medicine appears to exert a specific influence on the Uterus. It is a valuable agent in all derangements of the Female Reproductive Organs."

Dr. E. SMITH, President of the New York Association of Botanic Physicians, says:

"No female, if in delicate health, should omit the timely use of this valuable Cordial."

Price per Bottle, Fifty Cents.  
5 Bottles for Two Dollars.

Prepared and sold at the well known establishment, THE NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT,

Geo. H. Sweet, M. D.—Proprietor,  
106 HANOVER STREET,  
BOSTON, MASS.

The Cordial is for sale in Woburn, at MRS. FIELD'S Millinery Store,

**WILLIAM WINN,**  
**LICENSED AUCTIONEER,**  
BURLINGTON, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms.

Orders left at the Journal office will receive prompt attention.

For Store Doors, Lanterns, &c., constantly for sale at 21 Union street, Boston, by G. H. RUGGLES.

**Jaques' Extract Pond Lily,**  
Just received and for sale by

**W. C. BRIGHAM.**

**NOTICE.**  
WM. C. BRIGHAM begs leave to inform the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has purchased the stock and good will of the Drug Store formerly occupied by H. W. CONAST.

After an experience of some five years in the various departments of the Drug business, he offers his services to the people of Woburn as an Apothecary. It is his desire to conduct a business devoted strictly to the interest, and establish a reputation for his store of the highest respectability.

A competent Druggist, a general assortment of reliable drugs and medicines are indispensable in every large town.

Seizable of the responsibility resting upon him, and desirous to accommodate all to the best of his ability, he hopes with strict attention to business to secure a share of the public confidence and patronage.

It is his privilege to offer the following references:

Rev. Dr. S. K. Lathrop, Chestnut st., Boston.  
Dr. John Ware, 57 Tremont st., Boston.  
Dr. John Homan, 11 Arlington st., Boston.  
Surgeon Gen. W. J. Dale, State House, Boston.  
Theodore Metcalf, 39 Tremont street, Boston.  
Weeks & Potter, 120 Washington st., Boston.  
Dr. T. W. Fisher, Medway.

**WM. C. BRIGHAM,**  
(Successor to B. W. Conant.)

**DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,**  
No. 5 Wade Block, Main St.,

This day offers for sale a large assortment of American and Foreign

**Drugs and Medicines,**  
Chemicals, Choice Tobacco, Flavoring Extes, Choice Cigars, Fancy Articles, Meerschaum Pipes, Toilet do. Brier-Root Pipes.

The best selection of goods to be found in this city.

**Call and Satisfy Yourselves.**  
All goods warranted as represented.

The stock also embraces a large and complete assortment of

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. XIII: No. 9.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

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## The House of Mourning—The Gate of Heaven.

A SERMON  
Preached in the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Oct. 4, 1863,  
By REV. DANIEL MARCH.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the heart of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart."—Eccles. vii. 2.

Among the ancient Hebrews, the house of mourning was always the scene of lamentation and great woe. The surviving members of the family, from whom one had been taken away by death, tore their garments, plucked out their hair, covered themselves with sackcloth and ashes, and sat upon the ground. For successive days they neither washed nor dressed themselves, but, on the contrary, they sought in every way to defile their countenance, to disfigure their persons, and to exhibit every appearance of wretchedness and utter despair. All the ordinary pursuits of life were given up. None but the coarsest food was taken, and it was called significantly "bread of affliction and water of affliction;" and when touched by the mourners, it was considered unclean to all other persons. Hired mourners were employed to lift up their voices in weeping and wailing, and thus to increase the wretchedness of those who mourned from real sorrow of heart.

The inspired author of Ecclesiastes must have had this custom of his own people in mind when he said that it is good for the living to go to the house of mourning. They would there see what the end of all men, and its solemn lessons would be impressed upon their hearts by every expression of anguish and sorrow. Nowhere else could the vanity of all earthly pursuits and pleasures be seen more clearly. Under no other circumstances could the healthful and the strong be made to feel more deeply the need of something more lasting than earthly hopes upon which to depend.

And yet the house of mourning is not always nor necessarily the scene of wailing and of hopeless sorrow. It is in the still chamber of death that the living can sometimes best learn the reality, the glory, and the blessedness of an eternal life. The calm and patient suffering, the cheerful and triumphant hope with which the disciple of Jesus meets the last enemy, can take away the horror of death, and make the house of mourning the gateway of heaven.

On this subject, of such vital and personal interest to us all, I do not need to speak from theory, or from supposed examples. More than once have I witnessed the triumph of the believing soul in conflict with the last and greatest foe. Many times have I seen the house of mourning illumined with the radiance of a heavenly day. Give me leave to forego the use of argument, and grant me your most friendly and indulgent attention, while I conduct you to one such scene, which to me is all a vivid and present reality.

Go with me to a quiet house, and an upper chamber in the midst of the great and crowded city. It is a summer afternoon, and the current of life flows through all the busy streets, as if there were no such thing as death or sorrow in the world. And yet to the members of the one family, gathered in that silent and sacred chamber, it seems as if death had become a continual presence. For there, in the midst of the sorrowing group, upon a bed round which all are gathered with fearful anxiety, lies the eldest child, and the only daughter, the object of their common solicitude and affection, exhausted with weariness and pain, and in hourly expectation of departure upon that journey from which there is no return. Ten long and suffering years has disease been preying upon that frail and delicate frame; and now, at last, the conquest is complete, and the chastened spirit is just about to surrender the citadel of life into the destroyer's hand. The days of weariness and the nights of pain are all past, and the exhausted sufferer, after a ten years' conflict with an unconquerable and an unrelenting foe, must yield at last. For so long a time it has been the pleasure and the study of every member of the family to minister to the wants of the helpless one. But now she must meet the last and the great conflict alone. And when the shadow of death has passed over the face of that only daughter, and her wasted form has been carried away to its final rest, the sorrowing parents will return to their home and find it desolate. The absence of one who occupied so many of their thoughts, while she was with them, will seem to them to be written upon the walls, and uttered in the echoes of the empty house.

Morning, evening, and at noon, the prayer, the blessing, the common board, the slightest occurrences of the household will remind them of the departed one. In the silent watches of the night they will wake and listen for a voice that has passed away from the earth forever. The young brothers, who had learned the habit of gentleness and kindness by ministering to their sister's wants, must go on without a sister's voice to cheer them in the hard journey of life, or to help them in the cultivation of the gentler graces of manhood.

All this is known and felt by every member of that family, and yet there is light in that household. Amid deep sorrow, there is peace and hope in every heart. For the victory over death is already gained. The cloud of affliction is radiant with the bow of promise, and the pathway to the tomb is illumined

with the light of the heavenly city to which it leads. The slowly sinking sufferer is delighted and surprised with the abundance of peace which fills her own heart. She has trusted in Jesus and found him a present and an all-sufficient Saviour in her utmost need. She can talk of death as departure upon a long-desired and delightful journey. She can wait for the last heavenly messenger, as for the coming of a heavenly messenger to conduct her safely to a better home, where "there shall be no more pain," and "sorrow and sighing shall flee away." She can give directions for the completion of the last handiwork on which her feeble fingers wrought for the benefit of the wounded and the dying, that some poor soldier's heart may be gladdened with the words of life through her gift when she is gone. As the last hour draws near she says, "Father, pray with me once more—just once more; and say for me, Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." And now that she has heard the blessed words of Jesus, "In my Father's house are many mansions," and she exclaims, "House—home—Father—it is enough. Oh! will it not be glorious to be there, and with Jesus forever!" God has given her many friends, and among the tokens of their affection and sympathy, have been many gifts of flowers, adorned with a beauty surpassing the robes of kings, and coming with the incense of love and gratitude to the chamber of the poor invalid through the long years of pain and sorrow. And these frail glories of the garden and of the field have taught her so much of divine goodness and of human kindness, that she has loved to think of immortal flowers blooming in the paradise above. And now, when earth and heaven are mingling in her vision and her thoughts, she says, "Mother, oh! how beautiful, beautiful the flowers which I see, and so many everywhere!" She has taken especial delight in the sacred hymns, and the passages of the Holy Word, which speak of the harps and the voices of heaven united in everlasting song. And now, when the gates of the golden city are just about to open upon her enraptured vision, she waves her feeble hand as if in unison with the strains of celestial music, and she says: "What is it that I hear that sounds so, so?" still keeping the time of the strain that herself only can hear. Again she gently whispers the prayer, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," and her voice ceases forever. Her countenance is changed, but it has nothing of the appalling and ghastly hue of death. She looks as if gazing upon scenes of surpassing beauty, or listening to strains of the sweetest music. And so gradually the light fades from her closing eye, at the going down of the sun; and when the midnight hour comes, she breathes out her life so gently, that watchers by her bedside can scarcely tell the moment when life ceases or death begins.

Such is the house of mourning when irradiated by the light of Christian hope, and comforted by the exceeding grace of Christian promise. And shall that bereaved and afflicted family give themselves over to lamentation and utter despair, because one of their number has exchanged a prison-house of pain and of sorrow for a crown of life and an eternal mansion? When those parents have carried the mortal remains of their only daughter, far away to repose in earth already consecrated by the ashes of the beloved and blessed dead; when they have seen her laid down to her last sleep at the sunset hour, beneath the shade of overhanging oaks and amid the voices of parents and children singing hymns of triumph and of trust in Jesus, shall they come back to their home, feeling that God has forsaken them, and that henceforth a dark shadow has settled down upon all the paths of life for them?

No! no! The house of mourning has other and better lessons for those who have seen it illumined with the light of hope, and who are willing to lay its precious instructions to heart. The chamber where the disciple Jesus dies; the home, the daily life that bring the departed believer most constantly to mind; the change which comes over the household and the family, by the departure of one of their number from earth to heaven, speak with many voices to cheer, to strengthen, and to guide the living in the same path to glory and to God. Permit me to repeat, for your encouragement and instruction, some of the precious lessons which I myself have learned, while my own household has been made the scene of affliction and death.

I. The house of mourning has taught me more clearly and satisfactorily than I had learned it elsewhere, the infinite preciousness and sufficiency of a hope in Jesus Christ. The confidence of the physician in the efficacy of his own remedies, is put to the severe test, when he relies upon them for recovery himself, or when he employs them for the recovery of those of his own household, who are dearest to his own heart. I have long been recommending to my fellow-men, what I have claimed to be the only infallible antidote against the pains and the terrors of death. I have been, for many years, laboring to convince others that the Physician of souls alone can heal them of the dreadful disease of sin, and that He alone can make the pathway to the tomb safe and inviting for sinners to tread. And now that the destroyer's hand has been lifted up against my own household, I rejoice that the departing one found an all-sufficient and satisfying support, by leaning upon the hand of Him, in whom alone I had

urged others to trust, in the hour of their greatest need. I had been to the very brink of the river of death, endeavoring to sustain the feeble step of one, who, by much suffering and affliction, had won the larger place in the interests and affections of the family, and especially in the parents' heart. And I rejoiced to receive the assurance from the lips of the faint and helpless pilgrim, that a mightier arm than mine was lending its support, and that a voice, sweeter than the tongues of men and angels, was speaking peace and pardon all the way.

And what comfort could it afford an afflicted parent's heart, to remember that a child had died amid all the splendors of princely state, compared with having the assurance that the lost one has gained the kingdom and the crown of eternal life? I cannot tell you, my friends, how much it has confirmed and settled my previous faith in the great and precious promises of the gospel, that I have seen those promises, sufficient and all-satisfying, in the actual and awful crisis of death: to one whose hope and whose fears I knew so well, and whose death, if it had not been in peace, would have haunted me with visions and voices of horror all the rest of my life. When my own last hour shall come, I ask for myself no richer grace, no better promise than that which has already made the chamber of death in my own house seem to me the gate of heaven. When I am called to stand by the bedside of the sick and the dying, I shall only testify of what I have seen; I shall only tell what God's all-wise providence has written anew in gratitude upon my own heart, when I say—"Trust in Christ, and death shall lose all its terror, and the fear of dying shall be swallowed up in the hope of eternal life." When I preach the gospel of the great salvation, though I should be unable to frame arguments, or to command language worthy of the glorious theme, still I can say, from the most satisfying, experimental convictions of my own heart,—"The valley of death is not dark to those who enter it looking unto Jesus for light and salvation. The loss of the world, and of life itself; the surrender of the dearest objects of human affection, can all be cheerfully borne by one who looks to heaven for a home, and to the eternal Father's house for rest, and who counts its fullness of joy to be with Christ forever."

And let me ask you all, oldest and youngest, is there any danger of trusting in Christ too soon or too much, when he can enable a feeble and suffering child to meet the king of terrors without fear? Will it not be worth more to you than all riches, to possess a hope which can enable you to meet the awful realities of death and eternity without dread or alarm? The worn and exhausted disciple of Jesus, after a ten years' conflict with pain and disease and death, could say with heartfelt gratitude—"How good has the Lord been to me, and how great the mercy which sent this chastisement upon me." The poor child whom everybody pried, thought that her affliction had taught her the true happiness of life, and she feared that, without it, she would have found less to enjoy, and nothing to hope for. Will not the same trust in Christ as the portion of the soul, be worth as much to you who are now in the full possession of health, and who have the best reasons to hope for long-continued life? And when you have drained the cup of earthly joy to the bitter dregs of pain and sorrow, and you too must die, will not the Christian's hope be infinitely precious to you?

I said I had been down to the very brink of the river of death. I have stood upon the dark shore, while the sole daughter of my house and heart was putting forth upon the cold flood. I have listened to see if there should come back any cry of alarm from one who trusted in Jesus for guidance. But I heard none. The forms that seemed dark and terrible to me, were robed in light, and were singing their welcome from the other shore, to one from whose eye the approaching glories of heaven had already taken away the veil and the darkness of earth. The fragrance of immortal flowers, and the music of golden harps, were wafted over the river of death, to make the passage easy and inviting to the ransomed of the Lord.

But while from that near and awful vision of death I could gather new hopes and better promises for all who trust in Jesus, I could not hear a whisper, I could not discover a single intimation that there is hope for any others. I have learned nothing from the house of mourning, nothing from the glories dawning on the vision of the dying Christian, which can afford any of you comfort or security, so long as you are destitute of living, practical, obedient faith in Christ. I have learned nothing while endeavoring to cheer the dark hours of sickness and of pain; I could catch no gleam from the eye, no whisper from the lip of the dying; I have heard no voice speaking in the vacancy of my own stricken home; there has been no word sent back from the blessed dead, which could encourage any of you to rest your hopes for eternity upon anything else than the one great sacrifice for sin completed in the death of Christ on the cross.

And is there a heart that cannot be drawn in love and gratitude towards a Saviour who freely gave himself to death for us all? Can any doubt the accuracy of the statements, or the conclusiveness of the reasoning which derives the only hope for man from the shame and the glory of the cross? Are any waiting for additional argument to convince them

that nothing else than a reliance upon Christ will sustain the soul in the hour of its departure to the other world? If it be so, you mistake the case altogether. It does not demand reasoning or delay. It is all an experimental question, and it can be decided easily, satisfactorily, and at once. There is no denying the fact that the believer in Jesus dies in peace. And he can most earnestly recommend the hope by which he is sustained to all others with his dying breath. But you cannot find the first instance of a person, just about to enter the eternal world, saying solemnly, tenderly, and with tears of gratitude and of love to his dearest friends around his dying bed, "I have found something better than Christ to rely upon; you, who love me, and watch over me with so much kindness, while I am sinking into the grave, do not need to become Christians, in order to die in peace. Live honestly, do justice, be kind and generous in your dispositions, and you need have no fear of death."

No! I have never found, you will never find the first instance of a person addressing such words to his dearest friends upon the bed of death, and at the same time showing that he speaks from the promptings of love, and with the full possession of peace in his own heart. And yet there are many, in the fullness of life and of hope, living just as if they had no need of Christ; putting far off the day of preparation for death, and thus pursuing a course which will be most likely to end in making no preparation at all. There are many who do not see how they can be in danger of utter ruin at last, if they lead the lives of good citizens, kind neighbors, faithful friends, supporters of the outward ordinances of religion, though never professing or cherishing a personal faith in Christ for the forgiveness of sins.

To all such I must say, with very great plainness and solemnity, that the bed of death, the open grave, and the near approach of judgment and eternity, declare, as with ten thousand voices, that man needs a mighty Helper, a divine Advocate, when he goes to appear before the final Judge; and that none of all the dead are blessed save those that sleep in Jesus. I may not be able to argue down all the objections that have been urged by ingenious skepticism. I cannot, in all respects, defend the conduct or the character of those who profess to believe in Jesus. But I stand before you, to-day, as one who has been called to look the awful realities of death and eternity in the face. And I only take up and repeat the lessons that have been taught me in the chamber of death, from the open grave, and from lips that are now sealed forever, when I say, There is peace and blessedness for those who sleep in Jesus. But for the worldling, who clings to his worldliness; for the doubting, who makes objections and difficulties to excuse himself from the discharge of duty; for the caviling and self-righteous, who are more quick to discover the imperfections of God's people than to confess their own; for the careless who sleep on in the guilty slumber of indifference while God's spirit strives, and the graye stands open, and the judgment hour is hastening on—for all who persist in such a course there is no sufficient consolation in affliction, no compensation for the loss of the world, no victory over death, no prevailing Advocate to plead their cause in the day of final trial.

This is not, indeed, a new or a strange declaration to those who have heard the gospel from their youth. But to me, as I utter it to-day, it is made more clear and impressive by the vivid remembrance of the scenes through which I have been called to pass since I last met you here in the house of God. I do not now undertake to enforce this word of life by weightier arguments than usual, or even by argument at all. I only commend the divine message to your hearts by the sorrowful and the joyous experiences of a heart that is just like your own. In all frankness, I tell you what has given me consolation and hope in the house of mourning, that I may the better urge you to seek the same consolation, and rely upon the same hope when the shadow of death darkens your own home. I am only repeating the lessons which God's merciful and afflictive providence has taught me, when I entreat and implore you all, again and again, to seek a personal interest in Christ as the only source of consolation amid all the afflictions and sufferings of life, and the only support in death. And I am the more earnest in delivering this charge, because I am speaking to those who sympathized with me most deeply when the afflicting hand of God had touched me.

II. There are many other lessons for the living to learn in the house of mourning. I have only time to dwell briefly upon one more. It is there that we can best see the utter vanity of all earthly interests, pursuits, and pleasures, except so far as they are made the means of preparing for the unseen and eternal world. Life is the only tenure by which we hold any form of earthly good; and yet our life is but as a vapor, which appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.

All the most costly and beautiful instrumentalities of earthly pleasure; all the fond hopes of advancement to the lofty seats of fame and power among men, are turned to dust and ashes by the slightest touch from the cold finger of death. The skill of the physician can sometimes do much to arrest the progress, or to allay the violence of disease. The kindness and the sympathy of friends

may greatly alleviate the hours of pain and sorrow. But when death comes in earnest to complete his work, physician and friends can only stand aside and see the triumph of the destroyer, without the power to stay his hand. Would you see the utter transitoriness of all earthly pleasures and possessions? Would you be made to feel the utter folly of all worldly and selfish schemes, desires, and hopes? Go to the house of mourning. Look upon the silent face of the dead, while the known and loved lineaments of life blend with the pale and rigid aspect of death. Let that cold and still countenance teach you the vanity of all earthly things, and the infinitely superior claims of the life to come. Let that silent preacher in the shroud show you that the world and all that it contains is less than nothing, and vanity in comparison with the soul's inheritance of endless glory and immortality. And even if you are unwilling to seek that instruction, it will come to you at last, however little you may expect or desire it. God, in his own time, will send the solemn preacher, death, to all of your homes. He will speak to you from the calm, cold countenance of the dead. And, if you will be still and attentive, you will seem to hear the silent sleeper in the shroud say to you: "Look on me, and behold what your selves will soon become. What the world and all that it contains is to me now, it will soon be to you. Then whose will all those things be which you are pursuing with passionate eagerness, and upon the attainment of which you stake your hopes and your happiness? Consider that nothing is more certain than death; and that preparation for its coming should, therefore, have the first place in every plan of action which you adopt, every pleasure which you seek, every pursuit in which you engage. And if the inevitable coming of death be not provided for, what will be the end of all your earthly schemes; and what will all your worldly possessions and pleasures procure for you at last save desolation and despair? Oh! then suffer not the world, with its vain promises and its unsatisfying joys, to usurp the full possession of your hearts. Be not disappointed if its ever-vanishing good clouds the grasp of your hand. Be not elated if you are borne high upon the swelling tide of success. For death will lay all equally low at last. And if you have no hope beyond the grave, you are already poor, and all the riches and joys of the earth cannot make you satisfied or happy."

Such are the solemn and affectionate admonitions addressed to us all from the silent face of the dead, when we go to the house of mourning. And shall any one refuse to give attention to these admonitions till God's afflicting hand is laid on him? Shall any of those who dwell on God has already sent the silent preacher, death, remain as deeply and passionately absorbed in the pursuits and pleasures of the world as ever before? Shall the presence of the dead in their own household, and the grave opening to receive the objects of their love, fail to teach them how frail a thing is life, and how impossible it is for the world to satisfy or to save the soul?

Nay, rather, though the living preacher's voice should be utterly disregarded, let no one refuse to give attention when God speaks to him from the silent lips of the dead. Whenever we are called to consider the solemn lessons of the house of mourning, and our own continual liability to the visitation of death in our own homes, let us ask ourselves, with renewed earnestness, for what purpose we are living, and with what feelings we can review the course which we are now pursuing, from the borders of the grave and from the judgment-seat of Christ. Frail and dying creatures, as we all are, let us never be content with any other hope than that which shall remain sure and steadfast in the fearful hour when God shall take away the soul. I do not utter these words of warning to awaken an unnatural or an unnecessary fear. No one can fail to have felt the need of such a hope, to enable him to bear the burdens of life, and to sustain and comfort him in the hour of death. No one can be so ignorant of the restless desires and deep necessities of his own heart, as not to know that all the wide world, with its riches and pleasures, can never heal the wounded conscience, never take away the terror of death, never give peace to the soul. Think it not intrusion, then; deem it not an unbecoming urgency, if once more, with all my heart, I beseech and implore you all to put your trust, for life and for death, in that mighty and merciful Saviour, whom I have seen so evidently and so tenderly in my own house, smoothing the pillow of death, brightening the pathway of the tomb, unveiling the glories and the joys of heaven, to invite and to sustain the departing soul.

The best shots among the English rifle-men are said to be blue-eyed men, from which it is inferred that blue eyes are superior to black eyes in practical usefulness as well as in moral qualities. Blue-eyed people will hold up their heads accordingly!

SUN PROMISE AND MOON PERFORMANCE.—A henpecked husband writes:—"Before marriage, I fancied wedded life would be all sunshine; but afterward I found out that it was all moonshine."

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## Letter from the Rangers.

CAMP NEAR LICKING RUN,  
VA., Nov. 13th, 1863.

DEAR JOURNAL.—The Army of the Potomac has again made a move, and the base of operations once more is on the Rapidan. Brilliant victories were won on the Rappahannock, the enemy actually waiting for an engagement, but otherwise he fled and sought his defenses.

The duty of the First Army Corps has been, and is, to guard the O. & A. R. R. As soon as the main army pushed forward this Corps, or rather the 1st and 2d Divisions, followed up the rear. It was Saturday morning we left Catlett's Station, the 39th led the two divisions, and at about dark we bivouacked near Morrisville. While on the road during the afternoon we saw the Woburn boys, Childs and Phillips, of the Mass. 1st Reg't.

The roads were in a dusty condition and the fallen leaves and dead grass very dry. We frequently saw whole acres of such burning, while once during the afternoon was brought to a stand still on account of the dense smoke in the forest. The next morning (Sunday) we marched by way of the White Oak Church to Kelly's Ford. We made considerable of a stop at the church, which contained the wounded of the late fight near the river, both our own men and the enemy. At 11 o'clock A. M. the pontoon was crossed and we proceeded to Brandy Station. The 3d and 6th Corps were in close proximity to us and there we saw the boys of the 16th Mass. We stopped at that place till the following afternoon at four o'clock, when we were ordered to strike tents, and soon we found ourselves on the road—not forward but to the rear. After eight hours of rapid marching—we were hindered for a while in crossing the river—we brought up at this place, encamped in the woods, and it is hinted around among those who don't know anything about it, that we shall finally make this our winter quarters.

Perhaps it would be well to say a word about the march from Brandy. The road was good as far as the Rappahannock, but from here till we stopped for good at 12 P. M., upon the swelling tide of success. For death will lay all equally low at last. And if you have no hope beyond the grave, you are already poor, and all the riches and joys of the earth cannot make you satisfied or happy."

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of the Potomac till the 16th. I was misinformed when I made the statement in my last that he had gone.

The Corps Quartermaster has established his office at Culpepper, and everything indicates that we shall soon follow on his tracks, Southward.

The letters sent by Lieut. Wyman, which, were in his valise arrived Sunday night. The Lieutenant's baggage was miscarried, consequently the delay.

No boxes have as yet arrived for the 1st Corps. They will probably get along as soon as we are ready to move, and don't want them.

We have heard in camp that friends at home had read of the 1st Corps being in the fight at Rappahannock Station. Not yet, our time has not come; wait, and when fortune favors us we shall be put in the front. I suppose enlistments go on rapidly at home now that so liberal inducements are offered. Those who are patriotic cannot say there is not a good opportunity to show it. Those who seek the "dash," cannot say there is not enough in store for them. There is now a fine opportunity for young men to sacrifice homes for a while and take the soldier's life, and do what they can towards aiding the government, in overthrowing the now weak backed rebellion. Men are wanted, men must be had. If volunteers cannot be obtained then let a draft be made, which will set no man aside for a crooked toe, or a deformed finger nail, but force any and all into the army, and there will be work for them to do.

A REGIMENT OF WOODSMEN.—The Dayton (Ohio) Journal says: "To the boys of Miami City across the river, belongs the credit of first conceiving and carrying out the idea of organizing into companies for the purpose of sawing wood for soldiers' families in this vicinity. Two companies were formed there, and thereupon the boys on this side of the river began operations in good earnest; the four hundred cords of wood brought in here for the soldiers' families by the loyal people of Old Montgomery, on the 7th instant, giving them an extensive opening for operations. Since last Monday, the 9th instant, all over the city the nights have resounded with the screeching of saws, the clatter of axes, and the cheering of boys at their work of preparing wood for the families of soldiers in every part of the city. Our readers at a distance must understand that these youngsters are not half grown men, but boys from six to fifteen years of age. Not old enough to battle for their country, they are doing the next best thing they can—making those as comfortable as possible whom the soldiers in the field have left at home."

STATISTICS OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.—The Richmond Enquirer of the 11th inst. arrays in statistical form the amount of shot and shell poured upon Fort Sumter. The following are its figures:

Since the bombardment of Sumter commenced (on the 17th of August) up to Thursday last, 15,583 shots had been fired at it, of which 12,302 struck. Of the garrison twenty-seven have been killed, and sixty-nine wounded. The flag during the same time has been cut down thirty-four times. The average weight of shot being 200 pounds, the weight of iron was 3,116,000 pounds, or 115,439 pounds of iron to each man killed, 30,370 pounds of iron to each casualty. If the charges of powder averaged fifteen pounds, we have 233,745 pounds of powder used, or 8637 pounds of powder to each man killed, and 2434 pounds of powder to each casualty. Sumter, in ruins, laughs at her enemy, who still fear to pass her battered walls. Charleston will have a valuable iron mine in the ruins of Sumter, and even now, when iron is scarce, and sells high, industry, at very little risk, might make a fortune.

The Richmond correspondent of the London Times, dating September 22, says the streets of that city swarm with horse thieves, burglars, and money-grabbing Hebrews, and occasionally garrulous. This correspondent was just on the point of setting out for East Tennessee, when, leaving his horse a moment, he returned to find him gone.

INVENTION TO PREVENT RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—One of the Philadelphia city railway companies has placed an apparatus on their cars, which it is expected will prevent many accidents. The invention consists of a tender placed in front of the wheels, and brought down close to the rails. A strong spring allows the machine to pass over a permanent obstruction, but any movable thing is at once pushed off or along the rail in front of the car. Experiments have demonstrated that a foot or hand placed on the rail is at once pushed aside without stopping the car and without injury to the person. This machine will also remove snow and other obstructions which may impede travel or throw cars from the track.

THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—A Washington letter to the New York Post says: "The government has determined that no further exchange of prisoners shall take place until the rebel authorities will agree to an exchange without reservation. Colored soldiers and officers who command them, now in rebel hands, or at least captured by the rebels, must be accounted for."



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS:—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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One square (14 lines this type) one insertion	\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion	.75
Half square (seven lines), one insertion	.50
Each subsequent insertion	.35
One square one year	10.00
One square six months	6.00
One square three months	4.00
Half square one year	6.00
Half square six months	4.00
Half square three months	3.00
Less than half a square charged as a square; more than half a square charged as a square; more	
Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.	

SPECIAL NOTICES, headed, 12 cents per line for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.

All advertisements, not inserted until ordered out and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

South Reading.—DR. J. MANSFIELD.  
Stonham.—E. T. WHITTIER.  
Winchester.—J. H. HAYES.  
Reading.—L. E. GLEASON.

S. M. PETERGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Boston; and J. H. HAYES, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1863.

Our readers will not be slow, in noticing the diminished proportions of the *Journal* this week. The cause is obvious—"Thanksgiving." By this day week we will be all right again, and our readers may expect to see a full sheet. New England's festive day comes but once a year, and must be taken advantage of, even if at the public expense. We hope that the many patrons of the *Journal* enjoyed themselves fully. Perhaps some did not as much as others, but all did more or less. Where vacant seats existed thoughts travelled afar off, maybe to Southern battle-fields, where many a brave son of New England has given up his life, his all, to re-unite the country in love and peace; but even here visions of duty done nobly, went far to assuage the grief which otherwise might have been unbearable. We all have something to be thankful for; no lot is so barren of comforts, as to give cause for ungratefulness. Even in this calamitous war we have reason to return thanks for our many great privileges, as we possess everything that is necessary for our well-being; which is not always the case with nations engaged in war. The people of New England will pass through this war and know nothing of its horrors, when compared to other sections of the country, which have been shaken and devastated by the tread of armed hosts. Truly we have very much to be grateful for; and would have even if giant famine stared us in the face, and we were spared the destructive sweep of marshalled armies.

**CITIZENS' MEETING.**—A meeting of citizens was held in the Town Hall, on Monday evening, to take measures to assist the Selectmen in raising the quota of the Town. The meeting was called to order by John Cum-Cummings, Jr., subsequently acted as Chairman, and the matter of enlistments was discussed. All present seemed to be impressed with the necessity of immediate action. The meeting appointed a committee of fifteen to assist the Selectmen. The Committee consists of the following persons:—

A. J. Parker, W. B. Harris, S. O. Pollard, Charles Choate, Joseph Kendall, Eli Jones, J. B. Winn, Moses C. Bean, Horace Conn, John Johnson, W. T. Grammer, Charles Tidd, Moses F. Winn, Leonard Thompson, Geo. M. Champney.

**PRESENTATION.**—At the close of the examination of the Centre Grammar School, on Wednesday forenoon, the scholars presented their principal, Mr. S. G. Cowdrey, who then closed his connection with that school, with sixteen volumes of the "British Poets," and a beautiful black walnut inkstand. Mr. Cowdrey was extremely surprised at this action of his scholars, and thanked them in fitting terms for their kindness. The relations existing between Mr. Cowdrey and the children under his charge, during the short time he has been with them, have been of the most cordial and satisfactory kind, and very many parents as well as children, feel deep regret that he has found it his duty to remove from among us. In his new sphere all will wish him the best of success.

On Wednesday evening the scholars had a social gathering at their school-house for the purpose of taking a final leave of their teacher, and spending a short time in sociality and mirth. At eight o'clock a fine supper was spread, which gave the best of satisfaction. At a reasonable hour the company departed, highly delighted with the manner in which everything had passed off.

**WAR MEETING.**—A meeting of the citizens of Woburn, will be held in Lyceum Hall, this (Saturday) evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, to aid in raising the quota of our town. Hon. D. W. Gooch, of Melrose, and C. C. Woodman, Esq. of Woburn, will address the meeting.

**APPOINTMENTS.**—We are informed that Mr. Currier, of Fitchburg, has been appointed Principal of the Centre Grammar School, in place of S. G. Cowdrey, resigned.

**GEOLOGY.**—Prof. Gunning's first lecture on Geology, which has been so often postponed, on account of the weather, and also on the professor's desire not to interfere with matters of a local nature, was given in Lyceum Hall, last evening, to a good audience. We hope to see the remaining lectures of the course fully attended, as Prof. Gunning is eminently qualified to speak learnedly and interestingly upon his subject. In Winchester he has been very successful, as will be seen by referring to the matter under our Winchester head.

The second lecture by Prof. Gunning, will be given on Tuesday evening next, in Lyceum Hall, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Tickets for the course of six lectures, 75 cents; single tickets, 15 cents. High School students will be admitted for half price.

**VIEW OF HORN POND AND ENVIRONS OF BOSTON.**—Copies of this picture can be secured at the Woburn Bookstore. It is as handsome a parlor ornament, both from its local interest and merits as an engraving, as can be procured by our people. The key which accompanies it is quite valuable, as it points out over fifty objects of interest on the picture. We invite those who have not secured copies, to do so at once.

**SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.**—The examination of the different schools in town have been brought to a close, and have given general satisfaction. The High and Centre Grammar Schools were especially satisfactory to both the Committee and visitors.

**COMMISSIONED.**—First Lieutenant Horace H. Warren, of South Reading, late of Co. E, 50th Mass. Regiment, has been commissioned First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 50th Mass. Regt. (Veterans). His commission is dated Nov. 19th, 1863.

**Asst. Surgeon S. W. Abbott,** of the Catskill, now before Charleston, is at home.

**For the Middlesex Journal.**  
The Middlesex East Medical Society held its regular meeting, on Wednesday of last week, at the house of Dr. Hodgdon, in West Cambridge. Although not so large in numbers as usual, it was nevertheless one of much interest and profit. Members from other societies were present and added much to its life and earnestness. The medical subjects discussed were of great practical utility and the results most beneficial. The *Hygienic* discussion was especially agreeable, continuing not less than an hour and elicited in a high degree the social and the amiable qualities of the participants. Altogether the meeting was one to be remembered. **PARTICIPERS.**

**"LIVERY SERVANTS" IN NEW-YORK.**—THE SUNDAY TIMES SAYS, SPECIALLY:—In the Central Park, the other day, we counted forty carriages driven by servants in livery. Twenty-five years ago, it would have been difficult to find—setting aside the attendants of livery ministers—half that number of livery servants in the United States. Every year we see more and more the rarest and splendours of the European aristocracy. We shall soon have as much gold leaf on our gingerbread as they. It seems to us, that some thirty years ago, such beings as "plain republicans" existed. Where are they now?

The late William L. Marcy, when Secretary of State, issued a manifest against putting court suits on the backs of American ambassadors. Since then, we have got into courtly ways at home. Tinsel, trumpery, and etiquette reign supreme at the seat of government. Look at the quarters of some of our new first families. The panels of their carriages display coats of arms that you would hardly know from some of those that date from the days of the Crusades. To be sure, if you have studied heraldry, the blazoning of some of the escutcheons strikes you as contrary to the rule of arms. We have seen one or two that looked as if they had been executed by Rouge Sanglier, the mock pursuivant sent by William de la Marek to Charles of Burgundy, whose ignorance of his art was exposed by the duke's herald, Toinson d'Or. But the colors were vivid and the varnish new and shiny, and nobody—save the nobody who is answerable for this paragraph—noticed the mistake. We are getting along finely. By and by we shall have lords and ladies, perhaps. Nay, perhaps something higher—who knows?

**A QUAKER MARRIAGE.**—The Newport News in announcing the marriage of Joseph Brington and Mary H. Howland, says the ceremony was performed according to the manner of the Society of Friends. The meeting appointed for the occasion, by the Committee, was a public one, though appointed in a private house. The neighbors generally were present, and a number of invited friends. After the session of one hour and a half of spoken, during which there was not a word spoken, the bride and bridegroom took each other by the hand, and the bridegroom said that before these witnesses and after the manner of Friends he took Mary H. Howland to be his lawful wife, until death should separate them. The bride also went through the like formula in taking her husband. The ceremony as performed among the Friends is very simple, but at the same time, it is very impressive and solemn. After the marriage all those present signed their names to the certificate. This part of the ceremony about Friends is very strenuous and particular.

**IF An Irishman** being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my soul, I don't know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

**TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO REENLIST.**—Secretary Stanton will issue furloughs for thirty days, to squads, companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, or corps, that will reenlist for three years or the war. This will enable our brave soldiers to visit their families, besides placing in their possession the large bounties which have been liberally offered.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

**LECTURES.**—It does not often happen that we have so many lectures as during last week. Many of our people improved the opportunity to hear Rev. Dr. Stone, at Woburn, on Thursday evening, while others who would have liked to attend the former, yet preferred to go to Lyceum Hall in our own town, to hear the first lecture of a course on Geology, by Prof. Gunning. The second lecture was delivered on the next evening, and the third on Tuesday evening of this week. As the same lectures are in process of delivery in Woburn it is hardly necessary more than to refer to them, and advise all who can to go and hear them. The professor is a pleasant speaker, and his style of handling the subject, makes it quite interesting and devoid of that dryness which is apt to invest the ideas of writers or lecturers on this subject. Last Friday, Prof. Gunning accompanied the teachers and pupils of the High School to Horn Pond Mountain and pointed out and explained to them the different species of rock there. Last Sabbath evening the professor gave a lecture in the Cong. Church showing the harmony existing between the Bible and the revelations of Geology. It was exceedingly interesting and profitable, and was listened to by a large audience. Our citizens may congratulate themselves on having favored with these lectures, so well calculated to improve our knowledge of this important subject, and it is to be hoped that they will show by a liberal patronage of the remaining lectures, that they appreciate the efforts of this gentleman in this respect.

**WAR MEETINGS.**—Last Saturday evening, our citizens were summoned to the lower Lyceum Hall, to hear the report of the Committee appointed by the Town, to devise ways and means for raising our quota of the volunteers called for by the President. J. F. Stone, Esq., was Chairman, and reported, in behalf of the Committee, that they had started a subscription paper to raise funds for an additional bounty, upon which they had obtained some \$600. It was thought that the men could be obtained if a liberal bounty was paid, and as there was a difference of opinion as to the course to be pursued it was deemed best to await the further action of the citizens. Hon. O. R. Clark made a brief statement of the facts in regard to the raising of the volunteers, and urged immediate action to raise the necessary funds. A Committee was appointed to go around among the audience and solicit subscriptions.—The result of their efforts was some \$500. A Committee consisting of Messrs F. H. Johnson, Asa Fletcher, and W. Quimby, were appointed to canvass the town for further subscriptions.

Last Monday evening, a rousing War Meeting was held in the same hall. Thomas P. Ayer was chosen Chairman, and E. A. Wadleigh, Secy. From the report of the canvassing Committee, it appeared that about \$2500 dollars had been obtained. Hon. O. R. Clark made an earnest appeal that more money should be forthcoming that evening.

[Our correspondent here furnishes us with a report of the remarks made by each speaker, but as his communication did not come to hand until Friday morning, and also on account of the small space at our command this week, we are compelled to omit it.] **En. Jour.**

The meeting was a great success and indicated in no unmistakable terms the feeling of our citizens upon this important matter, and their desire that our proportion of the 300,000 volunteers should be promptly furnished. The speakers were all of the right stamp and stirred up the patriotic fire. Now let our young men come forward and enroll their names among the defenders of their country, and go forth to the perils of the camp and the battlefield with the blessing and prayers of their fellow townsmen, to do their duty whatever else betide.

**UNION LEAGUE.**—On account of the lectures on Geology occurring on Tuesday evenings, the public meeting of the League this week was omitted.

**RECRUITING.**—Since writing the above, I learn that the number of volunteers required from our town (17) have been obtained and mustered into service. So that our quota is full. This will relieve many anxious minds in regard to a draft.

**POSTPONED.**—The lecture on Geology from Tuesday evening to Monday evening next, on account of the weather. Quite a number went to the hall supposing the lecture would come off as announced, but found that somebody had advised the postponement. Query—whether this was right?

**EXPOSITION.**

**WARREN ACADEMY.**  
The winter term of this institution will commence on Monday, November 30th, 1863, under the charge of D. W. Sanborn, A. M., as Principal.

BENJAMIN CUTLER, Secy.

Woburn, Nov. 26, 1863.

WM. H. CLARKE,

Organist and Musical Director of the First Congregational Church, Woburn, Mass.

**Teacher of Piano and Vocal Music.**  
Terms per Quarter, \$15.

Office—Rear entrance of the Church, (Up Stairs).

Hours for pupils, from 8 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M.

New and Warrent Piano for sale, from \$100 and upwards, according to compass and style of finish.

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To produce a preparation so eminently harmless, so generally approved, and so perfect in its operation as

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It corrects the injurious effects of other dyes, in vigorousness the Hair, applied in a simple manner, operates instantaneously, does not stain the skin, and its effects are permanent.

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another of the series of war meetings was held at the Town Hall, which was addressed by Judge Russell of Boston and Col. Gould of the 50th Regt. The weather was very unfavorable which prevented so large an audience as there otherwise would have been. Col. Gould's address was short, but being engaged to speak at Stoneham same evening, his words were earnest and to the point. Judge Russell's remarks were able and effective. He is a very fine speaker, and carries his hearers with him. It is expected that another meeting will be held on Saturday evening of this week. Though the speakers were not engaged at the time of writing this, Notice will be given.

**Highway.**—A neighbor, with somewhat of an inquiring mind, and a constant reader of the *Journal*, proposes this question for the benefit of whom it may concern: "If two loads of gravel will make a turnpike from Reading to Woburn, how many loads will it require to fill up the mudhole on Main street at its junction with Salem street?" If the "Rules of Three and Position" should fail to solve the problem, we suggest to the surveyor a trial of the old rule of "Practice."

**RECRUITING.**—The Selectmen have procured the Library Room of the late William L. Brown, Esq., for a recruiting office. It will be open afternoons and evenings, from 2 to 9 o'clock. It is a good location and a very pleasant room, and may it be the resort of many to place their names upon the enlisting roll.

**CONCERT.**—The celebrated Peak Family Bell Ringers drew a crowded house to their Monday evening performance.

M.

**READING.**

For the Middlesex Journal.

The great and General Court concluded its business with commendable despatch, offering a generous bounty for recruits, and adjourned leaving those who have done three years' service "out in the cold." But the legislature, or one branch of it, in its great magnanimity, did pass a resolution recommending the next legislature to do justice to the old veterans. Now, gentlemen legislators, why did you not have courage and magnanimity enough yourselves to do something for those noble men who have fought many a battle, while those to whom you now offer so tempting a sum pursued their usual avocations at home? Has not the price of most articles of consumption nearly doubled since these veterans volunteered in their country's cause? Why then pass these by, taking no other action in their behalf than simply passing a resolution as above referred to? Does it not cost the families of these noble veterans about the same to maintain themselves as those for whom such ample provision has been made? Shame on such glaring injustice and neglect. I would suggest to Massachusetts soldiers, who entered the service at the commencement of the war, that they cause a leather medal to be presented to every member of the legislature recently adjourned, as an expression of their kindest regards for special favors shown them. True, leather is high in price just now, but a little sacrifice will enable them to obtain it, and considering the vast importance of full acknowledgment of great and unexpected favors, their friends at home undoubtedly would approve of this outlay. **Pro bono publico.**

A singing school has been opened by Mr. J. W. Bailey of South Reading, in Ellsworth Hall, and bids fair to be a decided success. Mr. B. is the best tenor singer with which Reading has been favored for a long time, but being a stranger his qualities as a teacher are of course to be tested.

**CONTRADICTION OF THUMB.**—Mrs. "Tom Thumb" is not—what her friends confidently expected. "Nor is Mr. Thumb what his friends confidently expected," says the Boston Post.

**Special Notices.**

**Y. M. L. A.**  
The second lecture of the present course, will be given by the Rev. Mr. WENDELL HOLMES, on Thursday evening, Dec. 3d. Sub jet—"The Wearing of Young America."

Geo. H. CONN, Secy.

Woburn, Nov. 26, 1863.

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## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs at Law, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the estate of CHARLES W. HARRIS, late of Winchester, in said County, deceased, Intestate:

WHEREAS, application has been made to a great-aunt of administration on the estate of said deceased, to A. K. F. J. of Winchester, in said County, and he has been appointed administrator, and he is hereby directed to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the FOURTH Tuesday of DECEMBER next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the said J. is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Middlesex Journal*, in Woburn, the last publication to be on the 1st day of December, before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Vol. XIII: No. 10.

## Poetry.

### Our one Life.

BY DR. BONAR.

'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief  
And sin is here.  
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—  
A dropping tear.  
We have no time to sport away the hours;  
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we—  
One, only one!  
How sacred should that one life ever be—  
That narrow span!  
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,  
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,  
No vacant dream.  
No fable of the things that never were,  
But only seem.  
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery.  
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,  
No idle tale;  
No cloud that floats along a sky of light  
On summer gale.  
They are the true realities of earth,  
Friends and companions even from our birth.

O life below! how brief, and poor, and sad!  
One heavy sigh.  
O life above! how long, how fair and glad!  
An endless joy.  
Oh! to be done with duty dying here;  
Oh! to begin the living in yonder sphere!

O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth,  
How dull your hue!  
O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth,  
Made fair and true!  
Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;  
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene!

## Select Literature.

### THE QUESTION, AND HOW TO POP IT.

"This paper is a great favorite with the men," said a friend of mine the other day. Now, this being the case, it must be exactly the vehicle I have been long seeking, through which to express my views and give my advice on the important subject of the best method of performing the useful ceremony of making a proposal of marriage, or laying hand, heart and fortune, at the feet of some "fair lady," or offering yourself, or, in plain language, popping the question.

"Aw thought you wanted me to pawp," drawled the good-hearted noodle, Captain Kenelly, to the beauty of Mr. Read's sprightly novel.

I declare, I almost believe that every man thinks of every woman. Accordingly, they should be thankful for the advice and directions of such an experienced *popper* as myself. For I am an old campaigner; for years a close student of humanity and society, and in my day I have had a score of good offers of all sorts and kinds. I might almost say of all shapes and sizes—for some were long and some were short, some were square and open, and some were long and crooked as possible. But that is neither here nor there, and is only mentioned in passing, to prove my competence for the task here undertaken.

I feel the more the great importance of my mission, that I have observed that this matter is rarely treated with the consideration it deserves.

No book has been written on the theme, no lectures delivered; it is little discussed in society, and men, instead of giving to each other the result of their experience in this line, as they would in the stock market, are prone, with gross selfishness and disregard to the interests of humanity, to maintain a profound silence in reference to their personal adventures. Yet there is, after all, some excuse for the reticence of the poor fellows on this point. Vain as the sex generally is, I think that every man is willing to acknowledge that he is but a ludicrous creature when popping the question. In that hour of female triumph, how sweet to see a great, big, stalwart, bearded fellow, whom you do really reverence in your heart of hearts, because you believe he is not afraid of anything—to see him look nervous and uncomfortable and show more flustered apprehension in the presence of one delicate girl than he would before a roaring battery in the heat of battle; to know that he dreads the flash of your harmless eyes more than the glitter of a hundred sabres, and to be sure that he would almost rather be shot down where he stands than hear you utter one short word, "No!" How he stutters and stammers! what incoherent remarks he makes, bursting out with, "Brigoli was careless last night in 'Traviata,'" or "Lovely day for the Central Park," just as you think he has almost reached the momentous point! How red in the face he grows, and what a hopeless picture of complete subjugation he presents to his serene conqueror, who is almost always able to maintain at least an outer show of calmness! That's the way it is, and ridiculous enough men are on that one occasion, if never again in their lives. I once heard of an honest fellow who, having made up his mind that his hour had come, clapped his hand over the lady's eyes and then asked, tremulously, "Will you marry me, Mary?"—thus preventing her from seeing his miserable anxiety.

As I have said, men have generally a pain-

ful consciousness of their being victims to the women this once, and I verily believe this is the real reason why so many of them abuse their wives. Whenever this happens, be sure the man made a specially absurd exhibition of himself in popping the question, and is avenging himself ever since.

After all, then, it is no wonder that no man will tell the story of his own sufferings, but each one waits for that forlorn, unmanly satisfaction of seeing the next comer put his foot in the same trap. The women don't tell, because their triumphs "would" be over. So nobody says anything about it, and that is the reason this great subject is not properly handled in print. Even the novelists, who should be able to give much valuable information in the matter, often slur it over altogether, or foist upon an abused public some silly love scene as the correct thing. One writer (who I regret to say, has, notwithstanding, attained to considerable popularity,) has gone so far as to pass over all his offers in pretty nearly a stereotyped form, as thus:

After describing the final happy hour when all the absurd misunderstandings which have embittered the lives of the hero and heroine, and excited the readers for three hundred pages, are done away with by a little common sense, which, of course, only appears at the last moment, instead of describing minutely what the lover wore and what he said, how he looked and how he behaved, has passed over that important moment, by some such form of words as, "And their mutual vows were sealed by a kiss;" or, "And opening his arms, she pillowed her head on that breast that was to be her resting-place forevermore." Can anything be more ridiculous and unjustifiable? It may be all very well to look forward to that kiss, and I fancy there are few young men who would object to "take tickets" for that part of the novelist's programme; but what are these mysterious "mutual vows?" Did they have a constable and a Bible in the front parlor or the arbor, or at the seaside, or wherever this scene happened to be? And again, under the second formula, are we to conclude that the young lady's head did, in truth, forevermore remain on the gentleman's breast, and that the two struggled through life in that sort of Siamese-twin posture? It is really melancholy to think how shamefully any novelist abuses his position by such slovenly work.

Now then for my code, which shall fill up this terrible blank in literature and the exact sciences, and insure success to all its students.

First.—As to Time, I would strongly advise the evening; in the morning women are apt to be occupied—have, probably, some sewing to do, and, perchance, are not so tastefully dressed as at a later hour of the day. Evening is the time for all sorts of amusements—love-making as well as dancing. It is a general axiom of polite society, that a kiss any time before twelve o'clock is as much out of place as a glass of champagne, or a ball-dress; by all means, then, let it be in the evening. You will be sure to find your hypothetical darling more smiling and propitious than at any other time.

Secondly, As to Place—a next important consideration. Don't let it be on the spur of the moment at any time; it is a matter that requires too much thought for that; therefore, on no account slur over so solemn an affair by slipping it in during the pauses of a play, or the *extra acts* of an opera. Nor would I advise you to attempt a proposal while out walking, especially in the city; a moonlight stroll in the country might do, but care should then be taken that you first pause, so that every consideration of seclusion and quiet be secured, and when the proper moment for taking the lady's hand, or even stealing the kiss aforesaid comes, there may be no danger of interruption or *espionnage*. But a walk under any circumstances is open to one grand objection—that, in case of a refusal, the unfortunate rejected must accompany his rejector to her home, and I leave those who can look back on such an experience to paint the awkwardness of the situation. Indeed, this same possibility of a refusal deserves always to be taken into consideration; it is the one privilege which the men—thank the stars!—have left to the women, and in love as in war, a skillful general should always provide the means of a skillful retreat in case he is defeated. In such a campaign it will not do to burn the ships and cut off all possibility of escape—here as elsewhere, better the policy of McClellan than of Hooker. For the same reason that a walk is objectionable, a ride on horseback is also out of the question, and a drive in a buggy is liable to the same fault; though, if you are sure of a favorable answer, one of those nice little wagons is a capital place, especially if you have a horse sufficiently gentle to permit you to *waltz* on arm. A trip on a railroad car is again quite out of my view, though I have heard it whispered that we have an illustrious precedent in one of our greatest generals for making a car the scene of a courtship, which in his case was as successful as has been everything else he has undertaken, when, as on this occasion, he was not interfered with.

Having now narrowed down my consideration of places by dismissing a great many as ineligible, every one who has followed me thus far, must have come to the conclusion that the choice of position is after all very limited. A ball-room is, of course, out of

the question, though an interval of promise made on the piazza or lawn between the dances may do very well; but, after all, the true place is the lady's own parlor; there you can find her alone, there you can present your case for her consideration with all the importance it merits, there if her answer is favorable, you can readily kiss—her hand; and if the answer is unfavorable, from thence you can beat your retreat speedily, and with as much grace as is possible under the circumstances. Let no scoffer lightly smile at these valuable suggestions. I have known a great deal to depend on the time and place of an offer. I once heard a sparkling belle declare that she would accept any man who offered himself to her in the arbor that stood on her lawn, on a moonlight evening, when the roses and honeysuckles were in bloom, and although, to my certain knowledge, she did in truth accept a lady in deep mourning; he would wait for signs in her costume of mitigated grief before agitating her by this important suggestion. Nor need I more than allude to the impropriety of making a proposal while you are suffering from a cold in the head, or when your lady love is similarly tried, as that might give rise to serious misunderstandings—the most emphatic "No!" becoming, perhaps, the rather equivocal sound of a "Do!"

But I need say no more on this topic; the many weighty arguments which might be adduced under the heads I have hinted, must suggest themselves to every man of feeling.

You have doubtless noticed that in all I have yet written, I have made no reference to the possibility of a proposal by letter, and this simply because I consider any such idea entirely out of the question, except under the direst necessity. It is but a cowardly way of avoiding "the scratch," on the man's part, at best, and to expect any woman of refinement to *write* a favorable answer to a man's offer, to say in awful white and black that she will actually accept him, is absurd. Nothing but the most exceptional state of the matrimonial stock market, the premium on husbands rising unusually high, would induce any lady of position to give up so much of her prerogatives as to send a man a note of acceptance. The most graceful reply I ever heard of being given in such a contingency, was that of Miss Mary Stoddard, the daughter of a reverend divine in ancient New England. She was wooed by another person, one John Mix, and having decided—for husbands were scarce in those days—to give a favorable answer, wrote as follows:—

Riv. John Mix, Fairfield, Conn.:—  
Yes.  
—MRS. STODDARD.

—This may, I think, be regarded as a model—at once short, sweet, and epigrammatic.

In conclusion, then, I have only to advise a careful attention to the rules laid down above, and I can quite confidently predict that any man adhering to them will be successful, especially if he have a due amount of pluck, which last is a most important attribute under such circumstances. Bear in mind then that "none but the brave deserve the fair," that "faint heart never won fair lady," and then, in the words of the immortal Chicken, you will be sure to "Go in and win."

To the diffident I have nothing to say, or can only give them the advice a lady once gave a bashful friend of hers, who long delayed proposing to a handsome widow. She suggested that as he dreaded the performance so much he should first take chloroform.

AN OLD CAMPAIGNER.

—N. Y. Leader.

THE JASMINE.—We are told that a duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of this pretty shrub in Europe; and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful had not love wounded him by the sparkling eyes of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry, and his poverty alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birthday of his mistress he presented her with a nosegay, and rendered the bouquet more acceptable, ornamented it with a branch of Jasmine.—The *dovera figlia*, wishing to preserve the bloom of the new flower put it into fresh earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following spring it grew, and was covered with flowers. It flourished and multiplied so much under the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her; when with a sprig of Jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and wealth on the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls to this day, preserve the remembrance of this adventure, by invariably wearing a nosegay of Jasmine on their wedding day; and they have a proverb which says a young girl worthy of wearing this nosegay, is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.

Notes and Queries.

### Never put off.

When'er a duty waits for thee,  
With sober judgment view it,  
And never idly wish it done;  
Begin at once, and do it.

For Sloth says falsely, "Bye and bye  
Is just as well to do it;"  
But present strength is surest strength;  
Begin at once, and do it.

And find not lions in the way,  
Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;  
But bravely try, and strength will come,  
For God will help thee do it.

### BY THE CAMP FIRE.

BY HOPLITE.

We were encamped among a thick growth of young oaks. It was early evening. The cold November wind went rushing through the tree tops. Their wide arms swaying and creaking in the breeze, complained loudly to the tempest. From out the darkness here and there, throughout the whole extent of the wood, glimmered huge watch-fires. The whirling wind ever now and again would catch the bright sparks and send them eddying and twirling far to leeward, until they one by one disappeared in the surrounding darkness. Each fire possessed its circle of soldiers engaged in earnest conversation, or cheerful mirth. From one fire came the sound of political discussion hot and earnest, from still farther points rolled on the evening breeze, the jovial chorus, or sentimental ballad.

Two days previously the battery had been filled to a serviceable condition, by detached men from the several regiments, comprising the 1st Brigade of the 2d Division Cavalry Corps. Among these men, was one, a German, from the 1st R. I. Cavalry. On that night, he with several others stood before the glowing fire made from huge logs of green oak, enjoying its genial warmth and listening to the progress of conversation amongst us. Gradually he himself was drawn into the current of talk and finally engrossed it entirely. The subject was the utility of worshipping the deity. He acknowledged the presence of a great first cause, and yet doubted whether prayer to that cause benefited the one praying. He contended that events would happen equally in a given order, no matter what prayers were made, therefore that prayers were useless. His knowledge of English was so imperfect that it was altogether impracticable to argue with him, with any degree of satisfaction. Yet his conversation was so pleasing that I lingered by the fire far into the night listening to him. I propose to relate a tale which I heard upon that evening, and which he told as a casual incident, closing with a question as to what he was to believe in connection with it. I can hardly hope to succeed in putting it before the readers of the JOURNAL in as pleasing a guise as it was delivered to me, for his simple and elegant, though often ungrammatical language, told his story in most attractive style. Indeed I felt an interest in it, told there by the blazing logs and usual camp accompaniments, such as I have never experienced before in the perusal of even our most successful romancers. The story is a personal experience and undoubtedly true.

I was pursuing a course of study at the University of Bonn. At different times I had met and become acquainted with an officer of the line stationed in the vicinity. Acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and in Germany friendship is something more than a term. Some necessary duty separated us and for several months we saw nothing of each other. One evening as I was sitting with my companions at our pipes and beer, my friend came hurriedly into the room, and with much agitation told me that he must see me alone. I took him to my own room and locking the door, entreated him to calm himself, and inquired the cause of his evident disturbance. His gaze seemed to be fixed upon a pair of duelling pistols which, with a student's affectation, I was accustomed to keep exposed above my mantle-shelf, and the sight seemed to affect him most unfavorably. He shivered as with ague. Growing calmer after a lapse of time, he spoke fearfully and with deep sorrow. "I know not why it is, but I must tell you the deep seated grief which I now retain gnawing at my heart. I have a very dear family, and a kind father, but, I know not why I can tell to you what I cannot tell to my own parent. I am a murderer."

"How," said I, "you a murderer! It is impossible." For he had always been with me one of the most generous and impulsive of human beings.

"It is indeed so. It happened as follows: We were playing at billiards, my friend and myself, when between us rose an altercation. I insulted him, which he as quickly returned. I challenged him to fight with pistols. We immediately repaired to the duelling-ground and after a harmless exchange of shots my adversary affirmed himself to be satisfied and that he bore no resentment. I also said that my malice was satisfied. I lied. I cherished hatred in my heart. Some days afterward my friend and myself were present at a hunt. We were posted, each at a number two. The beaters go within to start the game. The excitement of the chase we change our places. I found myself at the bottom of a deep ravine across which ran the road. I hear a rustling

upon the bank above. My former adversary appears in plain sight and alone. My former hatred surges up from the depths of my bosom. Quick as the flash of hatred which flies across my mind I raise my rifle and fire. I am a murderer."

As my friend arrived thus at the catastrophe of his sad story, he swooned quite away, and lifting him upon my bed I applied what remedies I could readily command. At length he recovered and then I attempted to soothe his excitement. I knew his excitable disposition, and feared a predisposition to insanity. I questioned him whether all this might not be some terrible hallucination. Taking from his pocket the process at law by which he was acquitted from wilful murder, I saw that he had alleged he thought his adversary to be a deer and thus had escaped the punishment of his crime, for no living witness was present. At length I was enabled to restore him to comparative calmness, and then he told me of his daily torments. Even my pistols caused him to shiver for they reminded him of his dreadful crime.

After that we became inseparable companions, brothers, in fact. Together we served three years in a western expedition, he as captain, I as private. Always we maintained our love for each other, and it made me happy to know that in the recurrence of his phrenzied fits I alone could soothe him. Our friendship "passed the love of woman."

At length returning to our native state I persuaded him to leave the service and retire to seclusion and the enjoyment of his wealth, for he was rich. Soon he became almost an inmate of my father's house. He grew to love my father and yet feared him. One day after a long talk with my father, he came to me with the old terror depicted upon his face. "Your father is a terrible man. He knows that I am not as other men are. He reads my secret. Go in to him and learn of him what I am." Complying with his wish, I went to my father and asked what he thought of the captain. "I think him a noble young man, but rather peculiar. He either has some great secret trouble, or else is somewhat crazy." My father said this and went to my friend I told him his suspicions were incorrect. Finally I quieted his terrible excitement and things went on as before.

Having occasion to go on a journey of some days, I returned two days behind my intended time. I found a letter from the captain desiring if I arrived home before seven that night to call at his lodgings. I looked up at the time-piece. It was seven and ten minutes. I rushed down the street with all speed only to learn at his lodgings that he had left for Coelen in the 7 o'clock express. I obtained a fleet horse and forced him to his utmost speed, only to arrive at the next station in season to see the rear of the train starting from view. I learned from the station master that a person which answered to the description of my friend had indeed been on the train. On the next hour's train I followed him to Coelen, where I arrived about 11 o'clock. At the Golden Fox I learned that the captain had retired to his room for the night, I requested to be shown to his room. I found the door locked and could not gain admission by the loudest knocking. Unwilling to make any disturbance and being sure of reaching him in the morning, I requested another bed, and retiring was soon asleep. At 5 o'clock in the morning I arose and going down stairs found that he had again escaped me, by taking the train at two for Coblenz. I followed as soon as steam transportation would allow. Enquiring at the different hostelrys of Coblenz I soon found the one at which he had stopped, and found that after returning from the purchase of a rapier, he had again gone out. I searched for the shop where he had bought the weapon and found that he had also bought a complete officer's outfit, even to the boots and mantle. My heart sank with dread. I wandered aimlessly about the city, stopping every now and then at the hotel to learn if he had yet returned. At length, just outside the city gates I perceived a crowd upon the walk. I shivered, for I knew well what I should see when I should approach. At length I gathered courage and at once realized my worst fears. On the pavement lay my unhappy friend. Coming through the city gates he had spread the magnificent mantle which he had just bought, broad upon the ground and shot himself through the breast. His officer's mantle was his shroud. Sadly I performed the last duties as his friend, for indeed, he was very dear to me although a murderer. He had suffered the full measure of punishment for his crimes upon earth. Can we hope it was ended with his death?

Such was the story of my German friend, and the manner as well as the place of telling ensured breathless attention. For some minutes after the conclusion of his tale, the fire crackled without a sound to mingle with its roar save the rush of the wind through the bending boughs. Each one made his own moral which was none the less useful that it was unspoken.

The relator first broke the silence by remarking, that thus evil deeds always bring accompanying punishment, but that all the theories of future reward or future punishment were but theories after all.

I did not stop to argue the question, but quietly resolved to give the story to the JOURNAL readers, for them to judge of the most obvious moral.

FAYETTEVILLE, VA., Nov. 13th, 1863.

For the Middlesex Journal.

### Retrospective Thoughts.

During a visit, in the early part of the autumn of 1861, to one of the quiet towns in New Hampshire, and while sitting at a window near the close of day, watching the setting sun as it cast its lingering light upon the varied tints which early autumn had laid upon the foliage of the forest, and sadly musing upon the scenes which had transpired since a child of twelve summers, first from my father's roof, I came to this place to do the work of a farmer boy,—I hastily pencilled upon a slip of paper, and threw it among the loose leaves in my "portfolio," the following lines which I then christened—

### THREE FLEETING DAYS OF LIFE.

Our early childhood days,  
Their "Orient" margin mark,  
Floating in golden ways,  
Light and free as the lark.  
Their zenith clear and bright,  
First reveals maturing years;  
In their pale western light  
Whitened locks of age appears.

These fleeting days of life,  
How quickly they are passed,  
Moments of joy and strife,  
In alternate shades are classed.  
Morn brings the silent tear,  
Eve its shade of deeper gloom;  
Noon reveals the shroud and bier,  
Night, darkly drapes the tomb.

These lines, which have accidentally fallen from their hiding place, and these rich suggestive tints of early autumn have induced me to arrange them for publication: They are the transcript of sad musings but truthful. To be born, to die—seems to be the sum of many lives: for no labor of rich, full completion marks them.

When I came to the place to reside, a stalwart man, in the full vigor of young manhood, was master of the domain; but love of strong drink incapacitated for diligence in business, and pecuniary embarrassment drove him from the home and the scenes of his childhood, to the far off land of gold, where he died and was buried, without a friend to shed a tear over his lonely grave.

And why should I not be sad? I thought of the hour, when I saw the lamp of life go out in the frail form of the partner of his younger and better life. And I thought of others too,—inmates of that family, who had passed to the beyond, even from the lovely babe of twelve months, up to the aged matron whose locks were whitened by the venerable age of nearly ninety years. And as I still think of these lives with but few pleasant memories, as we have to think of many lives, what better parting tribute can I pay them, as the mystic curtain of time falls between their acts and the vision of our memories, than to repeat, in soft refrains, the lines:—

"These fleeting days of life  
How quickly they are passed,  
Moments of joy and strife,  
In alternate shades are classed.  
Morn brings the silent tear,  
Eve its shade of deeper gloom;  
Noon reveals the shroud and bier,  
Night darkly drapes the tomb!"  
J. G. K.

WOBURN, MASS., NOV., 1863.

THE EYES.—Those who wish to put far off the evil day of spectacles, should accustom themselves to long views. The eye is always relieved, and sees better, if, after reading a while, we direct the sight to some far-distant object, even for a minute. Great travelers and hunters are seldom nearsighted. Humboldt at eighty-seven could read unaided. Sailors discern objects at a great distance with considerable distinctness, when a common eye sees nothing at all. One is reported to have such an acute sight, that he could tell when he was going to see an object. On one occasion, when the ship was in a sinking condition, and all were exceedingly anxious for a sight of land, he reported from the look-out that he could not exactly see the shore, but he could pretty near do it.—*Med. Journal.*

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—First, look at the color; if it is white, with a yellowish, or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with white specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests, is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the staff of life.

RICHES A BURDEN.—"And Abram was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." The Hebrew reading is, Abram was very heavy, etc. Riches are a burden. There is a burden of care in getting them, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given concerning them.

What throat is best for a singer to reach high notes with? Ans.—Sure throat.

Why is a minister like a locomotive? Ans.—We have to look out for him when the bell rings.

What did Lot do when his wife turned to salt? Ans.—He got a fresh one.

### Hints for Housewives.

Butter that is made in September and October is best for winter use. Lard should be hard and white, and that which is taken from a hog not over a year old is best.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool dry place.

To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Bread and cake should be kept in a tin box or stone jar.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar. Bar soap should be cut in small pieces and laid where it will dry.

BITTEN BY A SNAKE.—The Honolulu (Sandwich Islands) Advertiser tells the following good shark story:—

A few days ago, as some natives were fishing in a canoe off Palama, a shark came smelling around, having been attracted thither by the blood of a fish thrown into the sea. One of the fishermen coolly took him in tow. The noose working loose, the native drew the fish up to fasten the rope on tighter, when, not relishing so much familiarity, the shark snapped off his hand at the wrist and swallowed it, escaping from his captors in the confusion which followed. It is strange with what coolness the natives handle these savage fish, thinking nothing of jumping on their backs, and taking a ride through the water at locomotive speed, or at catching hold of their tails with the hands or with a rope, and having a head to tail combat with them. It's rare sport, to be sure, but rather risky.

PETRIFIED BODIES.—An Australian correspondent of an English paper writes—"In a stone creek, fifteen miles from Castlemaine, were found the bodies of three aborigines, quite whole, and not wanting in the smallest details, but which were petrified into solid marble. When I last saw them, I thought they were actually alive, until, on going closer, I noticed the eyes. They are in a sitting posture, and the veins, muscles, etc., may be distinctly traced through what is now a group of stone blocks; they are in a splendid state of preservation, even the finger-nails, teeth, etc., are as perfect as they were five hundred years ago. One of them has a stone axe by his side without any haft."

GAINING STRENGTH.—A student in one of our State colleges was charged by the Faculty with having a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President who said—

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advised me to try a little ale each day, as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where this beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed! And have you derived any benefit from it?"

"Ah? yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two weeks since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

"My son," said the elder Spriggles to Spriggles junior, thinking to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the hen species—"my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they?" said Spriggles junior, as he licked his plate: "I thought eggs came out of chickens." Thus ended the first lesson.

A lady who had read of the extensive manufacture of odometer to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they just step down to the post-office!

DIPPING INTO A BAG FOR A HUSBAND.—An interesting lottery is promised on Christmas day in London, namely, a dip into a bag, by a number of girls for the prize of one hundred pounds, to buy a husband—that is lure him with a marriage portion.

Squabbles, an old bachelor, shows his stockings, which he has just darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarks, "Pretty good for a man darning." Whereupon Squabbles, rejoins—"Good enough for a woman, darn her."

An English laborer and his wife poisoned themselves with Prussic acid, and left an explanatory epistle, saying: "We were too lovin' to live together in this world."

HARSH JUDGMENTS.—If you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself, and not of others; and, in general, begin by attending to your own deficiencies first. If every one would sweep his own wall, we should have very clean streets.

ASSURANCE AND BASHFULNESS.—Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense than assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the effect of downright stupidity.

Wrinkled purses make wrinkled faces, but fullness of the money-bags maketh broad the countenance.



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
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To ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

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Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1863.

### Dr. O. W. Holmes' Lecture.

The second lecture in the Lyceum course was delivered on Thursday evening, to a very full house, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. His subject, "The Weaning of Young America," was said to embrace four stages. The first step towards emancipation from the Mother Country was the early declaration of independent ideas in theology and religion. The second was the declaration of a distinct national independence. The third had no precise limit in respect to time, but had grown with the nation's growth in the arts and manufactures. It was industrial independence; the ability of the nation to supply its own wants. The fourth and last stage of the weaning process had been completing during the last few years. It was total emancipation of thought and ideas in literature, intellectual independence. This too was a gradual process. The styles of Irving, Cooper, and Prescott were mentioned as showing this. So that standing as a sovereign power in 1860, the youthful heir of England's throne, came to pluck the full blown blossom of American friendship. Before him appeared in proud array the blooded bayonets of the infantry, and unsundered sabres of the cavalry. Soon, too soon, was the then peaceful state of our country changed to bloody war, and in some cases, as at Ball's Bluff, defeat showed the need of a reciprocity of the friendly feeling shown to England so recently; but she gives to this nation, in her agony, zealous under the blow dealt by the ruffian and waiting for the blood to rally at the heart, the very hour of the nation's greatest need, instead of the cup of cold water, she so much desired, a sponge dipped in vinegar and gall upon the point of her spear. Though in England it was allowed that there were some true hearts, the fitting question was asked, Where in our struggle for freedom was the English church? Where Dickens? not a word to say for liberty? Where the Laureate, with his song for the noble six hundred and not a line for the nobler six hundred thousand who have fallen for their country? Where the London Times and the Hunchback's Journal? All silent or hostile—slaves to the cabal at Richmond. The speaker described the necessary course to be pursued to teach our nation, when free from this internal struggle, established on a firmer basis and prepared for a more extensive way. This could be accomplished not by cherishing a spirit of revenge toward England but by elevating our own citizens by all the means of education in our power, and more fully preparing them to govern themselves and the world. Also the little mean provincial rivalries should give place to a generous national geniality.

The lecture terminated with apt allusions and humorous comparisons for which the speaker is so noted, and was frequently applauded by the audience.

A COWARDLY AFFAIR.—A cowardly affair took place last Saturday evening, near the old Orthodox Church. A young man, George Brown, was quietly returning home, when he was set upon by two persons and severely beaten. The only cause given for the proceeding was, that he would not become a member of the Curriers' Association recently formed in this town for the purpose of securing a higher scale of prices, and that he persisted in working for Mr. John Cummings, Jr., who has not agreed to pay the prices demanded by the association. We are willing to believe the act above chronicled does not meet the approbation of the association for they must be aware that brute force will never secure for them the object they have at heart. A man can be persuaded into giving where he cannot be driven. We trust that we will not again be called upon to publish such an affair as that just related.

WARREN ACADEMY.—The Winter Term at Warren Academy commenced on Monday. About forty students are in attendance. This speaks much for popularity of this time-honored institution, and we hope its prosperity will increase rather than diminish.

WAR MEETINGS.—At a meeting held in Lyceum Hall, last Saturday eve, Capt. W. T. Grammer presiding, Major J. W. McDonald was chosen President, and B. M. Dennett, Sec. After a few remarks by the president, C. C. Woodman, Esq., was introduced, and addressed the meeting for an hour and a half in his usual happy manner, and was repeatedly applauded. Many happy allusions were made to the deeds of our army, and the victories of Vicksburg and Gettysburg and the rapidly approaching fall of Chattanooga. After an appeal to the citizens to come forward, Mr. Henry G. Weston signed the roll, and the meeting adjourned to meet on Wednesday evening, at 7½ o'clock.

On Wednesday evening a meeting was held in Lyceum Hall, which was called to order at 8 o'clock, by the president, Maj. J. W. McDonald, of the 11th Mass. Regt., who introduced Col. J. P. Gould, of the 69th Mass. Regt. 1st Vet. Col. G. addressed the meeting for an hour and a quarter, giving a synopsis of the different movements of the army of the Potomac. Gen. Banks and Gen. Pope were given their just amount of praise and Gen. Fitz John Porter the just indignation belonging to a man who will desert his post and his country in an hour of need. He closed with an earnest appeal to the men of Woburn to do their whole duty in a manly manner. Rev. Mr. Squire of Franklin, was then introduced, who, in his usual manner, both humorous and sarcastic, presented the appeal in his inimitable style, which was not as successful as last year, as the meeting did not present a very favorable aspect for recruiting. Col. Gould made the offer, that the first man who would enlist in the 69th should have a Sergeant's warrant, which was responded to by Henry Howard.

AN EXCELLENT MOVE.—A number of our storekeepers, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column, have agreed to close their places of business, during the winter months, at six o'clock, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. This is a good arrangement, and will benefit a large number of persons. We hope to see more of our business men entering into the same engagement, if not so early an hour, at seven or half-past. "All work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy."

QUOTA OF WOBURN.—Up to the time of going to press, the following named persons have enlisted as part of the quota of Woburn:—R. M. Dennett, Henry G. Weston, James Fitzgerald, Augustus W. Newbury, James Howard, George H. Cahill, Wm. Bradley Erwin. The work goes steadily on, and it is hoped that the very liberal bounties offered will induce enough of our citizens to enlist to fill the demand upon the town.

THE WOBURN BRASS BAND commenced another series of Social Assemblies at Lyceum Hall, last evening, which will continue as long as the public are pleased to bestow the necessary patronage. Their next public rehearsal will take place on Tuesday evening. These promenade have become very popular with the people, both old and young, and we predict a full house on this occasion.

WALTHAM FREE PRESS.—We have received the first and second numbers of a weekly paper bearing this title, published at Waltham, by Mr. George Phinney. It bears a neat typographical appearance and shows unmistakably that ability and care are exercised in its management. We wish the Press a long life and a prosperous one.

GEOLOGY.—Prof. Gunning's lecture on Geology, on Tuesday evening, received but very poor patronage from our citizens. It was well worthy of a full house, being exceedingly interesting and instructive. Five lectures remain to be delivered, which will be given in Warren Academy, on (this) Saturday evening, and on Monday and Friday evenings, of next week and the week following. Tickets for the remainder of the course can be had at the Woburn Bookstore, at fifty cents each.

ENROLLMENT LIST.—Lists, containing the names of those persons in Woburn, of both classes, liable to draft, can be found at the Post-office and at A. E. Thompson's store. Such persons can appear at Lawrence on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of December, for the purpose of undergoing examination.

BOOK-BINDING.—Old books and magazines are bound in a neat and substantial form at the Woburn Bookstore. Persons having books or magazines which they want bound are invited to leave them at the above place.

ALLOTMENT MONEY.—About two thousand dollars, the amount allotted, by Co. K, 39th Regt., of their pay for the months of September and October, were distributed by our Town Treasurer this week.

LAST SABBATH, Rev. Dr. Stebbins resigned the pastoral care of the Unitarian Society of this town. His connection with the Society ceased at that time.

HARRINGTON NEXT FRIDAY.—By reference to advertisement it will be seen that the arrival of Ventriquoist, Harrington, is to make his first visit to us for some years, and also the farewell one. At this day it seems superfluous to write his praises, as nearly every one is acquainted with his merits and identifies him as the only genuine ventriquoist before the public, while his exhibition has always maintained the charm of skill and refinement, and by that means been countenanced and patronized by all, who were conscious that, while taking their families, it was a treat for young and old, and possessed not an objectionable feature. Let the attendance on Friday next prove a tribute to his proficiency and reputation, and for "aud lang syne" give him a warm welcome.

WOBURN SOLDIERS.—Below we give the names of Woburn Soldiers who are sick or stationed in Hospitals as attendants, as far as we know:

Capt. John L. Richardson, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., sick at Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, D. C. Corp. T. Marvin Parker, do, sick in Carver Hospital, Washington. Private George H. Dennett, do, sick at Fairfax Seminary Hospital, Alexandria, Va. Private Chas. Scott, do, sick at Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, Va. Private J. Webster Colcord, Invalid Corps, Cliffburn Barracks, Washington, D. C. Private E. B. Penney, Co. F, 22d Mass. Regt., at Convalescent Camp, near Ft. Barnard, Va. Private Chas. R. Dale, Co. G, 12th Mass. Regt., at U. S. General Hospital, Ward 6, Camden St., Baltimore, Md. Orderly Sergeant Alexander G. Weir, Co. I, 1st Mass. Heavy Artillery, (late 14th Mass. Regt.), sick at General Hospital, Annapolis, Md. Corp. F. L. Bryant, Co. F, 22d Mass. Regt., Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, D. C. Private James Doolley, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., Ward 17, Carver Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Mr. William Flaherty, of this town, who enlisted as substitute some time ago, is in Co. G, 12th Mass. Regiment.

Mr. Henry Wendell, of this town, who also enlisted as substitute, has been assigned to Co. E, 10th New Hampshire Regiment.

PROMOTIONS.—Second Lieutenant Jas. W. Cook, of Reading, of the 2d Mass. Regiment, has been promoted to First Lieutenant, vice Patterson promoted. His commission is dated Sept. 13, 1863. Second Lieutenant Hiram P. Marston, of the 33d Mass. Regt., of Stoneham, has been promoted to First Lieutenant, vice Mudge killed in battle. His commission bears date Nov. 1, 1863.

Among late promotions in the Union Guard, Corporal George W. Cobbett of Woburn, was promoted to Sergeant, vice Nason transferred to the Invalid Corps. Herbert F. Washburn, of Middleborough, to be Corporal, and W. W. Osborn, of So. Boston, do.

WOUNDED.—We notice among the list of wounded in the Mass. Regiments, the name of Corp. P. M. Rogers, of Stoneham, Co. E, 16th Mass. Regt. He was wounded in the head and breast, in the action of last Saturday.

FETTERED.—Private Freeman E. Colby, of this town, Co. K, 39th Mass. Regt., who has been sick in the Carver hospital, Washington, arrived home Tuesday, on a furlough of forty days.

Private Noah Edgcomb, of this town, of the 27th Company, 2d Battalion, Invalid Corps, late of Co. K, 39th Mass. Regiment, arrived home last Monday, on a furlough of fifteen days.

Dr. S. Watson Drew has been appointed Examining Surgeon for Woburn.

A SOUTHERN CHAMPION FOR THE LILLIPUT BELT.—A friend hands us a late copy of the Richmond Examiner, from which we copy the following:—On Sunday there arrived, and registered, at the Linwood House Major T. T. Vorhies, of Dover, Tennessee, who has been forced from a comfortable home and property in that State by the inroads of the Yankees. Major Vorhies is thirty-five years of age, twenty-eight inches high, and weighs thirty-two pounds.

Thus he is two inches shorter than the Yankee champion, Tom Thumb, who is thirty inches high, and who, at twenty-seven years of age, weighed exactly twenty-eight pounds. About twelve years ago Major Vorhies traveled with Yankee Tom through a good many States of the late Union on a joint exhibition tour. The Major, it is said, regrets the association now, as he is a strong Southern man, every inch of him.

Now, that there is a Lilliputian champion for each warring section, North and South, and ours the lesser, would it not exhibit wisdom in both Governments to stay the onslaught of colliding armies, and save seas of blood, by launching into the arena their chosen champions, in the pigmy persons of Major Vorhies and General Tom Thumb, and then and there decide, by single combat, as the Romans did, the destiny of nations. We throw up our Arkansas toothpick for the Major. He has never been petted and pampered like the General and says he has been training a long time for a Yankee of his size.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—To three pints of warm water add a dessert-spoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, and stir in middlelings (coarse flour) to the consistency of thick batter; let it stand over night, and if a little sour in the morning, add a little soda dissolved in warm water, and bake as you would any other pancakes. They are a nice healthy dish for breakfast.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT'S TOBACCO AT RICHMOND TO BE TAKEN AWAY.—It is expected that a fleet of transports under escort of a French corvette will shortly appear in the James river to take on board between 5000 and 10,000 heads of tobacco belonging to the French government, which was bought and paid for prior to the 4th of March, 1861. This is the tobacco which has been the subject of so much diplomatic correspondence between France and the United States. The recent visit of the French Minister to Richmond is supposed to lead to do with the matter.

According to the Montreal papers the case of Mr. Giddings, United States Consul General, will come before the Courts for a hearing Dec. 17. The action is brought by W. J. L. Redpath for \$20,000 damages, for his alleged part in kidnapping the plaintiff, who was arrested at Montreal on suspicion that he was a participant in the New York riots, and taken across the line without recourse to the provisions of the International Treaty.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle age, that life's last business is commenced in earnest.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

#### Education of Infants.

The New York Medical Times, has, in a late number, an article on the above subject, of much force and practical value, from which the following is an extract:—

"During the past week a child about four years old, died suddenly in a public school, under the following circumstances, as narrated in the public prints. It is the habit of the teachers of that school to detain after hours such of the pupils as may have been deficient in their lessons during the day. Upon the occasion in question, the deceased, with twelve other children, was kept in. Deceased seemed to take the punishment very seriously and asked her teacher to let her go. The teacher noticing her agitation, kindly told her that she might go as soon as she was able to spell correctly the word 'hedge.' This appeared to appease her and she went to her seat. Soon, however, it was observed that the child threw her head back and was gasping for breath. The teacher took her in her arms and did all she could to relieve her, but after three or four spasms she expired."

We have in this case a sad but instructive commentary upon the evils of the American educational system. A child but four years old is found in school, and is required not only to perform a given mental task, but is also subjected to the rigid discipline of the school. Overcome by fear or grief, she falls into a syncope from which she never rallies. Such a singular phenomenon may well astonish the community. It were well for the rising generation if the lesson it teaches led to reformation in the management of children. It is surprising at what a tender age children are placed at school, and brought under the restraints of a worse than prison discipline. At that period of childhood, or rather of infancy, when during the waking hours, every muscle naturally requires activity and free play for its proper development, the child is compelled to sit for hours as unmoved as a statue. The conditions necessary to retard the growth and development of the child are complete. We see many of the effects of such training, in the feeble bodies, dwindled legs and arms, curved spines, and nameless other deformities of the adolescents. How destructive to the delicate organization of the nervous system is such training of the child, and how sadly are its functions perverted! In the case related we see how seriously the nervous system had become weakened, and how slight a cause completely overpowered it. We may well believe that this poor child is but a type of the children of our schools. Though such a melancholy termination of their pupillage is rare, yet thousands of children are doubtless brought to the very verge of the grave, by the unhealthy influence acting upon their delicate organization.

The vital question returns. At what age should a child be sent to school? There can be no doubt that previously to the age of six or seven the child should neither be subjected to systematic physical restraint, nor should its mind be tasked with appointed lessons. The full and perfect development of the body is a more important end to be attained, in the training of the child, than the cultivation of the mind. That system of education is perfect, which serves both these objects. The cultivation of the powers of the body and mind may go together, and is productive of the very best results. Such, however, is the strange abandonment of all practical common sense on the subject, that many a person fails to view this practice in its true light, who would never commit the folly of beginning the training of a colt by taking it from the side of its dam, harnessing it to a cart or plough, and keeping it to work, through a sultry summer day.

A most important feature not included in the above, is the flagrant imposition practiced on the teachers and scholars, by parents, who send very young children to our public schools, to get them out of their way. The school-room thus becomes a nursery and the teachers are made nurses at the public expense. Why teachers allow themselves to be degraded, and why school committees look on the perversion so unconcernedly is like other phenomena not easily to be explained.

Winchester, Dec. 2, 1863.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—"Said Aaron to Moses—plug up your noses." I quote from memory, not having the original before me. I am always reminded of this command when I arrive at Woburn in the evening train due a few minutes past seven. For some time past the Woburn beam-horse artillery have occupied the passage way from the cars to the street, and when I have my family with me it is almost impossible to get through the crowd before the coach leaves for North Woburn. Now as there is no train that leaves for Boston at 7.15 as formerly, I have no doubt but the accommodating Superintendent would grant them the use of the Ladies' room at that hour, where they would be equally as well accommodated. Should this be objected to on account of room, perhaps he would be willing to throw open some other rooms near by.

WOBURN, Dec. 1, 1863.

Willie Johnson, aged 13 yrs, drummer in Co. D, 3d Vermont regiment, has been presented by Secretary Stanton in person with the Star Medal of Honor, for heroic conduct in the seven days fight near Richmond. While strong men threw away guns, knapsacks and everything calculated to impede their flight, this boy clung to his drum, and he was the only drummer in the division who brought his drum from the field.

WIVES, MOTHERS AND SISTERS, whose Husbands, Sons and Brothers are serving in the Army, can not put into their knapsacks a more necessary or valuable gift than a few boxes of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. They insure health even under the exposures of a soldier's life. Only 25 cents a box or pot.

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## WINCHESTER.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

THE WAR MEETINGS.—It is to be regretted, that the patriotic sentiments uttered by our clergymen and physicians at these meetings were not printed, that the public might see the unequivocal position they took in reference to the war. It was what we should expect from the true ministers of Christ. Some seem to be careful about committing themselves very strongly upon the subject. But the query arises, where were they not giving the influence of their voice and presence to enkindle the patriotic fire? Surely those having the ability, should not be found wanting in this hour.

In a part of the report of these meetings which was omitted for want in room in last week's paper, it was stated, that before the close of the last meeting nearly \$3000 was subscribed. One of the gentlemen present who subscribed one hundred dollars, doubled his subscription, as did others of lesser amounts. Much more could undoubtedly have been raised on the spot had it been deemed necessary. Since the meeting, some additional subscriptions have been obtained which will probably swell the amount to \$3100. It was the general desire that some of our own citizens accept the liberal offer made to them, but as none came forward, the Committee were forced to take the only other course. We have one worthy representative from our town, who is himself a host, in the Union Army, in the person of our esteemed friend and fellow citizen, Dr. Wm. Ingalls of the 69th (Veteran) Regiment.

THANKSGIVING.—The day was observed by a Union Service in the Cong. Church. A thoroughly loyal and patriotic discourse, appropriate to the occasion, was preached by Rev. Mr. Robinson. At the request of many of our citizens, the discourse will be repeated at an early day.

SAD AFFAIR.—A little daughter of Mr. Asa Locke, about three years of age, was so severely burnt last Saturday morning, from her clothes taking fire, as to cause her death in the afternoon. It seems that the child had been left alone for a few moments, in what was thought to be a safe position, in a room without a fire with a book to amuse herself with. During the brief absence of the mother, the child got down from the chair, where she had been placed, went into an adjoining room and began to play with the fire in a stove there, and the result was as before stated. Thus suddenly is the little one—the light and joy of the home circle—called to suffer untold pain and to yield up her pure spirit to the God who gave it, and the afflicted parents to feel that sorrow which only those who have been called to submit to similar bereavements can realize. God's ways are not our ways, and dark and mysterious are sometimes the ways of his providence. Another family circle has also been suddenly broken by the departure of a little boy who died of croup after a short illness. Jamie has been crumpled from his earthly to his heavenly home. "Not lost, but gone before."

LECTURES.—The hope was expressed last week, that Prof. Gunning would receive that liberal patronage to his course of lectures on Geology, that their merit deserved; but the result is not very satisfactory. It is rather mortifying to see the small amount of interest manifested in these lectures. When they were free, we saw an audience that filled the hall, but when an admittance fee is charged, (comparatively a mere pittance for the time and labor expended), we see but a small number present. It is a self evident fact, that a great many people are readily disposed to give their money for other purposes of but little consequence, or which will afford amusement only for the passing hour, while the subject of these lectures, combining instruction and amusement for a life time, is apparently neglected.

ENROLLMENT.—A printed list of our citizens, who are enrolled in the first and second classes, and are liable to be called upon to do military duty, has been posted up in the Post Office. Notice is given, that those claiming exemption will be heard at Lawrence, on Monday and Tuesday of next week. Why subject exemptions to the time and expense required to go so distant a place for examination? Why not have it in the town or in its immediate vicinity?

SCHOOLS.—All the teachers of the last term have been re-elected, excepting that Mr. James Ira Hanson has been appointed teacher of the Wyman School in place of his sister who declined on account of ill health, and Mr. Cowdrey to the High in place of Mr. Powers, resigned.

The Winter term of twelve weeks commences on Monday Dec. 7th.—The Wyman School House has been removed to its new location, so that this long mooted subject is settled.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

#### Winchester's Quota.

MR. EDITOR.—I noticed in the last number of your paper, a statement from your correspondent "Excelsior," that this town has raised all of its men under the last call of the President. Previous to this announcement, in the article alluded to, "Excelsior," with his usual fairness, indulges in some well-tempered remarks, which, if they were heeded, would not have filled the quota of this town with Aliens and non-residents, who in all probability know no one in town, and never set their foot upon the soil of even Middlesex Co., much less Winchester. It is unpleasant to pass strictures, in a public manner, upon individuals or towns; and such is not the object of this article, for I doubt not the committee done what they thought wise and best. The fault lies in the sentiments and feelings of the community. I simply state facts, and draw from them a few brief deductions. In the last call but one, not a single soldier went from this town, and every man drafted was exempted; and more again, un-

der the last call, not a man has enlisted, but the whole quota, seventeen, has been bought. The good and patriotic (?) Republicans preferring to stay at home, and send in their place men who for all we know have no sympathy with the North, and may desert at the first opportunity. These men, I understand, were not enlisted for Winchester, but had been previously enlisted. They were in the market. Winchester wanted soldiers; she had none of her own. She bought them, as rumor says, of an officer, for \$3000 in round numbers. (Query,—who has the money, the officer or the soldiers?) They now stand to the credit of Winchester. Her citizens have escaped the draft, and avoided the unpleasant reflection of having to put on record their terrible malformations and killing diseases. Some community has got to furnish as many men as it has taken to release Winchester. Though the wives, mothers and sisters of this town, will have their idols left at home, some equally worthy wife, mother and sister may be agonized, and mourn the loss of their idols.

Winchester nobly responded to the previous calls of the President, and sent her quota of three years, and nine months' men. Now, when the last deadly, but glorious conflict of the war is raging, with increased fury, and the great Captain of the nation shouts for help and succor, and the ship of state is assailed by rebels and pirates, the crew are reduced in numbers, and meet with trial, the young, vigorous and republican town of Winchester closes her gates; says we don't want to be drafted; we don't want to go, but as long as we must do something, we will send some one to be counted for us.

Is there no virtue, no merit in the cause of the North, that we stand aloof, and send hired and truant soldiers, picked up at the corners of the streets or decoyed in from foreign provinces? Who has not heard of the contempt heaped upon the British in the revolutionary war, because of their hired Hessians. Nothing is more damaging to our cause than shirking from the duty to fill up the ranks from our own sons and citizens, instead of sending in their place, those that we know not, and have no abiding interest in. How much more of interest and sympathy the towns of this Commonwealth feel in this war, because every town, has some of its own life blood being poured out, a sacrifice upon a common altar. By ignoring this practice of buying soldiers from other communities, our enemies have held out so long. Is there a single town in all of Jeff Davis' realms, half so large as Winchester, that in another draft has not sent a single man, and in another brought them all from some distant province? No; if one town does this in all the South, the very blood-hounds of Jeff would scent that town and drive old and young into the ranks or devour them. Had the free North half the devotion and zeal of the enslaved South, the blossoms of peace would now bloom where flows the crimson tide of war. I can see no moral objection to towns subscribing freely, but there are insuperable objections against giving this money to men who are not bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. This is emphatically an American war; a war of free labor, of free speech; and the victory to be successful and lasting, must be won by a free and united North. United by assisting and fully commingling in its perils and ravages. United in enjoying and sharing its triumphs.

Winchester, Dec. 24, 1863.

The N. Y. World, in a very fair criticism upon the reverend H. W. Beecher, says:—"When the blaze of enthusiasm which just now irradiates his talents, imparting to him a lustre which they farther reflect than emit, has died away with the passing occasion and his recent exhibition of them is viewed apart from any factitious glare, the sober judgment of sound observers will still admit that Mr. Beecher has achieved an oratorical triumph of which any of the best popular speakers of his time might reasonably be proud, and which none of them has, as yet equalled."

The World concludes its remarks as follows: We feel that we but utter the common sentiment of the generous part of our countrymen, in expressing our sense of Mr. Beecher's services to the Union cause on the other side of the water. He has as a general rule, spoken in tones of justice and decorum of his political opponents in this country, when he has found occasion to allude to them; and in the zeal with which he has sought to turn the tide of prejudice in favor of the Union cause, we recognize the spirit of a patriot. Would to God that always as in his case, party antipathies could cease at the water's edge, and that every American who goes abroad would feel that he has but one country, and that all its citizens stand bound to him by the common ties of a common patriotism.

EXCELSIOR.

When Gen. Jeff. Thompson arrived at Pilot Knob, after his capture, he expressed himself much dissatisfied with the conduct of the people of Southeast Missouri, in not remaining true to the rebel cause. "Two years ago," said Jeff, "they were as plucky as need be. On my way up this time I whispered to them wherever I got a chance, and told them to keep up good courage. I thought they would be all right, but d—n them, they had to take out their note-books to see which oath of allegiance they took last."

A New York blacksmith has made \$30,000 by setting up government wheelbarrows, which were made in New England and transported in pieces to save freight.

There were six Sisters of Charity on the steamer Sahel, recently lost on the coast of Catalonia. They refused to enter the boats sent for their rescue until every other person had been saved.

BETTER NOT DEF.—The issue of the trial concerning the steam rams is much speculated upon in London, and much club betting has been done. The odds are about three to two in favor of the builders.

## SOUTH READING.

### For the Middlesex Journal.

GOLDEN WEDDING.—This is an event which has seldom been celebrated in this town, yet it is one which may be very properly, and made an occasion of many happy reflections. Such was the case at the Golden Wedding of Capt. William Deadman, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 25th. The children and grandchildren were expected to spend the evening with the old folks, beyond that, no visitors were looked for by the happy couple of 60 years; but the children, thinking to enjoy a bit of a surprise, invited a few of their numerous friends to happen in on the evening before Thanksgiving. Though greatly surprised that so many should have heard of the event, or be happening in on the same evening without a knowledge of it, Mr. and Mrs. Deadman were truly delighted, as the face of one familiar friend after another made its appearance, until between sixty and seventy-five in all were present. The children had procured a large family Bible, on the cover of which was inscribed in beautiful gilt letters, "To Father and Mother,"—By request of the donors, the presentation was made by E. Mansfield, who officiated as leader of ceremonies. Rev. Mr. Heath presented a handsomely bound copy of the "Evening of Life," accompanied with appropriate remarks. Other addresses and remarks were made by Rev. D. W. Phillips, Mr. Leonard Wiley, Dr. J. D. Mansfield, A. N. Sweetser, William Deadman, Jr., and replies by our host. Among the guests, were Mr. Leonard Wiley and wife, who were united in marriage on the same evening as that of Capt. Deadman's marriage, and who had lived neighbors and friends ever since. That there should be no doubt as to the identical evening, one of the witnesses to the marriage 60 years before, was present, and declared in reply to inquiries joyously made, that said couple were truly and positively joined in wedlock 60 years ago on that evening, for she was present and saw with her eyes, and heard with her ears, the same day being the annual Thanksgiving, and moreover, that Thanksgiving, on that year was appointed on the 26th birthday of said William Deadman. The very pleasant occasion was closed by singing the Doxology, and prayer by Rev. D. W. Phillips, at half past 9 P. M.

WAR MEETING.—A war meeting was held last Saturday evening, with a good attendance, although the evening was rainy again. Addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Bliss and Folsom, and Messrs. P. H. Sweetser, D. Allen, L. Eaton and E. Mansfield. Another will be held on Saturday evening, Dec. 5, to be addressed by J. Q. A. Griffin, Esq., of Charlestown.

RECRUITING.—The business of recruiting goes steadily on. The quota of South Reading is about two thirds filled, and still they come.

M.

### Visit to a Pastor.

The congregation of Rev. Charles R. Bliss, on the evening of the 20th, paid him an unexpected visit. A meeting of the Church Committee, previously appointed at its study, became by some unexplained process, a meeting of its entire people, filling his house. The incomparable Farmer Allen officiated as Chairman, and, in his usual felicitous style, covertly stated the object of the gathering. He soon introduced Hon. Lilley Eaton, who, addressed the pastor, spoke substantially as follows:

"Mr. Bliss.—The company of people, whom you see here, who have, thus unceremoniously and abruptly, made a descent upon your quiet habitation, and who have, at this somewhat untimely hour, all unheralded and unbidden, thus invaded this domestic sanctuary, and are now, as you see, in a somewhat tumultuous crowd, making themselves free and easy, with your private rooms, boldly occupying your chairs and sofas, and gazing unrestrainedly upon your paintings and pictures and other cherished penates,—this company of sinners against your domestic peace,—have made me, sir, for the time being, the scapegoat for these divers offences;—they have made it my duty to apologize for this sudden raid upon your domestic castle, and the sacred recesses of your home—a place that ought to be your ark of safety, and they expect me so to explain this abrupt intrusion as to show that no disrespect, no insult, no real injury



careful manner, in which you have supported your position. And in this connection, permit us to say that we do not forget your dear half, for we are happy at this time to call to mind her numerous social gifts and graces, her kind and winning ways and her many active and useful services; so that, now after more than a year's service among us, it can be truly said of both of you, that you have secured the universal respect and esteem of all the people, especially of your own "household of faith." We desire therefore, to proffer to you, sir, and to your lady some substantial token of our estimation. Thus feeling, we have thought that perhaps no better time could be selected for such an offering than the present, now upon the eve of our approaching annual festival, when thanksgivings, congratulations and donations are the order of the day; and with regard to a specific physical symbol, to be selected, that should represent our sentiments, we have thought that perhaps, at the present time, when our country is prosecuting the most costly war that was ever waged, when the resources of the people are largely called for, to aid in fighting for liberty and humanity, for union and independence, and when, consequently the prices of all the necessities and comforts of life are being doubled and quadrupled, a present, that should be not only a token and sign of respect, but one that should also be available for usefulness and comfort to the recipient, would be most appropriate.

I have, therefore, the honor and the pleasure, at this time, at the request and in the name and behalf of these friends, to ask the acceptance, by yourself, Sir, and your estimable lady, of this package of currency. Take it, Sir, and welcome. And be assured, that notwithstanding the paying over of currency has been the chief employment of my life, yet, in all my past experience, I have never had occasion to pay over a sum of money, when I could do so with more pleasure and satisfaction than in the present instance; feeling as I do, and as I doubtless, these friends all feel, not only that it is a payment well deserved as compensation for services rendered, not only is it a symbol of friendship and appreciation, but that it is also and really a payment into the treasury of the Lord. We wish, Sir, that the sum was larger,—tenfold, a hundred fold larger—for your sake,—but such as we have give we unto you; and we trust you will bear in mind that small things oftentimes represent great ones,—that little words sometimes convey rich thoughts and large ideas,—that a small type once signified a mighty, an almighty Antetype.

Accept this trifle then, Sir, not as compensation or reward merely, or chivalry,—for we trust you look for a higher and richer reward than these earthly gifts and friendships,—but as the freewill offering of your friends, who would thus show their regard for their Pastor and his lady for their labors of love in our behalf.

And now Sir, in conclusion, allow me, in behalf of all these friends, to express the hope and prayer that the choicest of heavenly blessings,—the blessings of faith, of hope and of charity, of health and prosperity, with the privileges of usefulness and happiness, may ever rest upon you and yours.

Long may you live to preach and pray  
Our sins be forgiven;  
To help us walk that narrow way,  
That upward leads to heaven.  
May no untoward event arise,  
Our union 'til we sever,  
But may it live beyond the skies,  
And there increase forever."

Mr. Bliss responded in the following strain:  
"Surprised and almost overpowered by the unlooked for presence of so many friends, and the kind words which you, Sir, have uttered. I shall be pardoned if my response to you shall be neither lengthened or graceful. I look in vain for any reason in myself which should have prompted this visit.

You have said truly, that the relation of pastor and people is intimate, and that it may be made equally rich to him and to them; and it is only when I look at the nature of that relation, that I see a reason for this gathering. It is indeed a sacred relation. Connected with, and flowing from it, are advantages and pleasures unknown to which bless any other relation in life,—more elevated, pure, and full of immortal fruits. My ear, Sir, caught the word, "intrusion" in the beginning of your eloquent and touching remarks. The fault of intrusion can never be committed by a people against their pastor. Members of one family, engaged in one calling, rejoicing in one hope, a congregation has a claim to their pastor's attention, time, to himself. And, for myself, I may say that at all times I am only too happy to obey every demand of the considerate people to whom it is my good fortune to minister. I am called to this office by God and them, and duty to both, as well as inclination, will always lead me to give the grasp and smile of welcome whenever their pleasure brings them hither. Your use of the word intrusion, however, was but a pleasant, and was disguised only as a cover to other portions of your address.

How shall I thank you, Sir, and through you, those who have conferred upon me this liberal and timely gift. Your words far surpass any merits of mine, yet I thank you for them, and for the generous feeling, on your own part, that seemed to pervade them. For the presence of so many here this evening I am very grateful, and to all from whom this gift has come, to those who have been active in collecting it, and in planning this complete surprise, I am deeply thankful.

May God bless you, Sir, and keep, sustain and enlarge our church, and gather us all into his everlasting rest."

When Mr. B. had closed his remarks, the children of the Sabbath School sang a touching song, addressed to him. The more formal exercises over, toasts, speeches, songs, and games among the children, followed till the hour for departure, when the people went to their homes with many expressions of their

deep pleasure, bearing, and followed by the warmest wishes and prayers.

Several other speeches were called out by the address of Mr. Allen, who felt in no way disinclined to contribute their part to the general pleasure. The value of the "Package of currency" put into the hands of Mr. Bliss was two hundred and ten dollars in Greenbacks.

THE SYMPATHIES OF A CHIEF TAKING A WRONG DIRECTION.—The N. Y. Independent has the following from a mother:  
"But did I tell you what a time I had with my little Joe?"  
"No: what was it?"

"Why, I was showing him the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was."  
"Ma!" said he, all at once, "Oh, ma! just look at that poor little lion, way behind there, he won't get any!"

DEATH ANTICIPATED.—Recently a peasant from Buda arrived in Vienna, and the following day he went to a lawyer and made his will, leaving his property, consisting of two houses in Buda, to the Emperor. The next day he died.

IT is reported that the surplus of the Russian ball fund in New York, amounting to \$3000, will be divided between the U. S. Sanitary Commission and the New York poor.

THE SLAVES OF PREJUDICE.—DEATH ROUNDED OFF HIS PREY.—There are queer people in the world; people with the most absurd, unreasonable, and indefensible prejudices. For example, we have met with individuals who had a morbid antipathy to anything that was extensively advertised, no matter what might be its actual claims to the confidence of the public. These eccentricities looked with especial disfavor on advertised medicines. They could not see, for example, in Dr. HOLLWAY'S magnificent system of advertising, covering, as it does, all the mediums of publicity which the world affords, anything but a gigantic scheme of mere speculation. True, they could not gainsay the testimony pouring in spontaneously from the highest sources, in favor of his incomparable Pills and Ointment; but still they shook their heads and muttered "humbug." Of course, there is no possibility of arguing with men who won't reason. The best way is to let them alone. Fortunately, such specimens of stupidity are few and far between. In this enlightened era the general feeling is, that if a thing is in itself excellent, its virtues should be proclaimed to the four winds of heaven, for the general benefit of mankind. Hence, the prodigious amount of advertising, which is common to the world at large, is extended not only by the masses, but by governments, men of conscience, and candid observers in every walk of life. Can such remedies be too widely known? Impossible!—*Cin. "Dollar Columbian."*

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WARREN ACADEMY.  
The winter term of this institution will commence on Monday, November 30th, 1863, under the charge of Dr. W. Sanborn, A. M., as Principal.

TO HORSE OWNERS.  
DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT FOR HORSES is unrivaled by any, in all cases of Lameness, arising from Sprains, Bruises, or Wrenching, it effects a magical and certain. Harrow or Saddle Galls, Scorchings, Mange, &c. It will also cure Spavins and Ringbones, may be easily prevented and cured in their incipient stages, but confirmed cases are beyond the possibility of a radical cure. No case of the kind, however, is so desperate or hope less but it may be alleviated by this Liniment, and its faithful application will always remove the Lameness, and enable the horse to travel with comparative ease.

Every horse owner should have this remedy at hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of Lameness will effectually prevent those formidable diseases mentioned, to which all horses are liable, and which render so many otherwise valuable horses nearly worthless. See advertisement.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.  
PROBATE COURT.  
To the Heirs at Law, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the estate of CHARLES HAZLETON, late of Winchester, in said County of Middlesex, deceased, I hereby give notice, that every one may and is hereby authorized to present to the Probate Court, at the County of Middlesex, on the FOURTH TUESDAY of DECEMBER next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any, why he should not be appointed executor of the said estate.

WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Clerk of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

J. H. TYLER, Registered.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.  
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THE GREAT  
AMERICAN TEA COMPANY!  
51 Wesley Street, New York.

SINCE its organization, has created a new era in the history of Wholesaling Teas in this Country.

They have introduced their selection of TEAS, and are selling them at not over  
Two Cents per pound above cost.

Never deviating from the ONE PRICE asked. Another peculiarity of the Company is that a TEA TASTER, who never devotes his time to the selection of their TEAS as to quality, value, and particular styles for particular localities of country, but he helps the tea buyer, to choose out of their enormous stock such teas as are best adapted to his particular wants, and not only this, but points out to him the best bargains in the market. It is easy to see the incalculable advantage a TEA BUYER has in this establishment over all others.

If he has no judge of tea, or the market, if his taste is valuable, he has all the benefits of a well-organized system of doing business, of an immense capital, of the judgment of a professional Tea Taster, and the knowledge of superior salesmen.

This enables all Tea buyers—no matter if they are thousands of miles from this market—to purchase on as good terms as the NEW YORK merchants.

Parties on order Teas will be served by us as well as though they came themselves, being sure to get original packages, true weights and labels, and the TEAS AS WARRANTED AS TO QUALITY.

We issue a price list of the Company's Teas, which is sent to all who apply for it, comprising Hyson, Young Hyson, Imperial, Gunpowder, Twankay & Skin, Oolong, Souehong, Orange & Hyson Pekoe, Japan Tea, of every description, colored and uncolored.

This list has each kind of Tea divided into four classes, namely: CHOICE, HIGH CHOICE, FINE, and SUPERIOR. Every one may understand from description and the prices annexed that the Company are determined to undersell the whole Tea market.

We guarantee to sell ALL our Teas at not over TWO CENTS (20 cents) per pound above cost, believing this to be attractive to many who have heretofore been paying enormous profits.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS, 51 WESLEY STREET, NEW YORK.

STURGIS'S  
ELECTRIC COMPOUND,  
An Effective Remedy for NEURALGIA & RHEUMATISM, Spinal Irritation, Hip Complaints, Ague in the Face, Toothache, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, Earache, Lumbago, etc., etc.

STURGIS'S ELECTRIC COMPOUND!  
The proprietor has been allowed to publish the names of those who have used the Compound with the most beneficial results. He inserts here a few of them. They are among the most respectable citizens of Boston.

Rev. N. Munroe, late Editor Boston Recorder.  
Rev. H. M. Dexter, of Boston.  
Joseph H. Allen, 119 Washington street.  
N. P. Kemp, Trust Society, 40 Cornhill.  
Addison Board, 409 Washington st., Boston.  
Wm. H. Brewster, Publisher Boston Traveller.  
D. C. Rogers, Conway Ins. Co., 70 State street.  
Miss Rogers, 25 Milford street, Boston.  
Mrs. J. S. Atwood, 5 Cherry street, Boston.  
J. P. Rollins, at Farwell's Printing House.  
J. R. Hale, Alpine street, Roxbury.  
Mrs. Wm. Bolman, 1 Wheeler's Court, Boston.  
Mrs. C. H. Dickinson, 5 Briggs place, Boston.  
Miss J. A. Rowe, 2 Concord st., Charlestown.  
C. Barry, Cashier City Bank, Boston.  
Isaac Gibbs, 13 Meade street, Charlestown.  
Henry Flinders, Publisher Boston Traveller.

For Sale by all Druggists.

MILLINERY GOODS!  
Fall and Winter Styles, 1863.

MRS. M. E. FIELD,  
Block, would respectfully announce that she has just received a large and carefully selected stock of the following:—

Fall and Winter Wear, consisting of the latest styles of Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Plumes, etc.

She has also added to her previous assortment of Yarns, Worsted, Hosiery, Gloves, Dress Trimmings, Hoop Skirts, of various qualities and prices, all of which she offers at the lowest cash prices.

Cloak Making promptly attended to. Also, PINKING done to order.

MOURNING BONNETS Ready made, constantly on hand, and made to order at the shortest notice.

MRS. M. E. FIELD,  
New Bank Building, Woburn Centre.

Nichols' Sulphate of Lime, For preserving Cider, on hand and for sale by W. C. BRIGHAM.

MRS. WM. P. WYMAN,  
Makes and Repairs Furs, Sturges street, SOUTH-WEST SIDE OF ACADEMY HILL, Woburn, November 23rd, 1863.

SAPONIFIER, OR CONCENTRATED LYE. FAMILY SOAP-MAKER. ECONOMY! ECONOMY!!

EVERY FAMILY can make its OWN SOAP from WASTE KITCHEN GREASE at a COST of only FOUR CENTS per pound with Saponifier, which has three times the strength of Potash.

Full Directions accompany each one pound tin of Saponifier.

TO TANNERS.  
The attention of Tanners is called to the Saponifier for making a superior article of Soft Soap, which is at a great saving of expense and time over the old method of using Potash. Parties who are using it, pronounce it superior to anything they ever have been able to obtain for their purpose.

NOTICE.  
The genuine Saponifier is only put up in 1-lb. iron cans, by the

PENNSYLVANIA SALT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 27 Beware of Counterfeits! Be sure you buy the iron can!

For sale by CHARLES TOPPAN, 16 Blackstone st. and MERRILL BROTHERS, 215 State st., Boston. Also, by Druggists and Grocers generally.

For sale in Woburn by W. C. BRIGHAM, Druggist and Apothecary.

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They have introduced their selection of TEAS, and are selling them at not over  
Two Cents per pound above cost.

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D. C. Rogers, Conway Ins. Co., 70 State street.  
Miss Rogers, 25 Milford street, Boston.  
Mrs. J. S. Atwood, 5 Cherry street, Boston.  
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## A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD



# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII: No. 11.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

For the Middlesex Journal.  
Plea for Charity.

BY H. P. P.

Oh, pity the poor in the winter to come,  
With coal of all kinds at twelve dollars per ton,  
And with everything else at such very high rates  
That if aid is withheld they must starve at our gates.  
No; let it not be in this land that's so blessed,  
With a plenty for all, and enough for the rest!  
Let's care for our poor, and give from our store,  
And then "our kind Father" will give us the more;  
We'll now, before winter has fairly set in,  
Provide some sure way for preventing this thing.  
Let each do his part for his neighbor that's poor,  
And keep "want and suffering" away from their door;  
Not wait for their pleadings, but go search them out,  
And see that they have things of comfort about;  
Take flour into this one, and coal into that;  
To this give a hood, and to that one a cap;  
And then when spring comes, and the flowers again bloom,  
We can look round with joy on those saved from the tomb.  
Nov., 1863.

## Select Literature.

### A NARROW ESCAPE.

I should never have thought of my amiable friend, Mrs. Denison, as the heroine of such a tale as she related to me one evening in the autumnal twilight. Yet she, a timid, sentimental old lady, had really been placed in a position of extraordinary trial, and had come nobly out of it. And she told the adventure with an utter unconsciousness of anything heroic in her conduct, which added a strange charm to her recital.

When I was about seventeen or eighteen, (she said,) my father took me for change of air, after a slight illness, to the sea-side. I was romantic; moreover, I had been motherless from my infancy, and my dreamy fancies had received no check from the dull routine of my school-life, nor from my association with girls as silly as myself.

Shortly after our arrival at the watering place, I was struck by the appearance of three people, who were often to be seen together on an evening on the sands. One was a very handsome woman of about forty-five; the others appeared to be her son and daughter. The son was one of the most interesting persons I ever saw. The daughter, who was about my own age, was very pretty. The mother was a cripple. She was drawn nearly every day to the same spot on the sands, and sat there watching the setting sun, while her children occupied themselves with gathering shells. Occasionally we met the brother and sister riding, and my father declared that he had never seen so good a horsewoman as the young lady.

One evening, as I was sitting on a low black rock or stone, near her chair, the elder lady spoke to me with a civil apology for troubling a stranger. She asked me if I could distinguish whether her son and daughter were on the beach. Her sight was too bad for her to see herself. I looked, and replied in the negative. She seemed anxious and uneasy, and kept turning her eyes in the direction from whence she appeared to expect them. I asked if she required anything? She thanked me, but replied that she wanted nothing; only she was anxious for her daughter's appearance; she feared accidents when they were late home.

"I should think you could have no cause for fear," I said, "your daughter rides so well."

She assented with a sigh.  
"I dare say," she added, "I am foolishly nervous but my life is a trying and monotonous one, and affords time for idle fears."  
I was sorry for her; it was very sad to be helpless and crippled at her age, and with her apparent health, so we gradually fell into conversation. Mrs. Deloraine—I remember what a charming name I thought it—was not very lady-like, still she was not vulgar. I could see she was not a highly-bred person; nevertheless she was interesting and clever, and had a very fascinating way of her own. After a time, the son and daughter returned; they thanked me for my kind attention to their mother, and were so pleasant and agreeable, that I was enchanted with them.

When I returned home, I teased my father to call on the Deloraines. He demurred at first; we knew nothing of these people, he said; it was not wise to pick up acquaintances as one would shells; but I was urgent, and he seldom refused a request made by his motherless girl. He made a few inquiries; ascertained that Mrs. Deloraine and her children lived a quiet, secluded, blameless life in a lonely cottage, on the outskirts of the town; a place which the librarian told him had the reputation of being haunted, and was let at a low rent; that they paid their bills; and were, apparently, respectable, good people. Then he consented to call on them.

We approached the Deloraines' dwelling through an orchard and pine-grove, so dismal and gloomy in appearance, that I did

not wonder at its ghostly reputation. The cottage itself was an old house, built partly of wood, partly of brick. A very ill-looking man-servant opened the door, and ushered us into the drawing-room, where we found Mrs. Deloraine and her daughter.

The former was lying on a sofa placed against the folding-doors. She could not rise to receive us, but she greeted my father and me very warmly, and seemed delighted to make our acquaintance. He thought her manner theatrical and studied; but she managed, nevertheless, to please him, and the acquaintance, thus commenced, progressed into intimacy.

We rode together frequently, accompanied by my father and William Deloraine. I am quite sure that dear father never dreamed of anything like love between William and me; he still thought me a mere child; he was too much occupied by his own affairs to observe my gradual advance towards womanhood.

But I was gradually becoming attached to William Deloraine. He was just the sort of man to please an imaginative young lady like myself. Moreover he constantly betrayed his love for me, and as constantly recalled the manifestation (if I may say so,) by a sudden and distant coldness of manner, which piqued and teased me.

But I am not telling a love tale, and therefore will not linger over those tantalizing but bewitching days. On one of them the desired declaration came; William Deloraine, in approved poetic phrase, assured me that he adored me. I referred him, of course, to my father. To my surprise, he hesitated; told me that an unhappy mystery clouded his life;—a fatal secret which he could not as yet reveal to me; and he implored me to conceal our attachment from my father. Now, though I was very silly and romantic, and William gained an additional hold on my fancy by having a mystery attached to him, I was too honorable a girl to enter into an engagement without my kindest father's sanction, and I said so at once. He was bitterly disappointed, for he hoped I should have consented to an elopement, or secret marriage; and I grew angry at the supposition.

We had a quarrel, but made it up afterwards, of course; and I promised to keep the secret of his avowal from my father, though I would promise nothing more. He declared also that he should keep his secret from his family; but I looked vexed and disappointed when next I saw her. Nevertheless our rides went on as usual.

One day when we were all out together and papa behind, William and I in advance, my lover suddenly drew up his horse, sprang to the ground, stooped, and then, holding up a pocket-book, cried,  
"Look here, Miss Morton!"

I did look in considerable amazement, as I had distinctly seen him draw the pocket-book from his bosom, put it on the ground, and then take it up again. My father riding up, asked what was the matter. William exhibited the pocket-book, saying he had just picked it up. My father advised him to open it and see if the name of the owner was inside. He complied, and they examined it together. There was no name. The book contained a roll of bank-notes; and William observing that they must advertise it, put it in his pocket. You will wonder that all this time I continued silent. But remember how young I was, and how shy. Besides, I had not the slightest idea what it could all mean; that there was a mystery—a secret—which Deloraine wished to veil under this apparent *trouville*, I believed, and since he had not intended to take me into his confidence, I fancied it would be dishonorable to betray him. For his part he had not noticed my silence, but re-mounting, began to chat gaily on indifferent subjects, and was even more than usually fascinating and attractive.

A few days afterwards an advertisement appeared in the local newspapers stating that a gentleman had found a pocket-book on H— Hill, containing bank-notes, and that they would be restored to the owner on application, provided he could describe the contents of the book, and tell the numbers of the notes. This advertisement appeared daily during the remainder of our stay at the sea-side. My father remarked that Deloraine's honesty put him to a great expense, and that it was singular no one claimed the pocket-book; then we took no further notice of the matter, though I secretly wondered what it could mean.

Once more before we left our sea-side home, Deloraine urged me to become his wife secretly. He was sure, he said, that my father would forgive me when we once were married; and I also should have been sure of that; indeed, I believed he would not have refused his assent at all, even though Deloraine was (as he avowed) poor; for I was a rich Welsh heiress, as you know. However, my lover was as strangely timid as I was confident in my beloved father's goodness; and would have me keep his secret, and wait. Thus we parted without any engagement having been made between us.

I found my home in the Welsh valleys distant enough when I returned to it. I missed the animation of the bathing place; the society of bonny Kate; the sentimental devotion of her brother. Without excitement, without employment, I grew weary of my dull existence, and called my *amant* disappointed love. After all, my dear, if the busy young ladies of this part of the country don't do much good to others, they do something for

themselves in keeping their minds employed. It is astonishing how much foolish love imaginations are thus kept in check. As for me, I gave way to the vainest regrets and the most profitless day-dreaming. I cast from me God's great gift of time so freely, recklessly—my sole occupation being that of writing letters to Kate, which she rarely answered. But one cannot be idle and discontented with impunity, I was naturally delicate, and I began to pay for my vain imaginings the tax of loss of health and good looks. My poor father was alarmed for me. He called in a physician, and as the doctor could not detect the real cause of my lassitude, he judiciously banished me, and sent me again to the sea-side. We had only been absent from it five months. It was March (close to the assize time) when we again took possession of our former lodgings; but much had happened during that period to "startle" the place "from its propriety." My maid came to address me the night of our arrival, quite eager to communicate her news.

"Oh, ma'am," she cried; "you remember the Miss Deloraine you used to ride with when you were last here, and her brother?"  
"Of course," I replied with a beating heart. What of them?"

"Well, ma'am, they say Mr. William is taken up for forgery, and will be hanged."

I nearly fainted; but my pride upheld me in my servant's presence.

"What nonsense!" I said; "how can you repeat such idle scandal?"  
"Well, I don't believe it, of course; but the poor gentleman is in prison at A—, on the charge. They say that no end of forged notes have been passed here, and all have been traced back to Mr. Deloraine, his servant, or the ladies."

I was horror-struck. I did not believe it; still I doubted. I had not heard from Kate for a long time, and assuredly there must be some ground of suspicion to cause William's detention in prison, if he were really there. When I saw my father next morning, I told him Sarah's tale. He was greatly astonished, and declared he would ascertain its truth, by riding over to A— after breakfast.

How long, how miserable the hours were till he returned! But he came with a bright face; his heart relieved from a load of kind anxiety.

"It is quite true that the poor lad is in prison," he said, in reply to my eager inquiries; "but by a mere accident. You remember his finding a pocket-book? Well, he was so imprudent—being pressed for money, he says—as to use some of those notes intending to keep the numbers, and return the amount he spent; if they were ever claimed; but they proved to be forged; and he is taken up for passing them. He had actually directed his lawyer to appeal to us as witnesses of the manner in which he obtained them, and the letter is gone to Bryn Gellert."

My heart ceased beating for the moment, as I remembered how I had seen Deloraine take the pocket-book from his own bosom; but I was quite silent. Between horror and fear I could not speak.

My father continued:  
"I have promised of course, to appear for him; and probably you may be called on—"

"Oh! don't let them call me! I can't—"

"Well, of course, it is unpleasant for a young lady to appear in a court of justice, and if I can prevent it you shall not; but we must not let proprieties peril a fellow-creature's life."

I made no reply. I would not for the world have deprived Deloraine of my father's testimony in his favor. And how could he give it if I spoke? Forgery was then punished with death. Could I voluntarily condemn by my own words, the man whom I loved, to the gallows? I was wretched; distracted by doubt, fear, and horror, when my heart was wrung by receiving a letter from William (forwarded by the gaol chaplain,) in which he thanked me for my kind remembrance of him, and said how it pleased him amidst all his trouble, to think that it was my testimony that would acquit him, for I had seen him find the fatal pocket-book. Imagine, if you can, my distress. I dared not write and tell him that I *knew* he did not find it, lest my letter should be read before it was given to him. I could only be silent on the subject, and urge my father to keep me from the public court, and prevent my being subpoenaed as a witness. Alas! it was in vain!

She paused—moved by the old sad memory.  
"What did you do?"  
The trial came on, (she continued.) It was distinctly proved that the Deloraine family and their servant had passed false notes, and that William had purchased a diamond ornament of a jeweller in London, and paid for it with a forged note. This tradesman was the chief witness against him. For his defence Deloraine declared, as he had told my father, that he had found the notes; and had merely borrowed their present use. My father was called to testify to the fact, and to state what he thought of Deloraine's character. The latter statement was of course favorable, but on cross-examination it was proved that my father had not actually seen William pick up the book, and to my horror and despair I was put into the witness-box. I can never forget it! At this minute I can see Deloraine's eager look at me—his look of love and trust and hope. A word from me would give him life!—a word consign him

to the gallows? It was an awful temptation. But I dared not fail in truth; I could not—no, thank God! I was not perjured. I tried to hold the truth back; at least, I answered elusively; but my cross-examination was severe, and when the counsel for the prosecution asked me—"Did you actually see William Deloraine find the book?" I almost shrieked the fatal "No!"

"Did you see him take it from his own person?"

There was a pause. I gasped out—"I did!" And then I heard a wild piercing cry from the prisoner. I remember no more, for I fainted, and was carried out of court. Deloraine was condemned to death. He confessed his crime, my father told me; and showed much earnestness in acquitting his mother and Kate of all share in it. They were consequently set at liberty, for they also, had been under restraint.

But I was miserable. I felt like a murderer, and besought my father, as he ever hoped to see me happy again, to procure a commutation of the sentence. We had powerful friends; and Mr. Morton used such exertions, that difficult as the task was at that time, he achieved it, and the sentence of Deloraine was changed into transportation for life. All this dreadful anxiety increased my previous indisposition, and it became impossible for me to return home, as my father wished, when the trial and his subsequent efforts were over. So we remained by the sea-side. One day I received, to my astonishment, a letter from Kate Deloraine; it was full of gratitude for my father's goodness in saving her brother from the last rigor of the law; and of regrets over his blighted life and their own ruined prospects. She did not blame me for the part I had had in his conviction. She pitied me for it, and said poor William admired my unshaken truthfulness.

"And now dear Jane," she concluded, "I am going to urge one last request. We are about to leave England forever, to hide our shame and sorrow in a strange land—We go to-morrow. Will you come to the old cottage to which mamma and I have returned, and bid them a last farewell, and hear a message poor William left, which will explain and extenuate, in a degree, his sad fault."

This letter touched me deeply. I greatly desired to see Kate once more, to assure her how cruelly I had felt the dreadful duty cast on me, and to hear something more of William Deloraine. My father was from home; he had gone to spend a few days with a friend some ten or twelve miles off, and was not to return till the next day, or perhaps the following one. If he had been at home, assuredly I should not have been permitted to go, but as it was, my girlish enthusiasm, my lingering pity and tenderness for the convict William, induced me to comply. It was all very silly and romantic, I know; but so it was.

The cottage was within a walk, and not liking to expose the unhappy Deloraines to the curious gaze of servants, I determined to go alone, and for the same reason did not tell any of them whether I was going.

It was a chilly, windy April afternoon about four o'clock, when I started on my walk.

I hurried along, and in about an hour's time, found myself in the lane leading to the cottage. It was certainly a very lonely place, and now association added to its natural gloom.

The grove had been much trodden and the trees broken in the search made by these Bow Street officers for graving-tombs, etc., (which, however, they failed to find,) and altogether it looked very wretched and depressing. Just opposite the eastern gable of the dwelling, was an old oak of great size, which I was obliged to pass in approaching the door. As I glanced at it, I perceived a hole or cavity recently dug or uncovered (for I had never noticed it before,) close to the root.

Why, I never knew, but the sight of it made me shiver, and altogether a strong feeling (perhaps induced by the dreariness of the place,) made me turn back. Just as I did so, Kate Deloraine emerged from behind the tree and stood before me.

She was sadly altered, very pale and thin, and she shed bitter tears as I embraced her. I walked into the house with her. The drawing-room was empty; the sofa moved; the folding-doors opened.

"You miss my mother," she said; "she is in her room, very ill; but she trusts that you will go up and see her—"

I assented, and then very timidly asked for Botany Bay with the next party of convicts; that he was patient and resigned, and bore his fate better than could have been expected.

"Poor fellow!" she added, with real feeling, "he is very young, and was badly trained. I declare to you, Miss Morton, never, either of us, knew what goodness was till we became acquainted you."

I looked, doubtless, as I was, astonished.  
"Not our parents educated us without any principle," she continued, and though poor William so generously acquitted his family of all complicity in his guilt, they did not deserve it."

At this minute the ill-looking man servant opened the door and said Mrs. Deloraine would be glad to see me alone in the north parlour, an upper sitting-room in the gable end of the house. I did not know how to refuse, though Kate's revelation had made

me feel very uncomfortable. So I followed the man up stairs into the little parlour where he and I had been wont to sit and talk and work during our brief intimacy. There was no one there; but James, muttering that Mrs. Deloraine would come directly, placed a chair for me and left the room, closing the door after him. I walked to the window, and looked out. The casement (it was nothing more) opened upon that part of the shrubbery in which the old oak, with its suspicious earth hole, stood. As it caught my eye, the same misgiving I had felt just before, rushed on my mind. Was I looking at an open grave?—Very uneasy, I walked at once to the door determined to go away immediately, but, on turning the handle, I found it was no longer possible for me to do so—I was locked in! Obeying a first impulse I shook the door violently, and called loudly to be let out. No voice answered me.

I looked round the room; there was no other door, though I remembered; and the window was too high up for me to jump out on the top of the veranda; yet even that I might be obliged to dare. I was evidently at the mercy of these people, whose aim in luring me thither, and making me a prisoner, must of course be to rob or murder me. With renewed fear I gazed out of the window on the gathering twilight. The wind moaned and sobbed round the old house, and shook the ill-fitting casement. I opened it and called for help as loudly as I could; but the breeze blowing full in my face nearly stifled my voice; and, save the old trees which creaked and bowed their huge heads towards me, I saw no living thing outside.

Twilight deepened into night, and I sank on my knees and prayed fervently for help in my hour of sore peril. I rose, strengthened with a new hope and fresh courage. I felt that I had enlisted a mighty defender on my side.

At last, after a period of suspense which appeared years to me, I heard footsteps advancing to the door; the key turned in the lock, and Mrs. Deloraine—no cripple, but an agile, powerful woman—entered, followed by James, bearing a light and an inkstand.

"What is your meaning in thus making me a prisoner?" I asked, firmly.

"I should think your own conscience would tell you, traitress!" was the reply. "Betrayer of my darling boy! The death he so narrowly escaped would be too good for you."

"But he owes that escape to me, Mrs. Deloraine."

"Yes! he is to live, that you may not suffer remorse. I understand it all. But what kind of life?—that of a felon!—my boy!—my pride!"

She clasped her hands passionately. The man whispered sullenly in her ear.

"You are right," she said, "put down the ink, and get yonder writing-case. I suppose Miss Morton does not travel with a chequebook in her pocket?"

"For once she does," I answered, steadily.

"I feared poor Kate might need assistance, and put it in my pocket."

And I drew it out.

"That is well!" she said, sternly. "Sit down and write a cheque for five hundred pounds."

I complied readily. I had but fifty of my own allowance in my banker's hands; for I had spent liberally of late, and had no present command of the large fortune I inherited. I felt convinced that her rapacity would defeat its object, for the banker would make inquiries before he cashed such a cheque. But the same thought had evidently occurred also to the man.

"It is too much!" he said, slowly, "fifty will be enough for our immediate wants. We dare not present a larger cheque."

With a murmur, Mrs. Deloraine put the first cheque in her pocket, and desired me to write another—perhaps she kept the five hundred for some future opportunity.

"That will do," said the man, taking the second; "now, come,"—to his mistress—"we have no time to lose."

They turned to leave the room.

"You will allow me to go home now?" I asked.

"That is so probable!" said the woman, sarcastically, "that you may betray us again."

"But I will pledge you my honor not to send after you, or give any clue to what has passed."

"Oh! but you may be put upon your oath!" cried Mrs. Deloraine, mockingly.

"That is impossible, unless I gave information of my imprisonment; as for the money, it is a free gift—I intended to help you, as I told you."

She sneered again.

"No doubt! Nevertheless as you might repent of it, we will not try you. Now listen! I hated you from the time you won my boy's heart from me, and married his young life forever; and I swore, when I heard that you had betrayed him, to avenge him. I do so now! With the money you have given us, Kate and I will follow him to his place of exile. We shall have success there, I fancy! For you,—you will remain in this room. It is not known in the town that we are here now; we were supposed to have left yesterday, therefore no tradespeople are likely to come near the house—in fact they have not troubled us with calls lately,—and as there is no food in the larder, and you might be starved, we shall lay a train to the house and put a

slow match to it, in order that by the time we are safe off, the flames may bring you deliverers, or put you out of your misery."

And she laughed a horrible, mocking laugh.

"You will not surely be so cruel," I cried, in an agony of fear. "You are but frightening me."

"You will see! Good-bye, Miss Morton; thus I return our obligations to you."

And forcibly releasing her arm from the clasp with which I sought to detain her, she left the room. I strove to get out of it, at the same time; but the man pushed me in again with an oath, and I heard them lock and bolt the door after them.

Thus I was left to the anticipation of a lingering, horrible death. I opened the window and called for help again and again in vain. No one could hear me save those monsters. At last I sank on a seat, and grew calm from exhaustion.

Very slowly the hours passed. I sat watching the wide space between the ill-fitting door and the floor, expecting every moment to see the red, dull glare of fire through it; but the gray dawn stole into the room, and still I saw no sign of the threatened conflagration. I was unharmed; only exhausted by want of rest, want of food, and that most horrible expectation.

The light grew, and there was still no perceptible fire. I began to hope that the match had gone out;—that I was safe. Alas! I was deceived. The house had ignited long ago, but the old dump wood smouldered slowly. By-and-by, when it was again near the threshold, and I heard the rush and the hiss of the flames. A few moments, and the door would catch, and I must perish. Once more I rushed to the still open casement, and looked out.

Should I spring at the peril of my life to the veranda? There was nothing else left for me, and I was preparing to take a leap that might have been fatal, when a voice called to me from below.

"Stop, stop, Jane! Wait, I will save you!"

I saw Kate Deloraine mounting a garden ladder placed against the veranda.

I watched her breathlessly. She ascended with ease, drew it up after her, and raised it to the window. I was out and on it, in a moment; I can scarcely tell how the descent was achieved, but I stood in safety at the bottom clasping Kate's hand.

"We have not a moment to lose," she gasped. "Escaped them at our last stage, but when they find I am gone, they will guess why and where, and will follow me."

At that moment we heard a sound of approaching wheels in the lane. I was so weak I could scarcely move; and she had to pull me and lead me to a fly standing near, in which she placed me. I observed that there was a crowd of people round the burning cottage, endeavoring to extinguish the flames—but we drove off apparently unnoticed.

"I am so sorry," said poor Kate, "that I should have been made the instrument of placing you in such peril, Miss Morton. When my mother told me I might write to you farewell, and ask you here, if I pleased, I had no notion she intended so awful a crime—nor did I know that they had left you in the cottage when we left it. But when they thought we were safe, my mother boasted of the revenge she had taken on you. Then I seized the first opportunity to escape from them, and returned in the same fly we are now in; leaving it in the lane while I sought for you. I feared they would have pursued me, but I was mistaken. Probably they thought if I returned to you it would be to late—or James feared to venture back."

The wheels we heard were those of the approaching fire engine.

I shuddered—these people had been my friends! I would never blame English caution and reserve in future.

But by this time we reached my home. We found the servants in a great state of alarm at my disappearance; they had sent off for my father, though he was not yet arrived—and every search was making for me.

I was so exhausted that Kate, who placed me with great tenderness on a sofa, had to feed me; and to give me wine slowly; and before my father returned, I had sunk into a profound sleep, for which I did not awake for hours.

When I did, I found him sitting beside me. He embraced me with joy and gratitude, and was eager to know where I had been, and what had befallen me—as all that the servants could tell him was that Miss Deloraine had brought me back, very faint and ill.

I related my adventure, and he grew pale with horror and indignation as he listened. He vowed he would have the monsters traced, and as severely punished as their crimes deserved.

"But where is poor Kate?" I asked.

"She was gone when I arrived," he answered. "Sarah says she left directly you fell asleep, telling the servants not to wake you, as you had had great fatigue and excitement. She left this note for you."

And he gave me a little twisted paper written in pencil.

"Adieu, Miss Morton," she wrote, "forgive me. You will never see me again. I go to the Continent to earn my living, as I was wont to do before I knew you, by riding in a circus. That woman's crime has separated me from her for ever. Pray sometimes for poor Kate."

"Poor thing!" we said. "And what became of her?"

"We never knew," replied Mrs. Denison. "My father advertised for her, offering in the advertisement to provide for her if she would let us know where she was; but probably, she never saw the paper containing it."

"And that horrible Mrs. Deloraine and the man-servant? Were they ever found and punished?"

She shook her head.  
"No. We had no railways, no electric telegraphs in those days. They escaped. Probably they went to Australia. We never heard of them again. My dearest forgot the whole affair, or rather never thought about it. But you will allow I had a very narrow escape."

## The Russian Ball.

The Examiner thus moralizes:—"The best to the Russians came off. In the midst of a crisis that wrings sweat mingled with blood out of the nation's brow, the metropolis of the nation is plunged in the dissipation of a gorgeous and costly Bacchanalian festivity. New-York city arrays herself in purple and gew-gaws in the presence of ten thousand desolate hearts. New-York city dances over a platform supported by one hundred thousand sacrificial graves. New-York city turns from the imperiled shrine of her country to worship at the shrine of the god Terpsichore. New-York city interweaves the flag of her country with the flag stained with many an act of despot memory, and has one embrace for the government that suppresses the oppressed, and another for the government that suppresses the oppressor. We confess to no heart for the spectacle. We revolt at it. We recoil from it. Considered as a scene of levity and frivolity shockingly inconsistent with the solemnity of the times, or as a spectacle of obsequious toadyism to a government at antipodes with our own, it is equally reprehensible, mortifying, and disgraceful. Although without direct national, state, or municipal sanction, it was of so great costliness and magnitude, and patronized by names of such official and social dignity, that it had the appearance and influence of what has been aptly and sarcastically described as an international flirtation. On that ground, we consider it worth while to raise our voice of protest against it, and to wash our hands and hearts of all complicity with it. Certainly, if our feet are guided by the lamp of experience, they will be guided henceforth into an employment of more dignity, sobriety, and manliness than dancing to the pipe of every prince, lord, Japanese Tommy, and befuddled foreign captain that indulges our 'failure'-no-account of a government in the condescension of a visit. A dignified reserve and a manly courtesy will prove not only the best morality, but the best policy for a government held in the estimation that ours is on and under foreign thrones."

WORK.—The best lesson a father can give his son is this:—"Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount their high position by help of leverage; they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it could never have been attained."

There is a small bird in Africa called the blacksmith bird, from the similarity of its note to the blows of the hammer on the anvil, which a pair of them sing several minutes at a time, repeating the syllables, "Ting Tong," "Ting Tong," strongly resembles. The large frogs in the tanks in India are said of an evening constantly to repeat, "Pay your debts. Pay me what you owe," which a gruff old patriarch answers by, "No, I won't, No, I won't." One may any evening hear cats say, "Maria, Maria, won't you come out?" For my part, I wish they would never return.

QUICK WORK.—A firm of biscuit manufacturers in Carlisle, England, by way of showing what could be done by rapid work recently had a field of wheat reaped, the grain threshed and ground and the flour made into biscuits, which were served hot on the breakfast-table at eight o'clock, in exactly four hours from the time the sickle was first put into the standing grain.

A sinful thought or feeling is like a spark of fire. It seems but a little thing, and is easily extinguished; but it has a tendency to consume and destroy; let it be fanned by the winds and it will run everything destructible in the universe.—*Pageau*.

Shakespeare's 390th birthday takes place in April, 1864, when there is to be a great time in England in his honor. Prof. Rotscher of Berlin, calls upon the German nation also to have a celebration to one who is not only the poet of all time, but of the whole world.

A piece of Mahomet's shirt was burnt at the late fire in Constantinople. The city is in great distress about it!



## The Middlesex Journal.

E. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
 Each subsequent insertion, 75 cts.  
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 All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED OUT, and charged accordingly.

## AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.

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 Woburn—E. P. WATKINS.  
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 Woburn—L. E. GLEASON.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and all will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING, done at short notice, on reasonable terms and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1863.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Message transmitted to Congress on Wednesday by President Lincoln, has been read and pondered upon by every community in the loyal States, and has met with a hearty and cordial reception. It is commended by all for its fairness and candor, and reflects credit upon our honest President in many ways. No one can look back upon the public history of President Lincoln, since his inauguration, without wondering how any man could pass through so many trying and momentous scenes, and still retain the support and good will of so great a majority of the loyal people. His career is without a precedent, and we believe that still greater success is in store for him. He has endeavored to do his duty toward all men, and he has succeeded as far as man could. Concerning the Message, we clip the following from the N. Y. Tribune:

"It is safe to say that no President's Message since George Washington retired into private life has given such general satisfaction as that sent to Congress by Abraham Lincoln to-day. Such outpourings as to its general tenor with respect to the questions of Slavery and of Reconstruction as have reached the public through the medium of this correspondence, although entirely correct so far as they went, had not prepared people for the thoroughly uncompromising language of the President, and still less for the details of his plan of Reconstruction. The few who had seen this portion of the Message beforehand were pledged to secrecy, but united in saying that none but the most devoted partisans of slavery would find it unpalatable. The event has proved that they were correct. In the Republican party, not only those usually classed as radicals, but such conservatives as Dix, of Connecticut and Morgan of New York join hands in its praise. Congressman James S. Rollins of Missouri, hitherto classed as one of the opponents of the Administration, declared to-day that he accepted the platform of that Message, and that his State could be carried upon it. Even Riddell, the bogus Governor of Louisiana, who is here, indorses and heartily approves the Message, and says that it is the doctrine for Louisiana. He says that Dr. Cottman and his associates, who presented themselves under his certificate, claiming to be Congressmen elect from Louisiana, and who are now waiting in the room of the Committee on Elections, are with him in this. The language of the Opposition is no less significant. The bitterest, while calling it atrocious, declare that it is the most cunningly devised plan for its purpose ever framed. The friends of President Lincoln welcome the Message, as giving them an excellent positive platform upon which to fight the next campaign, and the general belief is, that the standard-bearer in that campaign will be the author of this Message. The President, who is in much improved health to-day, is greatly gratified at the reception given to his Message and the congratulations which pour in upon him from all sides."

**SANITARY COMMISSION FAIR.**—In another column will be found a notice concerning the Fair which commences at the Music Hall, in Boston, on Monday evening next, for the benefit of the New England Sanitary Commission. This Fair is entitled to the unbounded support of every community, and we look forward to immense receipts. Mrs. Charles Chase of Woburn, and Mrs. G. P. Curtis, of Winchester, have had tables assigned them. Articles of all kinds are respectfully solicited, and can be left with Mrs. S. Horton. It is not too late for any one to add his or her mite, and it is hoped that those who have not yet contributed to the noble object, will do so at once. If you cannot give articles, give money; anything is better than nothing.

The editor of a Democratic paper in Nevada Territory acknowledges the defeat of his party in his city very briefly. He says: "We met the enemy yesterday, and fare you on parole this morning."

**SCHOOL COMMITTEE.**—It is with regret that we announce the resignation of Rev. Dr. Stebbins as a member of the School Committee. For a number of years he has labored unceasingly to make our schools equal, if not superior, to any in the State, and his efforts have been crowned with the best of success. The public schools of Woburn have a reputation outside the limits of our town, which every citizen ought to be proud of; and to Dr. Stebbins' zeal much of the credit for this high standard is due. On Friday evening next, the Selectmen and School Committee meet to fill the vacancy, and it is to be hoped that some one will be chosen who will co-operate with the present members of the Board in sustaining, and advancing, the present satisfactory condition of our schools.

**A GOOD REGIMENT TO ENLIST IN.**—To all those who are undecided in regard to the regiment which they will join, we recommend the 59th, (Veteran) Col. Gould. This regiment will be under a kind and efficient officer, who has seen much service and knows just what men need to make them comfortable and contented. Every man in the old 13th, speaks in unmeasured praise of Col. Gould's qualities as an officer, and wishes him the best of success wherever he may be called upon to act. We hope he will meet with good success in speedily recruiting his regiment.

The number of recruits obtained for the Quota of Woburn, is 10. A little more enthusiasm, and a little more excitement, might help the work along. Weekly meetings are held in other towns, at which some recruits are obtained, and why cannot the same be done in Woburn? But a short time remains before the draft takes place, and every effort possible ought to be made to obtain the required number.

**REV. J. C. BOWEN'S LECTURE.**—We were unable to attend this gentleman's lecture on Thursday evening, and therefore are unable to give a report of it. Those who were present, speak of it as being highly interesting and instructive.

The fourth lecture of the course will be delivered next Friday evening, by John G. Saxe, Esq. Subject—"Love—a wonderful and patriotic power."

**AT A Woburn Soldier in the Invalid Corps.** At Woburn, writes home as follows:—"We all dislike here very much, as we do in command use us very hard. I have never seen men used so badly before, since I came out. I am as contented as possible, and take things as they come, praying that God, who doeth all things well, may in his own good time make a change for the better." It seems strange that such complaints should be made at this period of the war, when everything pertaining to the well being of the soldier ought to be conducted in a proper manner and for his best interest. Government cannot allow its men to be abused by inferior officers who very often overstep the bounds of their authority, and ill-use those under them. It is of great importance to the country that every soldier be treated in a just manner and as he deserves.

**BY A notice in another column** it will be seen that Dr. Ingalls is about to leave Winchester. He intends to again engage in the service of his country. However much we, who have had a trial of his services and skill in private practice, may regret his departure on public service, we cannot be so selfish, in regard to the exigency of our beloved country, as to wish it to be otherwise, being well assured that our friends and others, who may come under his care in his new vocation, will receive such attention as only the true physician can give. As the Doctor is now daily on duty, under orders from his commander, we doubt not that as a patriotic manifestation of his friends towards him, they will respond to his invitation, and call on him at an early day—within the hours specified.

**THE ESCAPE OF JOHN MORGAN.**—What he is to do.—The Louisville (Ky.) Democrat of Friday, noticing the arrest of two of John Morgan's officers near that city, adds: "The prisoners state that Morgan, with six other officers, got upon the train at Columbus within fifteen minutes after they made their escape, and came this way. They were detained and slept in an old shed until the following night, when they started. They say that Morgan and the other officers were ahead of them, and that it was the intention of Morgan to cross the Cumberland river Wednesday night."

It was rumored that Morgan is to have command of the different bands of guerrillas in this State, all of whom will be concentrated on the south bank of the Cumberland river, and that as soon as they can be got together he will make a raid through the State, and probably strike the Louisville and Nashville railroad.

**THE IRISH EXODUS TO AMERICA.**—The Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, Ireland, writing to the Chancellor of the English Exchequer, on the subject of the Irish exodus to America, says:

"It is in vain, then, that landlords, now changing their tone, beseech their tenantry to stay; it is in vain that the obsequious scribes of a government which so long treated them with cruelty implore them not to go. Their resolve appears determined as long as their just claims are so mercilessly unheeded. And hence the cool and stern indifference with which they leave a land that has lost for them the endearing character of a parent, and with it all the sacred attractions and security of home."

**GRACE'S SALVE.**—In another column we insert an advertisement of Grace's Salve, which is an old and well established remedy for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, and almost every kind of humor. It is 150 years since this Salve was first used, and during this lapse of time it has given good satisfaction in all cases.

## THE AMNESTY PROCLAMATION.

COMMENTS OF THE NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

There is one part of the proclamation which presents a curious subject for reflection—that in which the President talks about temporary arrangements for the slaves, to be made by State authority, when new state governments are organized. Here is a most singular mixture of State rights and executive abolitionism. We must take more than a day to see our way through it. What has the pardoning power to do with the reorganization of State governments and the laws they pass relating to their domestic affairs? Does the President intend to retain a veto power over State legislatures? It looks as if he meant to do this, or at least to imply not only that persons who are pardoned must sustain his policies, but also legislatures that are organized must pass such laws as he likes. How would this work if the next President should happen to be of different politics and different views about the negro?

The general scope of the President's plan may be said to be of the extreme radical sort. He almost, but not quite, recognizes Mr. Sumner's State suicide theory. He ignores the present existence of State governments, regards them as defunct, and anticipates a sort of territorial reorganization. In this view he is neither sound nor consistent. But what are soundness and consistency worth in our day?

From the N. Y. World.

It is clear, then, that Mr. Lincoln's scheme is not only preposterous in itself, but that it is the very height of absurdity to pretend to find authority for it in that part of the Constitution which guarantees to the states a republican form of government. It is well adapted for immediate political effect in the North, and for obstructing and defeating the object of the war in the South.

From the N. Y. Herald.

We conclude that Mr. Lincoln's plan will be a failure, and it is quite possible that it has been submitted more with a view to open the question of an amnesty and a restoration, or more to conciliate the radicals, than from any hope of the acceptance of these overtures by the States concerned, or any one of them not under the absolute control of our armies. We are now adrift at sea beyond our ancient landmarks, and upon what shore we may reach the anchorage of peace it would be vain to conjecture. We can only hope that from the very agitation which the restoration plan of the Message will create we may reach some satisfactory "halfway house of rest."

From the N. Y. Times.

The process of reconstruction, as the President puts it, is simple and yet perfectly effective. The motive to reassume loyal obligations is secured by making it the only means of escaping confiscation of property and all the other penalties of treason. The act is secured with the very highest sanction possible, by making it rest on a most emphatic and solemn oath. The effect is secured by enabling those who thus comply to revive and carry on the State Government. Just so soon as they comprise a certain definite proportion of the whole number of the voting population before the rebellion. Those who are for the Emancipation Proclamation are satisfied by the President's declared determination to maintain it until pronounced null and void by the highest judicial authority of the land; while those who have opposed it as an unconstitutional assumption of power cannot complain, for they have it in their power to test the unconstitutionality by an appeal at any time to that Court for a decision. Certain categories of traitors of peculiar dye are exempted from the benefit of the oath, which, of course, will meet the approbation of every loyal man. Other minor provisions are made, to complete the equity and efficiency of the plan. We believe that the closer it is examined, the more it will be discovered to be completely adapted to the great end desired. The public mind, after due reflection, we have not a doubt, will accept it as another signal illustration of the practical wisdom of the President.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Henceforth, it can neither be truthfully nor plausibly said that those who have once been Rebels have no inducement to return to loyalty, no hope but in the triumph of Disunion. They may come back to-morrow and enjoy every political or social privilege and advantage enjoyed or claimed by any of us. We prefer them equality with ourselves. Should not that suffice and content them? The country must now realize that naught but Slavery obstructs the way to Peace the Union and Liberty are henceforth inseparable. They will either rejoice in a common deliverance and triumph or fill the same bloody grave. Of course the master-spirits of the revolt will not be conciliated. They have staked their all upon the cast, and must stand the hazard of the die. But what possible motive will a non-slaveholder have for persisting in rebellion after receiving due notice of the issuing of this Proclamation? Merciless bands may still scour the region cursed by the revolt, and drag every man and youth into the rebel camps—often by the help of bloodhounds but to what end shall the non-slaveholding conscripts remain and fight? What they risk and lose by contumacy is obvious; where is the counterbalancing gain? Depend on it, this Proclamation, if seconded and sustained in the loyal States, will go far to break the back of the rebellion. In Europe, it will be even more generally effective.

**PANAMA HATS.**—Guayquil is the great depot for Panama hats, eight hundred thousand dollars worth being sold annually. The grass of which they are made, is found chiefly in the neighboring province of San Cristobal. They can be braided only in the night or early morning, as the heat in the daytime renders the grass brittle. It takes a native about three months to braid one of the finest quality, and I saw some hats which looked like fine linen, and are valued at fifty dollars apiece, even here.—Three Years in Chili.

## CAMP NEAR KELLEY'S FORD.

Dec. 6th, 1863.

**MR. EDITOR.**—The readers of the Journal have seen by the daily papers, that the Army of the Potomac made an advance movement a short time ago and perhaps they would like to know the position that the 39th held, our movements were as follows:

On Monday, Nov. 23d, we left our camp near Warrenton Junction and marched up the railroad some five or six miles, and halted in the woods for the night. Tuesday morning we fell into line, but owing to the rain we were ordered to pitch tents again. Wednesday the rain ceased, but the mud was so deep that the artillery could not move.—Thursday we started on again, crossing the river at Rappahannock station. At our first rest this news of Gen. Grant's victory was read to us, and we received with tremendous applause, we marched on with lighter steps until we came to the Rapidan, which we crossed at Germania Ford, resting for the night on the heights. Friday morning we were called up at 2 o'clock, and started about 5. We had gone but a short distance when we struck the plank road running from Culpepper to Fredericksburg. We halted on the heights where Lee's hospitals were at the Chancellorsville fight. Here we threw our skirmishers on our flank, and continued our march. We left the plank road after marching a few miles, but soon struck another leading to Gordonsville. We reached a place called Mattapan little before dark, and rested until 9 o'clock, when we started again. We met Gregg's cavalry, who reported that they had just left the line about 4½ miles distant, having been relieved by the 5th corps. They reported that the rebels had two corps, Hill and Ewell's. We had the pleasure of seeing Messrs. Perkins, Griffin and Furber of Woburn; they were well and in good spirits. We made a halt that night at about 12 o'clock in the woods. Saturday morning we moved forward to the line of battle, which was formed under the lee of a hill with a line of skirmishers on the top of the hill. Two companies, C and E of our regt., were on the skirmish line, only one being wounded however, a Mr. Dow, of Co. C. This was the first time we had been under fire. There was considerable shelling by us, but the rebels responded feebly, and it soon stopped. It rained all day so that we got pretty well soaked. In the night we moved back a few rods into a piece of wood. Sunday it cleared off, but we remained in the woods all day; very little firing took place. Monday we drew three days rations, and were told they were to last six—quite consoling; but we made the best of it, knowing that rations could not be brought to us at that place. After getting the rations we fell in and changed our position, about a mile farther to the right of the line. At this point Gen. Sykes and Sedgwick had 2700 picked men from the 5th, 3d and 1st corps, massed, under their command, to make a charge on the rebels works. We had piled up our Knapsacks and laid as a reserve for them. The charge was to be opened by shelling them for an hour with our large siege guns, then at a given signal we were to charge across the swamp under cover of these guns; but after holding a council of war it was decided not to make the charge, the position being such that we would have to go directly through a very wet swamp before reaching their works, and their guns would pour a direct fire upon us. Gen. Sykes said he could take the works, but he could not bring back as many hundreds as he carried in thousands. Tuesday morning we moved to the left, to our old position in the woods, and in the afternoon, about 5 o'clock, we commenced falling back, reaching the river about 12 o'clock, where we rested for the night. Wednesday we crossed the river and came as far as Stevensburg. Thursday we came to our present camp where we found a few log houses that were built by the rebels when we fell back to Centerville; these were appropriated to our use, as there is some sign of our going into winter quarters by the first of April, and we wish to save as much labor as possible. Thus ended our ten days' campaign. Whether everything on the original programme was accomplished or not, a private is not supposed to know; but if going without rations was a part of it, they can testify that that part was carried out to perfection; as for the rest I will leave for others to say.

J. F. L.

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**A PORT'S TRIBUTE TO "BURNS."**—Have heard it very highly spoken of, says New England's most vigorous poet. He referred not to Robert Burns, although in the matter of genius, Whittier has much in common with the immortal Scottish bard, but to those Burns which are speedily, and certainly cured by GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE. The Salve is also the best cure for flesh-wounds, boils, fells, salt-rheum, and all cutaneous eruptions whatever. The oldest and most obstinate ulcers yield to its permeating qualities. In fact it is a Household Friend, and no family should be without a box of it at hand. Only 25 Cents per box. See advertisement in another column.

## The Winchester Quota.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor.—A week or two ago a notice appeared in the Boston Journal, that the town of Winchester had taken hold with special energy and had filled its quota of volunteers, under the President's requisition for 300,000 more men. The circumstance attracted especial attention, elsewhere; for no other town, with possibly an exception or two, had been able to accomplish but very little, in the way of raising men and could see only discouraging prospects ahead. How was Winchester able to accomplish the work so soon? was the inquiry from various quarters, and when it was ascertained that men already enlisted had been purchased, at a cost of less than \$3,000, a feeling of disapprobation was strong and extensive. "The town has dishonored, has disgraced itself," was the spontaneous utterance of the multitudes. In our issue of last week, a writer above the signature "Myopia," has very fairly and truthfully presented his views on the subject. The writer is evidently a citizen of Winchester, and it is to be presumed that very many of its populace must entertain corresponding sentiments. Its general good judgment and common sense forbid that it should be otherwise. The subject was by no means exhausted and other points were briefly offered for consideration.

1. In the first place, it evidences a very low state of patriotic feeling and purpose, that with so little effort to obtain home volunteers, the citizens should make such earnest and sharp haste to screen themselves from the obligation and responsibility which are attached to other towns and which must be fairly met, having been relieved by the 5th corps. They reported that the rebels had two corps, Hill and Ewell's. We had the pleasure of seeing Messrs. Perkins, Griffin and Furber of Woburn; they were well and in good spirits. We made a halt that night at about 12 o'clock in the woods. Saturday morning we moved forward to the line of battle, which was formed under the lee of a hill with a line of skirmishers on the top of the hill. Two companies, C and E of our regt., were on the skirmish line, only one being wounded however, a Mr. Dow, of Co. C. This was the first time we had been under fire. There was considerable shelling by us, but the rebels responded feebly, and it soon stopped. It rained all day so that we got pretty well soaked. In the night we moved back a few rods into a piece of wood. Sunday it cleared off, but we remained in the woods all day; very little firing took place. Monday we drew three days rations, and were told they were to last six—quite consoling; but we made the best of it, knowing that rations could not be brought to us at that place. After getting the rations we fell in and changed our position, about a mile farther to the right of the line. At this point Gen. Sykes and Sedgwick had 2700 picked men from the 5th, 3d and 1st corps, massed, under their command, to make a charge on the rebels works. We had piled up our Knapsacks and laid as a reserve for them. The charge was to be opened by shelling them for an hour with our large siege guns, then at a given signal we were to charge across the swamp under cover of these guns; but after holding a council of war it was decided not to make the charge, the position being such that we would have to go directly through a very wet swamp before reaching their works, and their guns would pour a direct fire upon us. Gen. Sykes said he could take the works, but he could not bring back as many hundreds as he carried in thousands. Tuesday morning we moved to the left, to our old position in the woods, and in the afternoon, about 5 o'clock, we commenced falling back, reaching the river about 12 o'clock, where we rested for the night. Wednesday we crossed the river and came as far as Stevensburg. Thursday we came to our present camp where we found a few log houses that were built by the rebels when we fell back to Centerville; these were appropriated to our use, as there is some sign of our going into winter quarters by the first of April, and we wish to save as much labor as possible. Thus ended our ten days' campaign. Whether everything on the original programme was accomplished or not, a private is not supposed to know; but if going without rations was a part of it, they can testify that that part was carried out to perfection; as for the rest I will leave for others to say.

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PRESBYTERIA.

For the Middlesex Journal.

## A New Appeal.

By the earnest request of friends of Southern Loyalists, attached to the 2d N. C. Regt., the ranks of which are now being gradually filled up, and the headquarters of which are at Beaufort and Morehead City, I have consented to receive and disburse moneys or clothing that may be sent for them and their families by sympathizing Northerners. These patriotic and noble-hearted Union men are generally very poor; and as they receive no State or Town Bounties, like the more highly favored "Yankee" soldiers, they have strong claims for speedy and liberal aid from private benefactors.

If a fund of a thousand dollars could be created for their special benefit, it would be one of the wisest and surest methods to help the Cause at this perilous crisis. While second-hand articles of apparel for the women and children of their dependant households, many of whom have recently escaped from the merciless rebels greatly impoverished, would prove of incalculable advantage to the present winter.

Dear beloved Northern friends! while thoughtfully providing for the physical educational wants of Southern Blacks, forget not the pressing necessities of a portion of Southern Whites, but freely bestow of your abundance for their relief and our country's welfare. Appropriations sent to my care shall be sacredly devoted for the objects intended; and the Lord will reward the generous donors a hundred fold.

WM. C. WHITCOMB,  
 Hospital Chaplain U. S. A.,  
 Morehead City, N. C., Dec. 1, 1863.

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## New England Sanitary Commission Fair!

The Great Fair for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission will open at the Boston Music Hall, on Monday, December 14, at 6 P. M. The first evening will be devoted to a GRAND ORGANO CONCERT, and Exhibition of the Articles on the Tables. No articles will be sold on this evening. By this novel feature in Fairs, an opportunity will be afforded to all to see the rare and beautiful articles, before any of them have been removed. Mr. Morgan, the accomplished Organist at Grace Church, N. Y., has kindly volunteered to preside at the Organ. No other Concert will be given during the Fair. The Hall will be splendidly decorated. The battle-flags of the Massachusetts regiments, attended by a guard of honor of veteran soldiers, will be displayed above pyramids of arms. A tent, the first pitched by the Commission, will be filled with trophies from all the battle-fields of the war. A Museum of rare and antique curiosities will be among the attractions of the Hall. The display of rich and costly articles, many of them imported for the purpose, will surpass anything of the kind ever exhibited in America. A Daily Newspaper will be issued by the Latin School boys, and sold at the Fair. Tableaux and Private Theatricals will be given in the Lower Hall, under the charge of George B. Bartlett, Esq. The Paintings and Sculpture at the Boston Athenaeum will be on exhibition during the Fair week, for the benefit of the Fair, together with a fine collection of Paintings loaned for the purpose by various citizens of Boston.

Tickets of admission for the first (Monday) evening will be sold for \$2.00. The proceeds of this concert evening will be shared by the Sanitary Commission and the Organ Fund, the Hall being furnished through the week without charge. After this, all the proceeds will be for the sole benefit of the Sanitary Commission. Through the week, the Fair will open at 11 A. M., and close at 10 P. M. Tickets, at 50 cents, on Tuesday, and after Tuesday for 25 cents, may be obtained at the Ticket Office and at Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, 135 Washington street. Tickets will be for sale on Wednesday, Dec. 9. No season tickets will be sold. Any articles to be presented to the Fair may be sent to F. W. Andrews, 246 Washington street.

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**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.**—The Proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post—which paper is now in its Forty-third Year!—respectfully announce in their Prospectus for 1864, that they design maintaining for their weekly the high character it has already acquired as a First Class Literary Paper!

They design procuring for the Post in the future as in the past, the best Stories, sketches, and other Literary Novelties which they can possibly obtain. They intend commencing in the first paper in January, a new Novel, by Mrs. Wood, Author of "East Lynne," &c., from advance sheets, expressly forwarded to us from England. This story will be called "Oswald Gray," and will be about the length of "Verner's Pride" and "East Lynne."

In addition to the Stories written expressly for the Post, its Editor also strives to lay before its readers, the best Stories from the English Periodicals. And gives, in addition to the Tales and Sketches, more or less Agricultural Matter, with a Riddle, Receipt, News, and Market Departments, every week.

The Proprietors will give to any person sending thirty subscriptions to the Post and Sixty Dollars, one of Wheeler and Wilson's Celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for forty-five Dollars. The machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

TERMS.—1 copy, one year, \$2.00; 2 copies, 3.00; 4 copies, 6.00; 8 copies, (and one to get-up of club,) 12.00; 20 copies, (and one to get-up of club,) 28.00; one copy of the Post and one of the Lady's Friend, 3.00.

Specimen numbers of the Post sent gratis. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

**OUR COURTESIES TO THE RUSSIAN.**—A private letter from a high source in



who enrolled the names for this town, claims that the mistakes and omissions are not his, but must have been caused at the Provost Marshal's office either in copying the names for the printer or in not correcting the proof. How far these errors will effect the draft, remains to be seen, but it is presumed that they will be deemed unimportant, if the men can be identified by the enrolling officer as the ones intended. More care should however be taken in making up these lists, otherwise their object will not be attained.

**CONCERT.**—Last Saturday afternoon and evening we were favored with one of the "Old Folks Concerts" by Grandire Baldwin & Co. These reminders of times long ago cannot fail to interest and amuse those of us at the present day, who were not privileged to listen to such performances, as well as those to whom these old fashioned tunes and style of singing them recall pleasant reminiscences of their early days. The concert was well attended and the exhibition was creditable to those concerned in it.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

**FIRE.**—The saw mill in the North District, situated on the stream which separates South Reading from Lynnfield, was destroyed by an incendiary fire, about 1 o'clock on Saturday morning, Dec. 5. The building was owned by Messrs. Reed & Bartlett of Boston, who also were owners of the ice houses recently burned. For several years it has been leased by Adam Wiley, Esq., of this town, who had just made preparation for the winter business. Mr. Wiley lost tools and other articles of value.

**SOLDIERS' RELIEF.**—The committee of the Soldiers' Relief Association held a meeting on Monday evening to consider the best means to procure funds to carry out the objects of the organization. It was determined that the first of the series of expeditions should be a social gathering at Town Hall next week on Friday evening probably. The admission fee will be five cents. Speeches, singing, and an opportunity to become acquainted with each other will be enjoyed. The interest which most people feel in the object will insure a full attendance.

**HORTICULTURAL.**—On the first Friday evening in December, members of the Horticultural Association met at the house of James Eustis, Esq., to discuss the "Apple." The next meeting will be held with Hon. L. Eaton, on Monday evening, Dec. 21. Subject the same.

**WAR MEETINGS.**—J. Q. A. Griffin, Esq., addressed the citizens of South Reading last Saturday evening, about one hour, when he was obliged to leave for the cars. Other addresses were made by Messrs. P. H. Sweetser, P. Folsom, Isaac Osgood, and B. F. Bancroft. At the meeting for this week, Saturday evening, a popular speaker is expected.

**THANKSGIVING.**—The President's proclamation, issued on the 7th inst., for a Thanksgiving service on account of recent events in Tennessee, was responded to at the Congregational Chapel on Tuesday evening, and at the Baptist Vestry on Wednesday evening.

**TEMPERANCE.**—The Star of Hope Division of the Sons of Temperance of Stoneham gave an exhibition in the Town Hall, in South Reading, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

**OUR RECRUITS.**—Our boys who left us about a week since for Long Island in Boston Harbor, have found quite a change in the weather since they left South Reading. Still they are in excellent spirits, willing to endure as good soldiers, in the full belief that they shall be "in at the death" of the rebellion.

## READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The war meeting in Lyceum Hall, on Tuesday of last week, was largely attended, and was entertained by J. Q. A. Griffin, Esq., and the inimitable and ever-welcome "Farmer" Allen. Not being present I make no report of their addresses.

"All quiet on the Potomac" sounds as natural as life, and I think it is destined yet for many days to have about the same ring. The Boston Journal says that the retreat of Gen. Meade to his old quarters, will sadly disappoint the anticipations of many loyal hearts. This is unquestionably true, while on the other hand those who have kept a close watch of the doings of that Army in the past, will feel no disappointment at all in the recent retreat, but rather looked for it, and will expect it in the future, since there are many who believe that the government do not intend to push the rebels very hard in Virginia, it being considered about impossible for Meade to bag Lee's Army; and to take Richmond and thereby compel Lee to concentrate his forces elsewhere, would not inure to the good of the cause.

I heard an officer of the Army of Virginia recently say that Lee might have been essentially used up, had Meade pressed him hard after the battle of Gettysburg; but then, he exclaimed, what would have become of slavery question. The people do not look for any decided victories by the Army of the Potomac, while it should be stated there are no more valiant soldiers in the field than compose that army. This portion of the army may be regarded as one of our best institutions.

A recruiting office has been opened in Pratt's building on Haven street, and about one-half of our quota has been obtained, with a fair prospect of soon getting the remainder.

**LENO.**  
If you have a heart of rock, let it be the rock of Horeb, that gushed when stricken by the prophet's rod.

A curse is like a stone thrown up to heaven, must finally return on the head of him who throws it.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom. He that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

Many persons write articles and send them to an editor to be corrected—as if an editor's office were a house of correction.

## Special Notices.

Y. M. L. A.

The Fourth lecture of the present Course, will be delivered by JOHN G. RAY, Esq., of Albany, on Friday evening, Dec. 18th. Subject—Love a Wonderful and Patriotic Power.

Woburn, Dec. 11, 1863.

## NOTICE.

DR. INGALLS is about to leave Winchester, and gives notice that he may be found at his residence from 6 o'clock P.M. to 9 o'clock A.M.; and as it is impossible for him to call upon all those who are indebted to him, he invites them to call upon him within the next few days.

Winchester, Dec. 1863.

## WARREN ACADEMY.

The winter term of this institution will commence on Monday, November 30th, 1863, under the charge of D. W. Sauton, A. M., as Principal.

BENJAMIN CUTTER, Sec.

Woburn, Nov. 30, 1863.

## To Horse Owners.

DR. SWEET'S LINIMENT FOR HORSES is unrivalled by any, in all cases of lameness, arising from Sprains, Bruises, or Wrenching, its effect is magical and certain. It will also cure speedily, Spavin and Rigbone may be easily prevented and cured in their incipient stages, but if they are beyond the possibility of a radical cure. No case of the kind, however, is so desperate or hopeless but it may be alleviated by this Liniment, and its faithful application will always remove the lameness, and enable the horse to travel with comparative ease.

Every horse owner should have this remedy at hand, for its timely use at the first appearance of lameness will effectually prevent those formidable diseases mentioned, to which all horses are liable, and which render so many otherwise valuable horses nearly worthless. See advertisement.

## Pulmonary Consumption a Curable Disease!!!

## A CARD - TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a *cure* cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address—REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, N. Y.

## SHAKE AND BURN!

Shake and Burn! Shake and Burn! This is the life of agony endured by the sufferer from Fever and Ague. He wanders like an uncertain shadow, never knowing what moment he may be prostrated, and therefore disinclined to any exertion, and unable to hold any country. This is the condition of thousands in town and country. It is no exaggeration to say that Fever and Ague has been the cause of more misery and death in America. For a sure and speedy cure of this terrible affliction, we take great pleasure in recommending the use of the *SHAKE AND BURN BOTTLE*, which have already achieved a wide reputation for rapid and powerful effects in renovating the system, and restoring the sufferer to health.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

10-4w

## LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIGESTIVE ORGANS, AND GLANDULAR SYSTEM.

Notwithstanding the fact that the liver and kidneys are the most important organs of the human system, and that it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of their health, it is a singular fact that the most common diseases of the human system, and many of the most scientific and practical elements and physicians have paid but little attention to the human system. It is pronounced to act upon the

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## PURE IODINE IN PURE WATER

without a solvent. This, considered impossible by the scientific world, was effected by the analysis from Dr. J. R. Chilton, of this city, and Prof. Booth, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia. The importance of this discovery was so highly appreciated by the Faculty that it was published in the Medical Annual, and is so recommended to practitioners (see "American Medical Monthly," July 6, 1856, page 76.)

This valuable medicine is now available to the public for the cure of Scrofula in all its manifold forms. Consumption, Cancer, Heart Liver and Kidney Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Dyspepsia, and diseases arising from specific causes, &c.

AS A TONIC, its operations is evinced by strengthening the digestive organs and increasing the appetite. In cases of Dyspepsia, Emaciation and Debility, an improvement of the body is the result of the employment of Iodine. The patient recovers flesh, strength and color; hitherto pale relaxed and feeble, he becomes full, strong and healthy.

Full directions accompany each bottle. TESTIMONIALS MAY BE SEEN AT OUR OFFICE. Price \$1 per bottle, or \$5 per half dozen. Sold by druggists, or sent by Express on receipt of the enclosed bill.

All consultations free.

DR. H. ANDERS & CO., Physicians and Chemists, No. 42 Broadway, New York.

51-52m.

## Why is Cristadoro's hair dye popular?

Read the universal Answer to this Question.

BECAUSE It imparts a natural black or brown. It does not crisp or burn the hair. It does not soil the fairest skin. It is applied in ten minutes.

## THEREFORE

The Man of Taste approves it. Those who value Silken Hair use it. The Ladies everywhere prefer it. Those to whom time is valuable purchase it. Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, 6 Astor House, New York. Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, \$1, \$1.50, and \$3 per box, according to size.

11-4w

## WM. H. CLARKE,

Organist and Musical Director of the First Congregational Church, Woburn, Mass.

Teacher of Piano and Vocal Music.

Terms per Quarter, \$15.

Office—Near entrance of the Church, (Up Stairs).

Hours for pupils, from 8 to 12 A. M., and from 1 to 6 P. M., daily, except Thursdays.

New and Warranted Piano for sale, from \$100 and upwards, according to compass and style of finish.

11-4w

## Sozodont—Sozodont!

On hand and for sale by

W. C. BRIGHAM

## Married.

PATTERSON—WYMAN.—In Boston, Dec. 10th, by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Rev. T. E. Patterson, of New York, Conn., to Miss Sophie E. Wyman, of Woburn.

HISMAN—DANAN.—In North Reading, Dec. 6th, by Rev. T. N. Jones, Mr. Edward P. Hinman to Miss Jane Danan, both of North Reading.

WAKER—EMMONS.—In South Boston, Nov. 25th, by Rev. E. A. Lacombe, Mr. Charles R. Waker, of South Reading, to Miss Martha E. Emons, of South Boston.

PARKER—ABORN.—In Boston, Nov. 28th, by Rev. E. A. Eaton, Mr. John Q. A. Parker to Miss Helen V. Aborn, both of South Reading.

## Died.

SAWYER.—In Woburn, Dec. 5th, of Diphtheria, Freddie L., youngest son of Edwin S. and Sarah T. Sawyer, aged 2 years, and 2 months.

He was an angel in our midst! But God who dwells on high, Took him from this cold earth To make him an angel of the sky.

'Twas hard to part with him, We loved so fond and tenderly, Yet let no murmur pass our lips— 'Tis the will of him above.

O lay his earthly head to rest O lay him gently down, Whisper softly round his bed, He is an angel now.

BATCHELDER.—In Reading, Nov. 21th, Herriek Batchelder, aged 59 years, 10 months, 1 day.

PARKER.—In Reading, Dec. 9th, Capt. Charles Parker, aged 70 years.

PARKER.—In Reading, Dec. 1st, Eliza Parker, aged 63 years, 8 mos., 14 days.

TWEED.—In Reading, Dec. 2d, Judith Tweed, aged 47 years.

BUTLER.—In Reading, Dec. 7th, Elijah Butler, aged 71 years.

SWAN.—In West Medford, Dec. 11th, Lucy R. Swan, aged 15 years, 1 mo., and 4 days.

Funeral Sunday afternoon, at 1 o'clock, from her father's residence, West Medford.

Price 25 cents and \$1 per box. A great saving is made by taking the large size.

Each box has the name and the facsimile of the proprietor's signature attached to it, which is duly acknowledged.

Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover street, Boston, general agents for New England.

Wholesale and Retail Agents, Druggists, Apothecaries, and Country Stores everywhere.

11-4w

## A LARGE STOCK OF GOODS,

SUITABLE FOR

## CHRISTMAS &amp; NEW YEAR'S

## PRESENTS!

Will be opened at the

## WOBBURN BOOKSTORE,

Next Week.

## WINTER CLOTHING.

The subscriber has on hand a large assortment of

## CLOTHS

FOR

## WINTER WEAR,

Which he is prepared to make up at short notice, in the best manner. His stock of goods comprises

Dark and Light French Cassimeres, Trites, Meltons, Silk Mixtures, Black and Colored Cloths, Doeskins, &c., &c.

Also, a full assortment of SILK AND CASHMERE VESTINGS.

## FURNISHING GOODS

of all kinds, and of the best quality, constantly on hand.

## G. R. GAGE,

Wade Block, ..... Woburn.

## COAL! COAL!!

THE subscriber will have for sale, next week, a Cargo of

## NUT COAL,

WHICH HE WILL SELL AT

One Dollar Less per Ton,

than any other kind. This Coal is equal in quality to any in the market, and is profitable for consumption.

JOS. B. McDONALD, Woburn, Oct. 23d, 1863.—11-4w

## DR. C. T. LANG,

Surgeon Dentist.

Cor. Wm. and Pleasant Sts.

Woburn Centre, Mass.

## B. CUTTER &amp; SON,

CORNER OF PLEASANT AND BENNETT STREETS,

WOBBURN CENTRE.

BENJ. CUTTER, M.D., EPHRAIM CUTTER, M.D.

Woburn, May 1st, 1863.—11-4w

## MRS. M. E. FIELD,

MILLINER,

Keeps constantly on hand

BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, CANY BRADS, LACES, SILKS, WOOLSTEDS, &c.

MOURNING GOODS furnished at short notice

to order.

Bank Block, Main Street, Woburn.

## SKINNERS' PULMONALES

FOR the immediate relief of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, &c., &c.

They go right to the spot, stop your cough, clear your throat, cure the breath, and give you the voice. They are unsurpassed for relieving inflammation in the Larynx, Trachea, and Lungs.

They relieve all complaints which originate in the respiratory organs. They will prevent the settling upon the lungs. They contain no opium or narcotic properties. They are the safest medicine for children. They are useful in every house.

They are convenient to carry in your pocket, and particularly adapted to the army. Public speakers and singers will find them useful for clearing and strengthening the voice. They are purely white and in form of a wafer, and are perfectly safe to use for all Branchial and lung complaints, and have a specific medicinal and curative effect on all diseases of the mucous membrane.

The dose can be graduated so as to be suitable for the infant in the cradle, to the individual of three years and ten. Mothers and soldiers should not be in the field without them.

One box of the PULMONALES will be sent by mail to any address for forty cents.

PREPARED BY

E. M. SKINNER, M. D.,

Successor to J. Russell Spaulding,

27 Tremont Street,

Opposite the Museum, Boston, Mass

38-1y

## GRACE'S CELEBRATED SALVE,

A SURE RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERER.

This Salve is a vegetable preparation, invented in the 17th century, by Dr. Wm. Grace, surgeon in King James's army. Through its agency he cured thousands of most serious sores and wounds that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians of his day, and was regarded by all who knew him as a public benefactor.

Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Burns. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Scalds. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Flesh Wounds. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Salt Rheum. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Felons. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Frozen Limbs. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Wens. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Cancers. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Abscesses. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Ulcers. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Chills. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Sore Throat. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Sore Lips. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Erysipelas Sores. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Hemorrhoids. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Itch. Grace's Celebrated Salve cures Ringworms.

And from Sores and Wounds of the most serious nature down to a common Pimple. It eradicates Ringworms from the face and restores the skin. There is no preparation before the public that can equal this Salve in prompt and energetic action for the speedy cure of external diseases, as those who have tried its virtues testify. Soldiers, Sailors, and Fishermen, will find this Salve their best friend.

It has none of the irritating, heating properties of other remedies, but cools, cleanses, and heals the most serious Sores and Wounds. It is a family, and especially those containing children, should keep a box on hand in case of accident, for it will save them much trouble, suffering, and money. All it wants is a fair trial to cure old and inveterate Sores.

MANUFACTURED BY WILLIAM GRACE, AMESBURY, MASS.

Price 25 cents and \$1 per box. A great saving is made by taking the large size.

Each box has the name and the facsimile of the proprietor's signature attached to it, which is duly acknowledged.

Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover street, Boston, general agents for New England.

Wholesale and Retail Agents, Druggists, Apothecaries, and Country Stores everywhere.

11-4w

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs at Law, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the estate of CHARLES DEAN, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, Intestate.

Whereas, application has been made to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to K. J. Joy, of Woburn, aforesaid: You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the FOURTH DAY OF DECEMBER next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the said Joy is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the printed paper called the "Middlesex Journal," in Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs at Law, and others interested in the estate of ANNA DEED, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

Whereas, NANCY WYMAN, Administratrix, presented to said Court her petition for leave to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, and the payment of debts and charges of administration, for other purposes, as set forth in said petition—You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the FOURTH DAY OF DECEMBER next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this twenty-fourth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

## THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY!

51 Wesley Street, New York,

SINCE its organization, has created a new era in the history of

Wholesaling Teas in this Country.

They have introduced their selection of TEAS, and are selling them at

Two Cents per pound above cost.

Never deviating from the ONE PRICE asked.

Another peculiarity of the Company is that a TEA TASTER not only devotes his time to the selection of their TEAS, as to quality, value, and purity, but he also inspects the quality of the TEA TASTER, and the knowledge of superior sales.

This enables all Tea buyers—no matter if they are thousands of miles from this market—to purchase as good goods from the New York market.

Parties can order Teas and will be served by us as well as though they came themselves, being sent to get original packages, true weights and tares, and the TEAS are WARRANTED as REPRESENTED.

We issue a price list of the Company's TEAS, which will be sent to all who order it, comprising Hyson, Young Hyson, Imperial, Gunpowder, Twankay & Skin.

Oolong, Suchong, Orange & Hyson.

Pekoe, Japan Tea, of every description, colored and uncolored.

This list has been kind of Tea divided into four classes, namely: CARO, HIGH CARGO, FINE, and the best.

THE COMPANY, every one may understand from the list the quality of the TEAS, and the Company are determined to under sell the whole Tea trade.

We guarantee to sell ALL our Teas at not over TWO CENTS (.02 cents) per pound above cost, believing this to be attractive to many who have been paying much more for their Teas.

For full Directions accompany each one pound box can.

## GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

51 WESLEY STREET, NEW YORK.







# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stonham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII: No. 12.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

## Poetry.

### A Child's Question.

Long rings the bell from many a tower—  
The year is eighty-three;  
A father by the window sits,  
With a child upon his knee,  
And hears the glad-some notes proclaim  
The birthday of the free.

The banner which our fathers loved,  
And which their sons shall prize,  
With its star and stripes effaced,  
Flies proudly to the skies—  
The emblem of a nation's strength  
No man dare despise.

"Dear father," now with earnest voice  
Outspeaks the eager son,  
"My teacher told me yesterday  
What glorious deeds were done  
In the war that burst upon the land  
In eighteen sixty-one."

"She old me with what patient hearts  
Our noble soldiers bore  
The toil some march, the frugal fare,  
The hardships of the war;  
The greatest—so my teacher says—  
That history ever saw."

"I wish I had been living then,  
To see the noble flag  
From all the rebel crew  
I'd be ashamed to stay behind—  
Dear father, wouldn't you?"

Upon the father's listening face  
A painful flush there came;  
The patriot soldier's meed of praise  
He had in nowise claim,  
And the question of his little son  
Smote him with sudden shame.

Young men, your country calls to-day  
For loyal men and true;  
She has enough of earnest work  
For earnest men to do.  
Give heed, lest in the days to come  
Your children blush for you!

[Harper's Weekly.]

## Select Literature.

### THE PARSON'S RACE.

In one of the large towns of Worcester County, Massachusetts, used to live a clergyman, who we will call Ridewell. He was of the Baptist persuasion, and very rigid in his ideas of moral propriety. He had in his employ an old negro, named Pompey, and if this latter individual was not so strict in his morals as his master, he was at least a very cunning dog, and passed in the reverend household for a pattern of propriety. Pompey was a useful servant, and the old clergyman never hesitated to trust him with the most important business.

Now it so happened that there were, dwelling in all about the town, sundry individuals who had not the fear of the dreadful penalties which Mr. Ridewell preached about before their eyes, for it was the worst of these people to congregate on Sabbath evenings upon a level piece of land in the outskirts of the town, and there race horses. This spot was hidden from view by a dense piece of woods, and for a long while the Sunday evening races were carried on there without detection by the officers, or others who might stop them.

It also happened that the good old clergyman owned one of the best horses in the country. This horse was of the Morgan stock, with a mixture of the Arabian blood in his vein, and it was generally known that few beasts could pass him on the road. Mr. Ridewell, with a dignity becoming his calling, stoutly declared that the fleetness of his horse never afforded him any gratification, and that, for his own part, he would as lief have any other. Yet money could not buy his Morgan, nor could any amount of argument persuade him to swap.

The church was so near to the good clergyman's dwelling that he always walked to meeting, and his horse was consequently allowed to remain in the pasture.

Pompey discovered that these races were on the tap, and he resolved to enter his master's horse on his own account, for he felt sure that Morgan could beat anything in the shape of horseflesh that could be produced in that quarter. So on the very next Sunday evening, he hid the horse under his jacket, went out into the pasture and caught the horse, and then rode off towards the spot where the wicked ones were congregated. Here he found some dozen horses assembled, and the racing was about to commence. Pompey mounted his beast, and at the signal he started. Old Morgan entered into the spirit of the thing, and came out two rods ahead of everything. So Pompey won quite a prize, and before dark he was well initiated in horse-racing.

Pompey succeeded in getting home without exciting any suspicions, and he now longed for the Sabbath afternoon to come, for he was determined to try it again. He did go again, and again he won; and this course of wickedness he kept up for two months, making his appearance on the racing-ground every Sunday afternoon, as soon as he could after "meeting was out." And during this time Pompey was not the only one who had learned to love the racing. No, for old Morgan himself had come to love this excitement of the thing, too, and his every motion when upon the track showed how zealously he entered into the spirit of the game.

But these things were not always to re-

main a secret. One Sunday a pious deacon beheld this racing from a distance, and straightway went to the parson with the alarming intelligence. The Rev. Mr. Ridewell was utterly shocked. His moral feelings were outraged, and he resolved at once to put a stop to the wickedness. During the week he made many inquiries, and he learned that this thing had been practised all summer on every Sabbath afternoon. He bade his parishioners keep quiet, and he told them that on Sunday he would make his appearance on the very spot and catch them in their deeds of iniquity.

On the following Sabbath, after dinner, Mr. Ridewell ordered old Pompey to bring old Morgan and put him in the stable. The order was obeyed, though not without many misgivings on the part of the faithful negro. As soon as the afternoon services were closed the two deacons and some others of the members of the church accompanied the minister home, with their horses.

"It is the most flagrant piece of abomination that ever came under my observation," said the indignant clergyman, as they rode on.

"It is most assuredly," answered one of the deacons.

"Horse-racing on the Sabbath!" uttered the minister.

"Dreadful!" echoed the second deacon.

And so the conversation went on until they reached the top of a gentle eminence which overlooked the plain where the racing was carried on, and where some dozen horsemen, with a score of lookers-on, were assembled. The sight was one which chilled the good parson to his soul. He remained motionless until he had made out the whole alarming truth.

"Now, my brothers," said he, "let us ride down and confront the wicked wretches, and if they will down upon their knees and implore God's mercy, and promise to do so no more, we will not take legal action against them. O, that my own land should be desecrated thus!" for it was indeed a section of his own farm.

As the good clergyman thus spoke, he started on towards the scene. The horses of the wicked men were just drawing up for a start as the minister approached, and some of the riders, who at once recognized "old Morgan," did not recognize the reverend individual who rode him.

"Wicked men!" commenced the parson, as he came near enough for his voice to be heard, "children of sin and shame—"

"Come on, old boss," cried one of the jockeys, turning towards the minister. "If you are in for the first race, you must stir your stumps. Now we go."

"Alas! O, my wicked—"

"All ready!" shouted he who led in the affair, cutting the minister short. "And off it is!"

And the word for starting was given. Old Morgan knew that word too well, for no sooner did it fall upon his ears than he stuck out his nose, and with one wild snort he started, and the rest of the racers, twelve in number, kept him company.

"Who-a! who-a!" cried the parson, at the top of his voice.

"By the powers, old fellow, you're a keen one!" shouted one of the wicked men, who had thus far managed to keep close by the parson. "You ride well."

"Who-ho-ho! who-a-o!" yelled the clergyman, tugging at the reins with all his might.

But it was of no avail. Old Morgan had now reached ahead of all competitors and he came up to the judge's stand three rods ahead, where the petrified deacons were standing, with eyes and mouth wide open.

"Don't stop," cried the judge, who had now recognized Parson Ridewell, and suspected his business, and who also saw at once into the secret of old Morgan's joining the race. "Don't stop," he shouted again, "it is a two-mile heat this time. Keep right on, Parson. You are good for another mile. Now you go—ad off it is!"

The last words were of course known to the horse, and no sooner did Morgan hear him, than he stuck his nose out again, and again started off. The poor parson did his utmost to stop the bewitched animal, but it could not be done. The more he struggled and yelled, the faster the animal went, and ere many moments he was again at the starting point, where Morgan now stopped of his own accord. There was a hurried whispering among the wicked ones, and a succession of very curious winks and knowing nods seem to indicate that they understood.

"Upon my soul, parson," said the leader of the abominable, approaching the spot where the minister stood in his saddle, he having not yet sufficiently recovered his presence of mind to dismount, "you ride well. We had not looked for this honor."

"Honor, sir!" gasped Parson Ridewell, looking blankly into the speaker's face.

"Ay—for 'tis an honor. You are the first clergyman who has ever joined us in our Sabbath evening entertainments."

"I—I, sir! I joined you!"

"Ha, ha, ha! O, you did it well. Your good deacons really think you tried to stop your horse; but I saw through it; I saw how shilly you put the horse up. But I don't blame you for feeling proud of old Morgan, for I should feel so myself if I owned him. But you need not fear; I will tell all who may ask me about it, that you did your best

to stop your beast; for I would rather stretch the truth a little than have such a good joke as you suffer."

This had been spoken so loudly that the deacons had heard every word, and the parson was bewildered; but he soon came to himself, and with a flashing eye, he cried:

"Villains, what mean you? Why do ye thus?"

"Hold on," interrupted one of the party, and as he spoke, the rest of the racing men had all mounted their horses, "hold on a moment, parson. We are willing to allow you to carry off the palm, but we won't stand your abuse. When we heard that you had determined to try if your horse would not beat us, we agreed among ourselves that if you came we would let you in. We have done so, and you have run the race in a two mile heat. Now let that satisfy you. By the hokey, but you did well. When you want to try it again, just send us word, and we'll be ready for you. Good bye!"

As the wretch thus spoke, he turned his horse's head, and before the astonished preacher could utter a word, the whole party had ridden away out of hearing. It was some time before one of the churchmen could speak. They knew not what to say. Why should their minister's horse have joined in the race without permission from his master? They knew how much he set by the animal, and at length they shook their heads with doubt.

"It is very strange," said one.

"Very," answered a second.

"Remarkable," suggested a third.

"Of my soul, brethren," spoke Ridewell, "I can't make it out."

So the party rode back to the clergyman's house, but none of the brethren would enter, nor would they stop at all. Before Monday had drawn to a close, it was generally known that parson Ridewell had been on the Sabbath, and a meeting of the church was appointed for Thursday.

Poor Ridewell was almost crazy with vexation; but before Thursday came, Pompey found out how matters stood, and he assured his master that he would clear the matter up; and after a day's search, he discovered the astounding fact that some of those wicked men had been in the habit of stealing old Morgan from the pasture, and racing him on Sabbath afternoons! Pompey found out this much—but he could not find out *who* did it.

As soon as this became known to the church, the members conferred together, and they soon concluded that under such circumstances a high mettle horse would be very apt to run away with his rider when he found himself directly upon the track.

So Parson Ridewell was cleared, but it was a long while before he got over the blow, for many were the wicked wags who delighted to pester him by offering to "ride a race with him," to "bet on his head," or "to put him against the world for a race." But as Ridewell grew older, his heart grew warmer, and finally he could laugh with right good will when he spoke of his unexpected race. Be sure there was no more Sabbath racing in that town.

AN INTERESTING COURT INTERVIEW.—A humorous writer thus described in the Chicago Post how, in the police court, he got out of a bad scrape:

The next morning the judge of the police court sent for me. I went down, and he received me cordially. Said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished at Bryan Hall, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man and all that. Then he offered a toast—"Guilty or not guilty?" I responded in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies, I loaned the city ten dollars.

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF IT.—Tom is a bright little boy, and very much attached to his mother. The other day his father came home in a bad humor, and was scolding and finding fault with things generally. Little Tom sat and listened until he thought it necessary to interfere in behalf of his mother, when, looking up to his father, he said in a very decided tone:

"If you did not like her ways, why did you marry her for?"

We need scarcely add that the weather cleared up at once, and the storm was over.

When the telegram from Cumberland Gap reached Mr. Lincoln that "firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville," he remarked that he was "glad of it." Some persons present, who had the perils of Burnside's position uppermost in his mind, could not see why Mr. Lincoln should be "glad of it," and so expressed himself. "Why, you see," responded the President, "it reminds me of Mistress Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine, who had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, upon which Mistress Sallie would exclaim, 'there's one of my children that isn't dead yet!'"

The convicted gambler in Richmond is to receive forty-nine lashes at the whipping-post.

Six thousand coffee plants are growing in Smith's Gardens, near Sacramento. They stand the winter in this climate. The state gives \$1,000 for the first 150 pounds of coffee raised in California.

## For the Middlesex Journal.

### Levavi Oculos Meos.

—Matins' Twenty-seventh Day.

Plunged in Sin's chasm, deep and dark  
Jesu! I've groped too long!  
I now look up, perchance to see  
Will light my path along.

I catch a ray—a ray Divine—  
I'll follow though I fear!  
Permit it on my way to shine,  
And make the shadows clear!

With Thy strong arm, O, bridge the pits  
That Satan's wiles have laid!  
O! shield me where Temptation sits—  
Form my securest aid!

Then shall my thought, though stumbling oft,  
Find egress from this gloom;  
And joy's pure light, or sunset soft,  
My every doubt illumine.

Then shall my heart all purged be  
By Thy woes upon the Tree;  
And all my life hymn praisefully,  
To the Holy Trinity.

WOBURN, AUG. 11th, 1863.

## FAIRLY CAUGHT.

We were standing on the piazza, with the moonlight falling bright and clear around us, throwing fantastic shadows on the smooth stretch of lawn in front, silencing the vine leaves, that clustered around the tall, white pillars; in short, shining on everything that I did not care to see, and leaving, untouched, the dark corner behind the honey-suckle, where he had placed himself—the spot of all others that I wanted well illuminated! To tell the truth I was flirting, and every young lady knows the importance, when one is engaged in so delicate an experiment as that, of having a good light upon the subject, and therefore can appreciate my disappointment when the moon obstinately persisted in leaving in the deepest shadow, every object within four feet of him.

I began by saying we were standing, and I suppose I must introduce "we," before I can proceed with that clearness which is generally considered an essential in story-telling. First, Miss Annie Rochester, a young lady of eighteen, whose distinguishing characteristics at that time, were an intense love of fun, and as intense a determination never to get into the state matrimonial, which last arose, not from a contempt for the male sex, but from an inability to center her affections on any one person, for a sufficient length of time to enable her to vow, with a clear conscience, "to love, honor and obey." (Having now been ceremoniously introduced, I shall take the liberty of returning to the first person.) My companion was Matthew Arnold, and my object was as I have stated a flirtation. The young gentleman was rich, handsome, a Southerner, and above all noted for his indifference to any and all of the wiles of the fair sex. We were staying at the house of a mutual friend, and on my introduction to him, I had declared to her my determination of laying, siege to his heart; she laughingly told me it was of no use, but my pride was aroused, and after all due preparation, I let fly my first arrow which I followed up by a succession of well aimed shots. Not one of them, however, hit the mark, and my ammunition was slowly yet surely decreasing; but give up, I would not. Day after day went by; we rode, walked, talked—in short, I had every opportunity the heart of woman could desire, but all was of no avail. That night I had resolved to make one grand attempt, and when I found myself on the piazza under that delicious moonlight, of which even my heart, hardened as it was, felt bewitching influence, "Hope told a flattering tale," and I began to feel sure of my eventual success. I commenced the conversation by some trivial remark, to which he made as trivial a reply, then I waited a moment; the silence was perfect, the occasional chirp of a cricket only seemed to render it deeper, the scene could not have been more lovely, and as I stood there looking out upon it, for what I knew was the last time, I could not restrain the long, deep drawn sigh that came, as I said, "I am going away to-morrow, Mr. Arnold."

"And are you not sorry, Miss Rochester?" I was sorry, very sorry, but should I own it to him? No! So I put on a brave face and true to my Yankee character answered his question by another. "Are you?" I heard his low laugh very plainly as he said, "Am I what? you are rather indefinite to-night, Miss Annie."

I was getting desperate and turning my face toward him cried hurriedly—

"Are you sorry that I am going away—are you sorry that this is the last evening you and I will probably ever pass together?"

"You rush to conclusions, why should it be that?"

"Because—because," I stammered.

"Because what, Miss Annie?"

"Because I burst out, losing what little self-control I had been able so far to maintain," because you do not care enough about me ever to seek me again.

He did not speak for a moment, then he said:

"I am afraid your walk this afternoon was too much for you—was it not?"

I did not deign to answer him, and he went on very quietly:

"My dear little girl," (didn't that make my blood boil!) "I will tell you for what I am sorry; I have watched you for the last month more closely than you have imagined; and it has grieved me sometimes very much,

to see you waste your time and talent as you have been doing. Now that you are young and pretty, you find it, no doubt, very pleasant to break a heart occasionally, it is exciting; but the time will come when the sparkle and foam will fade away, and bitter though the draught may be, you will have to drain it. You have the materials of a noble woman within you—you will not try to be one. Believe me, it will amply repay you. Now you had better go to bed and sleep off your excitement—you will feel differently in the morning."

How I felt—I could have choked him on the spot! I tried to speak, but the sob in my throat was too much for me, and bursting into a tempest of tears, I rushed into the house, up the stairs, and into my room, from which seclusion I did not emerge again that night. I was humiliated, mortified—I had never been treated so before—the idea of his speaking to me in that way! "His dear little girl, indeed!" The morning however, found me in a somewhat calmer state; by timing my departure, while Mr. Arnold was taking his early walk and smoke, I escaped without seeing him at all. Home I went, and to tell the truth cried unintermittently throughout the whole of my fifty-mile journey, so that my appearance, on arriving at its termination, may be better imagined than described. I had learned a lesson, however, and my flirting days were over.

Time passed on very slowly and quietly without my accustomed excitement, until one day, about three months after that eventful night, my father brought home a young gentleman, whom he introduced to me as the son of one of his old college friends, who was passing through the town, and had taken the opportunity to revive the acquaintance. By a singular coincidence, the name of the young gentleman was Matthew Arnold! In my position of hostess numerous duties of course devolved upon me, which at first were very irksome, but which gradually, from the force of habit or what, I know not, became extremely pleasant—so much so, in fact, that after a thorough, careful examination, I was forced to arrive at the humiliating conclusion, that I was irrevocably in love. And this was the upshot of all my proud resolutions—the end of all my well-laid plans! It had the wholesome effect of considerably lowering my vanity, and when somehow or other, one night Arnold asked me if I would be his wife, what do you think I told him?

The other day I asked him what ever possessed him to make such a speech to me that night on the piazza. His only reply was a request for a kiss, which I indignantly refused, until he proposed making a business arrangement of it—he was to answer my question and then receive his reward—to this I agreed; and he began, with a mischievous look in the corner of his eyes.

"Well, my dear, I had taken quite a fancy to you, but I didn't dare to trust my happiness in the hands of a young lady, with such a desperate proclivity for flirting, so I took what I thought the most probable means of effecting a cure."

For which impudent speech he got his ears boxed.

THE ART OF WALKING.—In a graceful human step the heel is always raised before the foot is lifted from the ground; as if the foot were a part of a wheel rolling forward; and the weight of the body, supported by the muscles of the calf of the leg, rests for the time on the fore part of the foot and toes in a certain degree. But when strong wooden shoes are used, or any shoe so stiff that it will not yield and allow the bending of the foot, the heel is not raised at all until the whole foot rises with it; so that the muscles of the calf are scarcely used, and in consequence soon dwindle in size and almost disappear. Many of the English farm servants wear heavy, stiff shoes; and in London it is a striking thing to see the drivers of country wagons with fine robust persons in the upper part, with legs that are fleshless spindles, producing a gait which is almost awkward and unmanly. The brothers of these men, who are otherwise employed, are not so misshapen. What a pity that, for the sake of a trifling saving, fair nature should be thus deformed! An example of this kind is seen in Paris. There, as the streets have few or no side pavements, and the ladies have to walk constantly on tiptoe, the great action of the muscles of the calf has given conformation of the leg and foot to match which the Parisian belles proudly challenge all the world—not aware, probably, that it is a defect in their city to which the peculiarity in their form is in part owing.

DOUGH-NUTS.—Everybody and his wife, and particularly his little folks, love the good old-fashioned "dough-nuts," or "nut-cakes," or whatever name you choose to call them. But many persons are troubled with "weak digestion," (dyspepsia), and the large amount of grease absorbed by the said dough-nuts does not always "set well," but produces a "rising in the stomach." When this is the case try the following invention: The dough-nuts being prepared, as usual, just before immersing them into hot fat, plump them into a well-beaten egg. This will give them a thin coating of albumen, which will keep out the grease effectually. Furthermore, this coating retains the moisture, and keeps them in good condition much longer.

## A Pungent Letter.

CAMP NEAR CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 26, 1863.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL: In your paper of November 3 I see a letter signed Mr. Leslie Coombs, in which the following allusion is made to me: "Our children have fought in every battle-field, and never one fled as Carl Schurz and his gang of freedom-shriekers did at Chancellorsville."

I am not in the habit of replying to calumny and abuse springing from the impure inspirations of party spirit, but Gen. Leslie Coombs being a man of note, I deem it proper to avail myself of this opportunity to stop a slander which political enemies seem bent upon sustaining by frequent repetition.

I wish, therefore to say that in asserting that "Carl Schurz fled at Chancellorsville," Mr. Leslie Coombs lies. I choose the word "lies"—although with extreme reluctance and regret—upon due consideration of its meaning; for, if Mr. Leslie Coombs has inquired into the facts, he must know that he is saying what is false; and, if he has made no such inquiry, then he gives with unparadonable levity the sanction of his name to a statement which he knows is injurious to another man's reputation, and which he does not know to be true. I wish to add, that, in saying "Mr. Leslie Coombs lies," I hold myself responsible for what I say.

This may seem equivalent to a challenge and so it is. I do not however, mean to fight a duel with Mr. Leslie Coombs. Being a good pistol-shot, I might, perhaps, easily kill him, which I should not like to do; or, if he is equally skillful, he might kill me; and I should be sorry to die on so trifling an occasion; or we might not hurt each other, and then it would be a farce. Besides, I am opposed to duelling on principle.

But I challenge Mr. Leslie Coombs to a different kind of contest, which will be preferable to a common duel as a test of personal courage. I invite him to the hospitality of my headquarters in the camp of the Army of the Cumberland. I will share with him my tent, my blankets, my meals; but I invite him also to accompany me personally in the next battle, and not to leave me a single moment. There Mr. Leslie Coombs may determine whether he will have the heart to repeat that calumny, or whether it would not be better for him and more honorable to retract it.

I trust, Sirs, you will give this letter the same publicity which you accorded to that of Mr. Leslie Coombs.

Yours respectfully,  
CARL SCHURZ.

THE ENGLISH PEERAGE.—Of Norman William's twenty earldoms not one exists; and in like manner have passed away the creations of William Rufus, Henry the First, Stephen, Henry the Second, Richard the First, and John. Norfolk and Somerset, and perhaps Cornwall (enjoyed by the Prince of Wales) are the only extant English dukedoms, created from the first institution of the order down to the commencement of Charles the Second's reign; and for about half a century, Norfolk and Somerset having been attained in the reign of Elizabeth, the dual order was extinct, until James the First revived in the person of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. There is no existing English marquise older than the reign of George the Third, Winchester and Worcester excepted, of which two the latter is merged in the dukedom of Beaufort.

The Henrys and Edwards were frequent bestowers of the Earl's coronet; but of all the Norman, Plantagenet, and Tudor earldoms eleven only remain, of which six are merged in higher titles, whilst five, (Shrewsbury, Huntingdon, Pembroke and Devon,) still give designation to their possessors.—*Athenaeum*

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.—A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 1,800 miles from its mouth, only about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, and to fall these eight hundred feet in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena in South America, running for one thousand miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only five hundred feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the one thousand miles, it is seen descending in rapid and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a declivity to the ocean, that, in Paraguay, 1,500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.

A clerk in the Dead Letter Office of an inquiring mind, was curious to find out how many letters were written without postscripts. One day last week he found that out of 6,853 letters written by females, only 375 were without postscripts. Some of the other letters contained three postscripts.

## Fashion in Paris.

A Paris correspondent of the London Post says:—"That which strikes terror into the heart of every parent in Paris is the daily increasing cost of life. All popular tastes are expensive; the bare necessities of existence are double the price they were ten years ago, and the universal race is after gold—aye, at almost any cost. A lady wears a mechanic's income on her back. Some of our good old-fashioned country housewives would start with horror could they see the milliners' bills of clerks' wives. The fifth story—will do for the home, so that the bonnet and the flounces are of the newest. The fever is catching the very poor, to add to their straits. The snow-white cap of dogs is being put aside for the cheap bonnet. The trim, clean, economical blouse is cast away as the mark of labor (as though there were not honor in labor) for the square-cut suit of shoddy cloth. The reckless expenditure on dress is a pestilence that sinks deep. It is reaching the very poorest of the Paris poor, to the destruction of the comfort that was in their old, picturesque, and rational attire. The Parisians have always ridiculed the appearance of the working and very poor population of London in castors and bonnets, hideous caricatures of the goods of Lincoln and Bennett, and the late Miss Jane Clarke; but Paris is not now free from extravagant imitations among the working population of the art-manufacturers of Madame Lure and M. Dusanoty.

The Docks de la Toilette, the Pauvre Diabolique, and the Belle Jardiniere, find their customers not only among the shabby-genteel, but also among classes who never sported broadcloth until the sweating system and shoddy made their appearance in Paris. French writers equate the worshippers of the golden calf, and laugh at the poor folk who don cheap imitations of the worshippers' splendid vestments; but the fever of extravagance never abates, and the genteel poor groan under the sacrifices they are compelled to make.

"ABOVE THE CLOUDS."—Gen. Meigs says, in his brilliant description of the battle before Chattanooga:—"Gen. Hooker's battle was above the clouds, that hid him from our view, but we could hear the roar and rattle of his musketry." Let us but do our duty now, and henceforth all our fighting will be above the clouds. We are above the clouds now. No one tells us to-night that a State cannot be coerced. That cloud lies very low in the valley of tribulation. No one tells us to-night that one Southern soldier is equal to five Northern soldiers. No one tells us to-night that the Rebellion has all the military skill, and that we must train Generals for our need. Why, Daniel E. Sickles stepped from the streets of New York a soldier worthy to be first lieutenant of Fighting Joe Hooker the very day he mounted his spurs. And the history of Rebellion and of Europe must be examined microscopically, if that term may be used, to find a more thorough strategist and abler soldier, in all respects, than Grant, who wants to win the Lieutenant-Generalship of the army of the United States. That cloud is beneath us. The business of the North was to be suspended, and grass was to grow in our streets. Well, down, down near the dark pool of despair lowers that cloud. A dividend North was to aid the Rebellion. That cloud moved under our feet when grape and canister scattered a New York mob.

Cotton was declared to be King: our manufactories were to be broken up, our commerce destroyed. What premium do greenbacks command in Georgia to-night? We fight above that cloud. Like gallant old Fighting Joe, we have but to do our duty in the coming week and we fight above all clouds. The speaker continued for some time, referring to the course of Europe towards this country.—[From a speech of William D. Kelley in New York.]

GOLD BY THE SHOVELFUL.—A tradition has been current for years that some lost immigrants, in 1845, while wandering through the country drained by the Malheur, discovered mines where gold could be raked out by the shovelful. At the time the discoverers were ignorant of the characteristics of gold in its native state, and accordingly they passed on, regarding the metal as worthless. A few years later some of these men were attracted to California, and, on visiting the mines there, almost the first remark was, they "knew where bushels of that kind of stuff were to be had." Since that date scarce a year has passed that did not witness the departure of companies of men who were sent for the purpose of discovering the country described by the immigrants.

These exploring parties have uniformly proved failures, owing, in a great measure, to the hostility of the Indians, who have resolutely refused to allow the white man to prospect their country. At last, however, a party more fortunate than the rest have succeeded in finding the long-lost gold field, and, it reports are to be believed, the story of its richness has not been exaggerated by the original discoverers. The "prospects" show that the immigrant boy was not particularly out of the way when he used a piece of native gold as a sinker, in a country where the treasure is so plentiful that it meets the eye at every turn.—*Dallas (Oregon) Mountaineer*.



## The Middlesex Journal.

M. T. MOODY, PROPRIETOR,  
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

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One square (14 lines this type) one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, .75  
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Larger advertisements as may be agreed upon.

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**—Advertisements for one insertion, each subsequent insertion 5 cents.  
All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

**AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.**  
South Reading—Dr. J. MANSFIELD.  
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**S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York;** S. K. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), 25 South St., Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**—The attention of business men everywhere is called to this paper as an advertising medium. The JOURNAL circulates largely in the towns that surround Woburn, and will increase their business by advertising in its columns.

Every kind of JOB PRINTING done at short notice, on reasonable terms, and in good style.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Subscribers are requested to remit direct to the office of publication.

## The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1863.

### War Meeting.

Under a call signed by sixteen enrolled persons liable to be drafted in the town of Woburn, the citizens met in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, and organized by the choice of John L. Parker, as Chairman, and R. M. Dennett, as Secretary. The call was read by the Chairman and presented to the meeting for action. G. H. Conn, Esq., alluded to the call and the reasons for its issue, and also to the meetings held in Medford and Malden during the past week, advocating an increase of bounty. Wm. A. Haslet followed in a few remarks after which, on motion of S. S. Pettengill, it was

**Resolved,** That a committee of twelve, be appointed to wait upon the citizens of the town for the purpose of obtaining their subscriptions, and that the proceeds be equally divided among the 52 men who shall comprise the quota of the town, with the understanding that should any person subscribe and afterwards be drafted, the amount of his subscription shall be refunded, and the residue equally divided.

The committee appointed consists of: S. S. Pettengill, J. D. Taylor, A. B. Johnson, A. B. Brooks, N. H. Hyde, T. A. Henshaw, Jr., J. F. Barrett, L. H. Allen, T. J. Hayes, Eph. Cutter, Patrick Dever, Geo. H. Conn. It was suggested that the list of enrolled persons should be read by the Chair, and each person answer the amount he will give toward the object. Thirteen hundred dollars were thus realized. The following resolution offered by Hon. S. M. Allen, was adopted:

**Resolved,** That the hearty cooperation of the citizens of this town who are not subject to the draft, be solicited by this meeting to aid them in raising an independent subscription for those enlisting for the war, and that the committee lately chosen by the town be authorized to collect any subscriptions made by them for this purpose.

The meeting adjourned till Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock, to assemble in Lyceum Hall, when eminent speakers will be in attendance. G. H. Conn, C. S. Parker, and A. B. Johnson, were appointed a committee of arrangements.

**Y. M. L. A. LECTURES.**—John G. Saxo, who was announced to deliver the Fourth lecture of the Course, last evening, was prevented from doing so by an alteration in the running of the train from Augusta, Me., where he lectured Thursday evening. Under these circumstances Arthur Gilman, Esq., was secured to take Mr. Saxo's place, but on account of the storm his lecture was postponed. The next lecture will probably be delivered on the 7th of January by Mr. Saxo.

On Tuesday evening next, the Woburn Brass Band will give their last public rehearsal, and we hope it will be fully attended. These promenade concerts, as they can appropriately be termed, have proved a source of pleasure to a large number of our citizens, and doubtless many will regret that they are to be discontinued.

**TO THE LADIES OF WOBURN.**—The ladies of Woburn, who are knitting for the soldiers are respectfully informed that urgent demands have been made for the articles they are making. A little haste on their part will do much good and prove acceptable to our soldiers.

We observe by this week's Budget that the publisher has decided to discontinue its publication. His reasons for doing so are cogent. The cost of all kinds of printing materials has advanced, during the past year, a hundred per cent, and still has an upward tendency. We hope for a "good time coming," but it is so far off that we cannot even catch a glimmer of its approach.

**LAWSON'S CULIATIVE.**—Persons suffering from Rheumatism or Neuralgia, must not forget that Lawson's Curative is a sovereign remedy for these complaints. A trial will convince any one, even the most sceptical, it can be had of any druggist.

**GEOLOGY.**—Prof. Gunning's last lecture on Geology, will be delivered at Warren Academy, on Monday evening, Dec. 28th.

**SANITARY COMMISSION FAIR.**—The Fair now progressing at the Music Hall, Boston, in aid of the funds of the Sanitary Commission, has proved a great success. The receipts so far have amounted to nearly one hundred thousand dollars, which is certainly very gratifying to every loyal heart. Our soldiers are entitled to the best care we can bestow, and the New England Sanitary Commission has done as much in ameliorating their condition as any kindred society in the country, perhaps more; and the future of its usefulness looks brighter than at any previous period. No one can say that New England is not true to her ancient principles of liberty and love for those who have demands upon her charity and care.

**FUGITIVES.**—Capt. John L. Richardson, of the "Rangers," arrived home from the Somerville Hospital, at Georgetown, D. C., last Saturday evening, on a furlough of thirty days.

Private William P. Warren, of the same company, arrived home Saturday morning, on a furlough of ten days. He returned last evening.

Corporal Robert T. Johnson, Co. B, 32d Mass. Regt., arrived home Sunday morning, on a furlough of thirty days.

Private Warren F. Taylor, of same Co., is also at home on furlough.

Herbert J. Persons, who went off as waiter to Capt. Taylor, 32d Mass. Regt., a short time ago, returned home last Saturday.

William F. Snow, Captain's Clerk on the U. S. Gunboat Flaga, arrived home Thursday, on a short furlough.

**HIGH PRICE OF PAPER.**—At no time since the breaking out of the war, has paper ruled so high in price as it does now. Printers will rejoice when something arises to break up the monopoly that now controls the paper market.

Capt. A. W. Persons will please accept our thanks for a bundle of late New Orleans papers.

**MURDER AND ROBBERY IN MALDEN.**—The Malden Bank was robbed on Tuesday last, and the teller, Mr. Frank Converse, son of the president, E. C. Converse, Esq., was murdered in broad daylight. At about half past 11 o'clock, Mr. Bailey went into the bank and drew a check. At that time the teller was sitting outside the counter reading a paper. At about 12 o'clock, the son of Mr. Merrill, the cashier went into the bank and found young Mr. Converse behind the counter on the floor, having almost expired. A pistol ball had entered his head in the temple, passed downwards obliquely and came out under the ear. It seems as if the robbers must have been acquainted with the place. The bank, which is a one story brick building, opens almost directly on the street and affords easy ingress and egress. It is on Pleasant street, a short distance from the town-house, and is somewhat isolated so that the report of the pistol was not heard by anybody outside. Young Mr. Converse, who was about 17 years of age, was held in great esteem by the people of Malden. His loss is a terrible affliction to his parents, and the sad affair has involved the whole town in gloom. It is thought the robber or robbers succeeded in obtaining about \$5,000. The detectives are at work, and rewards amounting to \$5,000 are offered for the murderer. The speedy publicity given to the affair put everybody in Malden and the police in Boston and vicinity on the alert, and it is thought that the guilty parties will not escape. This is one of the boldest pieces of villainy which has ever come to our knowledge. The most excellent parents of this young man, so ruthlessly cut off in his prime, will have the deepest sympathy of the whole community.

The capture of the Chesapeake from the Confederate pirates will be pleasant news to every merchant, shipowner, and passenger, and other patriots. The act was a bold one and had it proved entirely successful would have justly inspired distrust in the Government's ability to protect its marine. That the capture should have been made, too, by a prize vessel, is an additional source of satisfaction; it is turning the rebel guns upon themselves. The Chesapeake is a valuable steamer, and would have proved an ugly customer in the hands of the rebels; but though serviceable before she will be of additional value as an example and a warning for the Navy Department to take counsel from, and by judicious measures of protection prevent another occurrence like that which transpired, on her decks.

**WHY SEAMEN WILL NOT ENLIST IN THE NAVY.**—A call issued a few days since to all seamen in New York "in favor of having the main-brace spliced on board of men-of-war in our navy," was responded to by about seventy-five sailors who met together on Monday evening, and, after discussing the course pursued by the Secretary of the Navy relative to prize money, stopping the grog, &c., passed a series of resolutions, the substance of which was as follows:

That all American seamen are invited to keep out of the navy until some rule is adopted which will enable a man to get his own prize money when the list is ready and when he applies for it.

That the abolition of grog in the navy was unequalled for, and is very bad; that it was never attempted in any other navy in the world; that the two gills of whiskey in the day which we got was not enough to intoxicate anybody; and that those who could do without grog—landmen, marines, and boys—never drank it at all.

That we will make short or long trips in merchant vessels, as the pace may answer us, until the navy is governed in a way that will meet our views; and that we will speak to every sailor we know and request him to abide by the decisions arrived at by us.

The country demands that the bold Ulysses, the immortal tanner, be made a Lieut. General.

**THE REBEL DISASTER AT CHATTANOOGA.**—JEFF DAVIS FIERCELY DENOUNCED.—In the Rebel Congress on the 11th instant, Mr. Foote (in the House) offered a resolution instructing the military committee to inquire into the causes of the late disaster at Chattanooga, and ascertain whether it was owing to a want of valor in the troops, as stated in Davis's message, or to other causes. He then spoke as follows:

He would undertake to say that the President himself was responsible for that defeat, and was prepared to prove it; and furthermore, he would show that he had endeavored to skulk the responsibility and throw it upon the brave men who had bared their breasts to the battle. No man should denounce those men as wanting in valor with impunity. It was an accusation dishonorable to their honor and discreditable to all, which would tend to the demoralization of our troops, and may be productive of still worse disasters.

It had been urged upon the President to remove from the command of that army General Bragg, who had proved himself already incompetent for his position. The President was called upon to remove him as incompetent, and even dangerous. But the result is known. Bragg was not removed. That man (Bragg) has been most odious to both the army and people for more than a year, and the President must have known it. But he visited the army and said there was no cause for the complaints. But I found the whole army distrustful of him. One thing is certain, he has driven away every one of his best generals.

He has driven away the skilled and gallant Polk; he has forced the noble hearted Buckner to leave him; he has calumniated Breckinridge, and victimized McCown. Everybody knows he is on bad terms with Hardee. He is so constituted that he cannot agree with any of his commanders. What is more, one of my colleagues has received a letter from Bragg himself, in which he said, only five weeks ago, that he couldn't command that army effectively unless he was clear of—unless there were cashiered—twelve brigadier generals and a whole regiment of field officers. President Davis was appealed to by nearly every officer there for his removal. But he stood up for Bragg; he had committed himself to the country; he had expressed his opinion, publicly, of Bragg's eminent fitness for the command, and was determined to risk the safety of the country upon it.

For the same reason, and under the same circumstances, Pemberton was retained. That was the sole reason of the fall of Vicksburg. To show the pertinacity of the President, the military court directed to inquire into the conduct of Pemberton, was dispensed with in two days after it met, by the order of the President. When this man had surrendered—dishonorably surrendered—his command to the enemy, the President made him his companion, carried him with him to Bragg's army, and, if the truth must be told, many a soldier, as they rode along the line, said, "there goes the traitor who delivered us over at Vicksburg." Even then the President had the temerity, the unblinking disregard of public sentiment, in his own State and elsewhere, to offer to that same Pemberton the command of Polk's corps; and, if he had undertaken that duty, he would have been slain in the earliest hour of battle, or even before a battle, by the hands of his own men.

I will further add that upon the proposition sending Longstreet into East Tennessee, the President concurred with Bragg, and that army was divided. What now does the President say? Does he come forward and say, "I am responsible for the disaster?" No. He charges them with want of valor. I charge him, not with want of valor, but with want of confidence in the opinions of others; with gross mismanagement; with contempt for the sentiment of the people of the country. I told him twelve months ago that unless Bragg was removed Tennessee would be in the hands of the enemy, and now my bleeding State attests the truth of my and the whole country's prediction.

The President never visited the army without doing it injury—never yet, that it has not been followed by disaster. He was instrumental in the Gettysburg affair; he instructed Bragg at Murfreesboro; he has opened Georgia to one hundred thousand of the enemy's troops, and laid South Carolina liable to destruction. I charge him with having almost ruined the country, and will meet his champion anywhere to discuss it. Would to God he had yielded to the public sentiment of the country; would to God he had been able to appreciate the truth, that when confidence is once lost by the people in an officer, it is suicide to retain him.

**LOUISIANA COMING BACK.**—The New Orleans papers say that the free State central committee in that city has determined on holding a State election on the 25th of January next, Gen. Shepley, military governor, having given his consent, provided a sufficient number of loyal voters shall be registered in the State. As soon as the President's message reaches New Orleans, the free State men will know exactly how many terms they must end willing to swear by the emancipation proclamation, in order to reconstruct the State government, and it ought to be easy to get a tenth of the voters up to that mark especially if Northern residents and soldiers may be counted in. Thus Louisiana will probably be the first of the seceded States to organize a loyal government, unless Arkansas hurries up her reconstruction movement.

**VALER OF GYMNASIUMS.**—The French are showing the world how to mount into a fort by an entire regiment. It is effected by climbing over a living ladder of six men, one standing on the shoulders of the other, against the wall. The English are taking warning, and the idea of training their soldiers to gymnastic exercises has been seriously taken into consideration; and there will, at the commencement of next year, be a gymnastic school attached to every British regiment.

**WHY ENGLAND STOPPED THE REBEL RAMS.**—A distinguished American citizen, who has just returned from England, where he enjoyed peculiar facilities for becoming acquainted with the public affairs of the two countries, and who had the facts of the case from headquarters, gives the following as the most potent cause of all which effected the detention of the rebel rams by the English Government:

While Mr. Seward was absent on the excursion in which he was accompanied by certain of the diplomatic corps, President Lincoln wrote the following (unofficial) letter to Mr. Adams, our Minister to England. Like most of the President's pithy letters it was very brief, and ran substantially as follows:

"What do the British Government mean? What do they want? Do they really want war? It may be the most disastrous thing in the world for us; and it is certainly what we most earnestly desire to avoid; but if those rams are permitted to leave England, the people will force us into war, whether we wish it or not. We shall not be able to control their exasperation, and the British Government ought to understand this."

Minister Adams upon receiving this letter called upon Earl Russell, and said to him, in substance:

I do not call upon your lordship in my official capacity. But I have received a plain, outspoken, sincere letter from President Lincoln, which, though addressed to me as a private epistle and not as an official document, I am sure was not designed to be withheld from your knowledge.

He accordingly read the note to the English Minister for Foreign Affairs, and closed by saying:

This is not diplomacy, your lordship, but the honest, straightforward dealing of a plain blunt man.

A few days afterward the order for the detention of the Rebel Rams was promulgated.

**CHEESE MAKING.**—At the meeting of the Board of Agriculture in Springfield, Mr. S. L. Goodale of Saco, Me., the Secretary of the board of Agriculture of that State, read a valuable paper on cheese-making. He said that a milk cow furnished the best and cheapest method of getting human food. The feed necessary to make a pound of meat, will make at least 25 pounds of milk. Eight and a half pounds of milk on an average make a pound of cheese. In Herkimer county, N. Y., the cows average 600 pounds of cheese per annum. A cow that will make less than her dressed weight of cheese in Scotland is sent to the butcher.

England is our great cheese market, for the English eat more cheese than we; 200,000 cows are kept in the single county of Cheshire. Herkimer county, N. Y., first brought the English to use American cheese, and now we ship there more than 40,000,000 pounds a year. Cheese factories are modern but labor-saving inventions. They require the milk of at least 500 cows to make them profitable, and a force of five or six persons to do the work.

There are more than thirty such factories in Oneida county, N. Y., and the cheese commands a higher price than that made in families. Carrying milk from one to five miles in a wagon improves it for cheese as much as it hurts it for butter. There is little difference in the labor for a pound of cheese or a pound of butter, and the milk necessary for a pound of the latter will make two and a half pounds of the former. Hay cheese is less valuable than that made from grass.

**A NATION OF PIGMIES.**—In the Bay of Bengal, on the very high road of commerce, is a group of islands thickly covered with impenetrable jungle, and swarming with leeches in the rainy, and ticks in the dry, season. Except a species of pig, until recently unknown to science, there are no wild animals that offer any molestation to man; but to make up for this deficiency, the human inhabitants are amongst the most savage and hostile that voyagers have ever encountered. They may truly be termed a nation of pigmies, being on an average only four feet five inches high, and weighing from seventy to seventy-five pounds; but they are well proportioned, and display an agility and nimbleness truly wonderful. Their skin is dark, though not as black as that of the negro, and their faces decidedly ugly. They go entirely naked, shave the hair off their head with pieces of bamboo or broken bottle, and further increase their unsightly appearance by daubing themselves all over with a mixture of red ochre and oil; or covering their persons toward nightfall with a thick coating of soft mud, to serve as a protection against the mosquitoes.

Mrs. Lincoln is thus admirably sketched by "Perley," of the Boston Journal:—"The President's wife (in the opinion of Mrs. Journal Reader) ought not to be left unmentioned, although there is little of interest to chronicle in the daily round of serving, reading and visiting hospitals, which occupies the time of Mrs. Lincoln. She may have made mistakes—who does not?—in her invitations, and thereby have provoked envious criticisms. Neither do those of the Democratic era admit that there can be any courtesy displayed here now-a-days. But I am sure that since the time that Mrs. Madison presided at the White House, it has not been graced by a lady so well fitted by nature and by education to dispense its hospitality as is Mrs. Lincoln. Her hospitality is equally equalled by her charity, and her graceful deportment by her goodness of heart."

A good story is told of a man in Jamaica, L. I., who one evening found a baby in a basket on his own door-step, with a note naming him as his father. A scene ensued of course—hysterics on the part of the wife, resolute denial on his, and a row generally, when he was informed that it was his own lawful baby that the wife had placed there to see if he would know his own child by instinct.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, (Republican) thus sketches Charles Sumner's arrival in that city:—"The Hon. Charles Sumner arrived yesterday and took rooms on F street. He brought with him a ponderous library—six large dry goods boxes packed full of all kinds of volumes. While half a dozen porters were endeavoring to remove this literary luggage from two drays, one of the packages broke, and there was a grand chaos of law, religion, romance and poetry. A Holy Bible straddled Kent's Commentaries; somebody on International Law got mixed up with Harvey's Meditations; the jaws of statutes at Large swallowed up the Psalms of David; Tom Jones, the rascal, disgraced Shakespeare's frontispiece; Byron and Blackstone reached the pavement simultaneously; the Life of A. Lincoln was lost (in the Anatomy of Melancholy); the Constitution of the United States bridged a large vacuum between Sumner's Orations and Common Sense; a Book of Common Prayer stepped gently to one side and opened its eyes as wondering what business it had in the National Capital, and the Life of Washington was extinguished in the gutter."

A Washington gossip says:—"President Lincoln has really had the small-pox, and is not yet to be seen by visitors; so I have had to content myself with an outside view of the White House. Mr. Lincoln is much better, however, and is now able to have his joke regularly. When the Committee of Congress waited on him to announce their readiness to receive the message, the President was found in his private office, clad in an old dressing gown, and looking dilapidated generally. The chairman announced in a very formal manner the object of the visit. It seemed to please the President mightily, and putting his hands deep in his breeches pockets, and throwing his leg over an arm of his chair, he replied: 'Waah, if it is a matter of life and death, I can get it up to-day; but if it isn't, I'd rather wait till tomorrow, for the fact is the boys haven't got through copying it yet.' It was not a matter of life and death, and the message was not sent in till Wednesday. Mrs. Lincoln evidently did not think her husband was very sick, for she went to New York last week to do 'a little shopping.' While there she lost her purse, containing a large sum of money, in the street. It was found and returned to her by a young patent claim agent of this city, and Mrs. Lincoln was very profuse in her thanks and offers of assistance. The freedom of the White House was tendered to the young man, who, if he isn't too bashful, may consider his fortune made."

**THE EFFECT OF THE PROCLAMATION OF AMNESTY.**—A headquarters despatch, dated Dec. 12, says:

Deserters from the rebel lines take advantage of the amnesty offered in the President's proclamation as soon as they can become acquainted with its provisions. Rebel officers will doubtless use every endeavor to prevent its circulation among the troops, and so also will the rebel government, to prevent the knowledge of its propositions reaching the people.

Indeed, it is averred that their soldiers would have come over to us in bodies long since if they could have been satisfied that they would not have been at once impressed into the Union service. They have been assured by their officers that such would be the certain fate of every deserter that should fall into our hands. No doubt a large majority of the North Carolina and Border State troops in the rebel service are heartily sick of the war and desirous of returning to their allegiance. Such will embrace the earliest opportunity to desert and avail themselves of the terms of the proclamation.

**THE REBEL LEADERS PREPARING TO SURRENDER.**—A letter to the N. Y. Times from Chattanooga, contains the following interesting and credible statements as to the condition of things in the heart of the South, derived from refugees and prisoners:—"Speaking of the leaders, I have been told by one who from connection and communication with them, is well prepared to speak on the points, that it is an indisputable fact that the leaders with whom, when the final crash comes, there will be not even the hope of a future, have hoarded all the gold they could lay their hands on, preparatory to escaping from the country."

I have no doubt of this. Hundreds who, though not among the most prominent leaders, have been more or less conspicuous, either as original conspirators or in sustaining the rebellion after it was launched, have already gone to foreign countries, after converting their possessions into ready money. Large numbers are preparing to follow; and it will not be long before the leaders will begin to leave by blockade runners. This I know is the expectation of well informed persons in Georgia and Alabama, communicated to the friends left behind—all secessionists.

The Washington correspondence of the New York Post says the disposition to amend the Conscription act increases every day in Congressional circles, and it is now very certain that the division of those persons liable to draft into classes will be abolished. The January draft, whenever it is made, will include all persons between twenty and forty-five, without a doubt. The action of the State Legislatures in offering high bounties will lead Congress to abolish the three hundred dollar commutation clause or increase it very much, as substitutes cannot now be obtained for \$300. An exemption fee of \$600 is talked of.

During the siege of Knoxville the rebels fought us with a battalion of Cherokee Indians, several of whom are prisoners in our hands. One of these savages climbed into the branches of a large tree, and killed two of the Federal soldiers at one fire of his gun. Our men shot him, and tumbled him down, after which they quartered his body.

**THE WAR MAPS.**—McArdne says in a recent letter relating an interview with the President:—"

Lincoln then asked my advice about the censorship of the press. I told him to do away with it—'reform it altogether,' as my distinguished colleague, Shakespeare has said. The only exception I suggested, was the suppression of the Herald war-maps. Eminent physicians assure me that since their publication began, and people have endeavored to comprehend them, incurable idiosyncrasy has increased with frightful rapidity. It was for this reason that the French Emperor recently condemned a copy of that paper which contained a map of the French situation in Mexico."

"Mr. Lincoln was pleased with my suggestions, and promised to attend to them."

The late Senator Douglas's estate, at Cottage Grove, Chicago, was sold on the twenty-first ultimo, under a foreclosure of mortgage. The total indebtedness was eighty-three thousand nine hundred and sixty-three dollars, and the property was sold in single lots at far below its value. The Chicago Times calls upon the State and nation to purchase and restore to his family the home of the departed Senator.

**THE GREAT EASTERN TO BE RAFFLED FOR.**—A curious advertisement appears in the English papers, headed "The Big Ship," and suggesting that shareholders should raffle for a board. We trust a more legitimate fate awaits her; but we can imagine, should such a wild proposal be followed out, the consternation of a quiet old bachelor, teased into taking a share, on hearing at his breakfast-table, one morning suddenly that he had become proprietor of the monster. Frankenstein's man would be a trifle in comparison. The man with the elephant would be "no where." We intend to ask the winner of the Great Eastern Bulwer's question, What will He do with it?

**COOR.**—One of our city physicians has for some time past been attending a young girl who has been sadly deranged. Yesterday, to see what effect it would have poured about a pint of water upon her head. The girl was then permitted to go into another room, where she conducted herself very quietly. The Doctor was about leaving the house, when the girl who was standing in the door of the room, beckoned for him to come to her. She stepped back into the room, and as the doctor was about to come she threw a bucket of water upon him, remarking that his face needed washing as much as hers did.

**PAST SAILING IN PROSPECTIVE.**—A great deal of scientific speculation is being heard as to the possible speed which may be obtained by ships with the new immensely long cross spars, which will enable a vast spread of canvas to be raised, which can be folded in a trice from the deck with a very small steam engine working the necessary apparatus. It is hoped to get a consecutive twenty miles an hour out of sailing vessels, and commence a new era in nautical matters.

**MODEL OF EUROPE.**—The last idea of Paris is a plan in alto-relievo of the whole of Europe, not in maps or models, but actually raised out of the ground. A garden is to be set aside for the model, who taking Mount Blanc, fifteen feet high, as his point of departure, is to raise in just proportion around it the rest of the mountains of Europe, pour the seas into their proper places, and intersect the whole with roads, canals, railways, and telegraphs. A steam-engine is to act the part of moon and regulate the tides. It will be a geographical garden "where he who runs may read."

Boswell complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before had made his head ache. "No, sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache. It was the sense we put in it," said Johnson. "Has sense that effect upon the head?" inquired Boswell. "Yes sir," was the reply, "on heads that are not used to it."

They tell of some soldiers in an Iowa regiment stopping in the midst of the battle of Lookout Mountain to listen to the song of "Root Hog or Die," sung by one of their number, and then, their pieces having cooled, resumed their fire and fighting again as furiously as ever.

A wreath is to be exhibited at a fair in Gloucester, Christmas week, that is composed of the hair of one hundred different residents of that town, none of whom are over ninety and one is a centenarian. The lady who made it is fifty-nine, and has been four years about it.

The Springfield Republican predicts that Mr. Lincoln will be spontaneously re-elected to the presidency, with no opposition worth naming. Bad news for Chase.

The New York Herald has nominated Mr. Lincoln, General McClellan, and several other gentlemen for next presidency, and lastly says "General Grant is the man for the people, and now is their time to bring him out upon the course."

John Morgan, the escaped guerrilla chief, has reached Richmond, and Davis has given him a command in the army of Georgia.

**A SALVE FOR EVERY SORE.**—When we consider the various diseases to which the skin is subject, it must be an object of importance to have at hand a sure and certain cure for most of them. For recent flesh-wounds, obstinate ulcers, troublesome flocks, sore breast, ringworm and scald head, and chafings of the tender skin of infants, as well for wens and callouses "Grace's Universal Salve" is a certain and rapid remedy. Every time it goes into the woods should carry a box in its pocket, and every mother of a family should have a 25 cent box in the cupboard. See advertisement in another column.

## WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

**WAR IRONS.**—Capt. Alfred Norton has been transferred to the department of Western Virginia, and attached to the cavalry who are constantly in service looking after the guerrillas who infest that region. The post is a very hard one, compelling him to be in the saddle a good part of the time, and to submit to hardships and privations which long journeys from the main body for the purpose indicated, necessarily require. He has been in laborious service most of the time since he was commissioned.

**UNION LEAGUE.**—In order to give variety and make the meetings of the League interesting and profitable, it was proposed that the meetings should occasionally partake of the character of a town meeting, and be governed by the laws appertaining to such. It was thought that by this method, many important questions might be discussed with profit, and these unaccustomed to the manner in which business is done in these small legislative bodies, might gain some experience in talking and acting on such important occasions. The usual preliminary steps were gone through with, in the issuing of a warrant of unusual length calling the citizens together, to consider matters of grave and weighty import. A moderator was chosen after several ballots, who on assuming the chair, returned his profound thanks for the honor conferred, &c. Only two of the articles in the warrant were disposed of at the first meeting, when for want of time, the consideration of the remaining ones were deferred to an adjourned meeting last Tuesday evening. It is not intended to let the public know all the good things said and done at these meetings, yet sometimes it is proposed to make note of the proceedings for the information of outsiders who it is presumed would be interested. It is a noticeable fact, that in our town meetings, but very few, comparatively speaking, of the citizens, participate in the discussions at such times. This is often the case to the great detriment of some important question under consideration, which a few words from some individuals might throw light upon and facilitate the action upon it. It is not to be desired, that all should speak on such occasions, because it would extend the length of the sessions too much, but it would be better to have less speaking from a few individuals, and some from those better qualified to enlighten us upon the themes under consideration and whose voices are seldom if ever heard, at such times. These suggestions are drawn out by the discussions referred to, which it is hoped may lead to the accomplishment of so desirable a result. The debate last Tuesday evening, was upon the subject of a new High School House. The necessity of one was clearly set forth by several speakers and the opposition to it was of a feeble character. The best method of raising the quota of soldiers for the town was briefly discussed, and left open for further debate. One gentleman argued that unless volunteers could be raised, he thought it better to submit to a draft rather than to have aliens or hirelings do the work. Another took the ground, that so long as volunteers could not be obtained, it was right and proper to get the soldiers where we could and at the lowest price, instead of having the citizens conscripted.

**DEPRIVATIONS.**—Some evil disposed boys (it cannot be supposed that men would do it) recently broke into the Gifford School House, and injured and defaced the furniture therein to some extent. Suspicion points to boys connected with that school, whose past record of transactions is not clean and who have caused no small amount of trouble to the teacher and others. It would be well for such to remember that justice though long delayed perhaps, will be meted out to them at last, and when their guilty acts are fastened upon them, they will be likely to feel the penalty of the law. Altogether too much leniency has been shown some of these transgressors, and it will not be continued. The property of the town must be preserved,—the rules of the school obeyed and the rights of other people respected by these lawless boys. In this connection it may be stated, that two boys in attendance upon this school on going home a few evenings since, got excited and angry and went so far as to stick their penknives into each other. No serious damage was done to either party, although some blood was shed for naught. Let parents consider whether their boys are tending who indulge in such practices, and let those youths look well to the course they are pursuing, and pause ere it is too late.

EXCELSIOR.

## SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

**AGRICULTURAL LIBRARY.**—An addition has just been made to this Library of such books of value pertaining to Agriculture and Horticulture, as have been published since the last purchase by the committee. Many will find time these winter evenings to store their minds with useful hints to aid in their operations next spring and summer. Some people who think they have no time for reading, find leisure enough for other things not half so important. A vast deal of knowledge may be obtained on any subject by improving the moments that seem not otherwise appropriated. Let a book, treatise, or periodical be at hand to be taken up at those intervals when other things cease to claim the attention. If one obtains but a single idea daily upon some given topic, he will be comparatively an intelligent man upon that subject at the close of the year; and in this way the lapse of a few years will find him competent to converse interestingly upon most of the







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Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.

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# Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. XIII: No. 13.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.  
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## Poetry.

### The Christmas Wreath.

O bind up the wreath, little sister mine!  
Each growth of the Christmas tide  
Bears holly fruit than the purpling vine,  
And spreads its seed more wide;  
For who shall say what thoughts may awake  
In the desolate heart and tone,  
When the boughs of the mistletoe quiver and  
shake  
'Neath the dancing measures that children  
make  
And the whitened berries loosed and break,  
And drop on the old hearth stone?  
They are dropping around us every day  
The fairest fruits of our bough;  
The ripest were nipt with the thorns of May,  
And others are fading now;  
Yet the hearth still glows and the life-stream  
flows  
While the beautiful smile in decay;  
For the struggling soul of the mourner knows  
How Christ he loveth the unworn rose,  
And blessed are they that fall like the snows,  
And melt in their whiteness away!

The captive that pines in his stifling cell,  
As he watches the spider creep,  
And shivers and starts at the dooming bell,  
That knells for his last long sleep;  
Who knows what a hope may breathe on his  
ear,  
As the red drops suddenly fall  
From some stray branch of the holly near,  
Banishing anguish, and torture, and fear,  
And seeming to speak with a voice of cheer  
Of the blood that was shed for all?

Though heavy and dark be his soul to-day,  
And his prison be dark and dim,  
Yet the tireless love that watcheth always  
Shall slumber not sleep for him,  
He may shrink from the touch of the pierc-  
ing thorn,  
For the flesh is weak and frail;  
But One at this blessed time was born,  
Whose brow by a keener thorn was torn,  
A captive who yielded—a martyr forlorn,  
That there might be no more wail!

Then bind up the boughs, little sister mine!  
Let us cherish the Christmas wreath;  
Heaven sheddeth around it a light divine,  
And the earth smiles up beneath.  
We bless it: we hail it an emblem meet  
Of each living and deathless thing;  
Of the flowers more fair and the fruits more  
sweet,  
Which the longing gaze of the just shall  
meet  
When their burthens are cast at the Saviour's  
feet  
In the land of Eternal Spring!

## Select Literature.

### MISS FYFE'S ADVENTURE.

It was at a Ramsgate boarding-house, and no longer ago than last autumn, that my wife and I first made the acquaintance of Miss Fyfe. She was staying there with her maid, for the season, and my wife and she soon became quite intimate, so that after a time Miss Fyfe spent most of her evenings in our room. She was a pleasant companion, cheerful and good natured; she had travelled much, both at home and abroad, and had lived up rich stores of information and experience, which she was always willing to draw upon for the benefit of her friends. In person, she was tall and thin, with grey hair, a strong, resolute face, and grey eyes, full of vivacity and humor. We were all seated around the fire in our sitting-room one evening in early autumn, when Miss Fyfe related to us the following adventure, which I may here remark, I have her full permission to set down and make public.

It is now some six or seven years ago, began Miss Fyfe, since my nephew Fred, having just left college, came to reside with me for a short time previous to going out to India. I had been living for a year past in London, and had grown heartily tired of it; indeed, the town and I never agree very well together, and by the time I have been in it a month or two, I always find myself possessed with an intense longing to visit either the country or the sea. So, in the present instance, I determined to go down for a while to a little country-house I have in Leicestershire, which happened to be at that time without a tenant, at which place it was arranged that Fred should join me. The idea of a few months in the country was as pleasant to him as to myself, for he was busy with his Sanscrit and Arabic, and in London he had so many acquaintances, that his studies were being constantly interrupted.

The beginning of June found us all comfortably established in Ivy Lodge—myself, Fred, and the two women servants, which were all that our little establishment needed. There was one fault to find with Ivy Lodge, and that was why I could never keep a tenant in it more than two winters in succession; that fault was in its distance from any other habitation, even of the humblest kind; the nearest house being, in fact, two miles away, while it was six miles distant from the nearest country town. But neither Fred nor I cared for this in the least, for he got on famously with his studies within doors, and botanized to his heart's content in the fields; while a visit to Westbury once a week satisfied all my social requirements.

Well, summer and autumn passed quietly and pleasantly away. One morning in early winter, Fred received a letter inviting him to attend the wedding of an old college friend, who lived about thirty miles away in another country. Fred replied, accepting the invitation, and set off shortly afterwards without fixing the duration of his visit, which would probably extend over three or four days.

On the second morning of Fred's absence, Mary, the housemaid, came to me to enquire whether I could contrive to spare her and Bessy for the afternoon and evening to attend a dance at Westbury. I made no demur at letting them go, for they had been cooped up long enough without a holiday; so in the afternoon they were called for by Mary's father, and duly driven away by him in his light cart. Before going, the old man observed that it would "most likely be rather late at night before the lasses could get back again, but perhaps I would not mind it for once."

"If they are likely to be very late," I said, "I will, I think, be best for them to stay all night at your house, and get back first thing in the morning in time for breakfast."

The manifest delight with which this proposition was received by the two girls only served to confirm it, so it was finally arranged that they should not return till morning. The cart was just turning the corner of the lane when it came into my mind for the first time that Fred being also away, I should have to spend the night alone in Ivy Lodge; and I remembered further, that I had in the house a considerable sum of money, which I had drawn from the bank on the previous day for a certain purpose, and was still lying untouched up stairs.

The feeling was not a comfortable one at the moment; but I am not naturally a nervous woman, and I soon banished the subject from my mind as one not worthy of consideration. Besides, Wolf, the large house dog, would be protection enough for one night; and I determined to release him from his chain at dusk, and let him have the run of the premises. Then, again, who was to know I had been to the bank on the previous day, and still had the money in the house? So I went in-doors, feeling as cheerful as usual, and made myself a comfortable tea; after that, sat working for an hour or two; and then feeling in need of a change, put my sewing away, and took up a book which Fred had brought me home from Westbury a few days before. It was The Night-side of Nature, a volume with which you are probably acquainted.

Situated as I was, having to pass a night by myself in a lonely country house, it was, with its strange and gloomy appearance, and its ghostly appearances, one of the worst books I could have chosen to read before going to bed. I was not long in perceiving this, but the fascination of the subject was such that I could not quit it, and I read on quickly, leaf after leaf, till I had got half through the book, when looking up, I was surprised to find that the fire was nearly out, and the clock on the point of twelve. I shut the book and rose at once to go to bed.

"How about Wolf?" I said to myself. "Shall I go and release him, or leave him chained in his kennel? I would have him in doors for the night, only I know he would do nothing but scamper up and down stairs till morning, and put sleep entirely out of the question."

I opened the door of the passage leading to the yard-door with the intention of releasing the dog, but at the same moment I felt a sudden nervous tremor shoot through me, such as I had never experienced before, and a strange disinclination to move out of the lighted parlor into the darker parts of the house. I sat down again in my chair to argue the point with myself, and prove to myself the absurdity of my fears. This I did quite conclusively, and in a very short time, but nevertheless I determined not to go and release Wolf.

"I have had a slight cold for the last two days," I said to myself, "and it would not be advisable for me to go out of this warm room into the night air."

Having found so reasonable an excuse for myself, I determined no longer to delay going to bed; so I put out the lamp, and lighted my bedroom candle without further parley; and carrying in my hand a little tian, which I had compounded for myself as a sovereign remedy for a cold in the head, I proceeded slowly and cautiously on my journey up stairs. I say slowly and cautiously, for the influence of the book I had been reading was still strongly upon me, and I found it requisite to pause for a moment at every second or third step in my progress upward, and glance back fearfully over my shoulder, expecting to see I knew not what—nothing, and yet something, perhaps a black, formless, crouching creature, stealing noiselessly after me up stairs, and only waiting an unguarded moment to clutch me by the dress, and pull me backward; perhaps a gigantic phantom had protruded from each door after I had passed it, menacing me with the anger of some power unknown; perhaps a white corpse-like face glared over my shoulder, with sightless eyeballs and purple lips. Inwardly annoyed with myself as I was for being so absurd, I could not for the world have gone up stairs that night in my usual careless fashion. But, thank heaven! here was my bedroom at last. One more fearful glance over my shoulder, and then I hurried in, and closed and bolted the door with a sigh of relief. "How I shall laugh at myself to-morrow for these idle fears," I said; "but in any case I won't spend another night alone in Ivy Lodge."

When I got into bed, my ghostly terrors vanished, in some measure, but in their stead I became oppressed with a melancholy undefined presentiment of some impending evil near at hand, but whence or how coming I could not tell.

Feeling thirsty after a time, I put out my hand to reach the tian, which stood on a low chair by the side of the bed, when—horror of horrors!—my wrist was suddenly clutched by a death-cold hand, which grasped it for a single instant, and then let it go. It is not too much to say that my heart ceased to beat, and all the pulse of life seemed to stand still in awful fear, but only for a moment; the next they burst madly on their course; a cold sweat wrapt me from head to foot; and I lay, with wildly staring eyes, momentarily expecting the appearance of some dread apparition.

"Yes, there it is—coming—coming!" I whispered to myself, as a figure, black and vague, but still of human shape, rose slowly from the floor, till it reached what seemed to me a more than mortal stature, outlining itself as it rose against the white disc of the window-blind. There was not, however, much time for consideration, for the next minute the blinding glare of a dark lantern was thrown full in my dazzled eyes, and a hoarse voice, with a chronic cold in its tones, exclaimed:

"Now, mum, will you oblige me by getting up again? Sorry to disturb a lady, but it can't be helped this time."

Only a vulgar burglar after all!

The revulsion of feeling from the ghostly terrors of the minute before, was so great that all my *sang froid* came back at once; and a premeditated which at another time I should have deemed serious enough, seemed to me at that moment as but a matter of comparatively little consequence.

"How has the fellow got into my room without being seen or heard?" was the first question I asked myself, a question, by the way, which at the present moment I am equally unable to solve, for a mystery it remains.

"If you had only written to say that you were coming, I would have set up for you," I said aloud.

"I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise," he replied with a grin. "Are you going to get up?"

"Presently. Just step outside that door for a moment, while I put on a few clothes."

"None of your tricks, now!" he said roughly. "I don't want to be disturbed."

"You are forgetting your manners, sir, to a lady."

"Well, you're a cool hand, anyhow!" so saying, he went outside the door, holding it, however, carefully, both with hand and foot, while I hurried on my clothes.

I began by this time to feel rather more alarmed than at first, but still I thought it would never do to show it; to treat such a man with polite audacity, if my nerves would only carry me through the contest, was evidently the best plan I could adopt.

"I am at your service," I said, in a couple of minutes or so.

"Then light your candle and go down stairs; you in front, me behind. But first hand me over that ginewack watch of yours; I always had a fancy for a lady's tickler."

"You must be careful not to turn the key more than six times, when you wind it up, or you may break the spring," I said, handing him with an inward sigh my watch and chain.

Now that the candle was lighted, I was able to see more clearly what the fellow was like. Both hands and face were thoroughly blackened and his head was further disguised with a rough flaxen wig and fur cap. He wore a thick woolen comforter round his neck, and a capacious top coat concealed the rest of his person. I determined to keep my eyes and ears open, to nose any little peculiarity, either of voice or person, which might afterwards aid me in identifying him.

It seemed to me unaccountable, that on that night of all others, when for the first time since my arrival at Ivy Lodge, I happened to have anything like a large sum of money in the house, I should have to entertain such a visitor. It was almost hoping against hope, but still it was just possible that he might not be aware of my visit to the bank, and not find the money in his search. But the question was quickly decided for me. When we reached the bottom of the stairs, I going first, and the man following closely behind me, he said:

"Stop a minute. Let us pay a visit to that little room on the left, where you keep your books, and where there's a 'n' some rose-wood desk, in which at the present time there's two hundred pounds in good money—seventy in sovereigns and the remainder in five-pounds numbers all known no doubt, but still disposable in the proper quarters."

How in the name of goodness—or badness—had he obtained such precise information? There was nothing for it but to obey, so I conducted him into my study, opened my escrutoire, and quietly handed him the money. He counted it over with a complaisant chuckle, and then put it carefully away in his breast pocket.

"Now that is what I call a comfortable way of doing business," he said; "no fuss, no bother, no cries, no tears—business-like and proper. I hate folks that snivel and bawl, and always feel inclined to give 'em a quiet tap on the head. If everybody was as sensible as you, mum, our trade would be a pleasanter one than it is. And now I think a few spoons and forks wouldn't come amiss, for I'm expecting company next week, and would like to do the thing in style. Ah! I wonder who was the first chap that found out it was vulgar to eat with a knife!"

Both spoons and forks were soon disposed of, and, sorrows, my cherished silver tea-pot, together with sundry other articles of plate, placed in a capacious bag which Mr. Black produced from one of his pockets. "There, mum, I'm pretty well loaded now, thank you," he said, as he disposed of the last article; "and it's really a pity that I am that I came here without a pal, or else I should have to go shares with him. I know I could crack a little crib like this by myself—it's child's play, that's what it is."

He pulled out my watch and referred to it with an evident air of satisfaction. "Why, blow me! it wants two hours and a half yet till daylight. Time for a bit of supper, if you've no objection—hey mum?"

"None whatever," I replied. "If you will follow me into the dining-room, I will see what I can find for you."

"Gosh! but this is prime, and no mistake!" he exclaimed, turning up his coat cuffs, as I set before him a cold fowl, a roll of bread, and three parts of a bottle of old port. "Best quarters I've been in for many a day, hang me, if it ain't!"

He set at work with savage energy, and sat silently enjoying himself for several minutes; while I sat watching him closely, and trying to discover some slight personal traits which might assist me hereafter in recognizing him again.

"Here's your 'health, mum!" he said after a time, speaking with a full mouth, as he held up a glass of wine before the candle; "and the best wishes of a fellow whose 'cart doesn't 'old too many good wishes for any body!" Not a bad tempered man evidently, when he could have his own way; and not without certain rude elements of politeness in his composition. When he had made a hearty meal, and finished the wine, he produced from one of his numerous pockets, a little black pipe, and a tin tobacco-box. "By your leave, mum," he said, "I'll just blow a little; though perhaps, it's against the rule to smoke in the drawing-room; if so, say the word, and we'll adjourn to the kitchen."

"You are a privileged visitor," I replied; "so light your pipe by all means."

"A brick! I said it before, and I'll maintain it again," he exclaimed, slapping his leg with his huge hand. "A comfortable crib this, and no mistake!" he went on, puffing away in a contemplative manner at his little pipe; "and I wouldn't mind it, if I was master here. What do you say, mum? You are in wants of a husband, and I'm in wants of a wife—shall we make a splice of it?"

You are not quite so young and tender as you have been, you know; but I'll treat you well, and do everything that's right and proper by you, for I'm blest if your not the style of a woman I'd pick out of a thousand; no sentimental nonsense about you, but plenty of gumption; and then you know how to make a chap comfortable. What do you say, mum—is it a bargain? He leered at me with his bloodshot eyes, and with his head a little on one side, and took the pipe out of his mouth for a moment in his eagerness to hear my reply.

"Thank you, but I'm not in want of a husband at present," I said; "and even if I were, I should prefer seeing you with your face washed before deciding to accept you."

He burst into a great roar of laughter, and slapped his leg again. "Why it's my full dress evening suit that I've got on," he exclaimed; "and I thought I looked quite charming in it. Well, if you won't have me you won't; there's no forcing an obstinate woman. But let us have a drop more wine instead; there's more where this came from, Leuppos?"

"Yes, plenty more in the cellar."

"Then to the cellar we'll adjourn. Gosh! but it's prime stuff to stir a fellow's blood. Take a candle, and lead the way please."

Taking a candle in one hand and my bunch of keys in the other, I led the way toward the cellar, my black-visaged friend following closely in my rear. The wine cellar was reached by descending a steep flight of stairs which opened out of a passage leading to the kitchen. At the top of the flight of stairs was a slight door, partly made of glass; and at the foot of the stairs was another and a stronger door, usually kept locked. Having descended the stairs, still holding the lighted candle, I unlocked the lower door and we both entered the cellar, a small vaulted apartment, just high enough for a man to stand upright in. I pointed to the various ranges of bottles, and said to Mr. Black: "Pick and choose where you please. That row close to the floor is all port; perhaps that will suit you best."

"Couldn't improve on the last lot. But I say, mum, it wouldn't be amiss for me to carry away a couple of bottles, if—ha ha!—you wouldn't think it too great a liberty; and I'll crack another up stairs before I go."

"You have such a polite way of making your wishes known," I said, "that I find it impossible to refuse you."

Chuckling to himself, he bent down to pick up some bottles from the lower tier. While he was stooping, I gave him a sudden push with all the strength of my two hands, which sent him crashing head first among the bottles; and before he knew what happened, or could recover himself in the least, I had blown out the candle, and rushing to the staircase, had pulled to and double-locked the door behind me.

In doing this I had acted entirely without forethought, and on the impulse of the moment, without at all calculating the consequences to which it might lead, and now sank down on the stairs in the dark with a heart that beat as though it must burst its bounds.

Mr. Black quickly picked himself up with many oaths, from among the broken bottles and stumbled towards the door. "What fool's trick is this?" he shouted through the key-hole. "Open the door, you hag, or I'll murder you when I get out!" But I had struggled up the stairs, and was away in the kitchen by this time, where I quickly re-lighted my candle. Leaving the candle for a moment, I hurried to the back door, and unfastening it, called, at first gently, and then louder, for Wolf, but hearing no growl or recognition, or joyful bark in reply, I hastened as fast as I could across the yard to his kennel; and there by the faint light of the stars, saw my poor dog lying dead and cold—poisoned, doubtless, by this miscreant in the cellar.

This cruel deed seemed to set my blood all aflame with hatred of the man; the loss of my poor favorite touched my feelings far more closely than the loss of my money and plate had done; and with my dread of the wretch swallowed in a great measure by my desire for revenge, I hastened back to the house, contrary to my first impulse, which which had been to rush away and hide myself in the darkness. But what had I to fear now? Was he not trapped?—shut up in the cellar, there to await his doom? Suddenly I remembered that there was a brace of pistols hanging over the fireplace in Fred's little room; should the man succeed in bursting loose—though I had but little fear of it for the door was very strong—they might prove useful; but, on coming to examine them, I found that they were not loaded. At this time Mr. Black was exerting his utmost strength to break open the door; but it was stoutly built, and so far defied all his efforts. I placed the candlestick on a bracket at the top of the stairs, and stood close by my brace of empty pistols, dreading every moment that the door would give way, and the miscreant rush upon me, and yet with a stubborn dog of blood in my heart, which bade me not to flee so remote as there remained a chance, however remote of capturing him. He ceased his efforts at that time, and I could hear him moving about in the dark. What was he about to do? Not long was I left in doubt, for I had hardly asked myself the question, when the noise of a pistol-shot resounded through the house, responded to by a scream from me, the door at the bottom of the stairs fell back on its hinges; he had shot away the bolt.

"Now, mum, I'll say off for your little trick!" I heard him say. The next instant I saw him with a bottle in each hand, and a large open knife between his teeth, emerge out of the gloom into the dull twilight made by the light of my candle at the entrance of the cellar.

"Come one step nearer, and you are a dead man!" I exclaimed, standing at the top of the stairs, and pointing both pistols full at him.

He turned yellow with fear, even through the lamplight with which his face was smeared as he glanced up and saw me standing there; and, dropping the bottles, he slunk back into the darkest corner of the cellar.

"Ha, ha! what a jolly lark!" he exclaimed, with a wretched attempt to laugh. "I said it all along you were a brick. But I say, mum, just turn them barkers away for a moment, will you, while I come up stairs? Let by-gones be by-gones, and we'll bid each other a friendly farewell."

"Come a step nearer, at your peril!" I said. "You have poisoned my dog, and robbed me of my money; you are a coward and a thief; and here you shall remain, unless you prefer being shot through the head, until I give you in custody of the police."

A long and terrific volley of curses was his only reply, but he still kept carefully out of sight for as much as he feared the police, he feared a bullet infinitely more. "If he only knew the pistols are not loaded!" I kept repeating to myself.

After this, the silence remained unbroken for nearly five minutes; he was probably brooding over what course he should next adopt. At length, he spoke again: "Let me and you be reasonable, now," he said; let us come to terms. I'll give you back the spoons, and the plate, and—"

"Not if you were to give back what you have stolen to the uttermost farthing, would I let you go! Here you are, and here you shall remain till I see those wrists of yours decorated with a pair of handcuffs."

Another terrible volley of oaths was again his reply; then I heard him knock off the neck of a bottle, and drink the contents. What I dreaded more than anything was that he would drink till he lost the sense of fear, and then make a sudden rush up the staircase towards me; but whatever my fears might be, I stood resolutely on the top-most stair, peering down into the darkness, with eyes that never turned away, and a pistol firmly in either hand. Apparently the first result of Mr. Black's extra bottle was to cause him to take out my watch, fling it on the floor, and crunch it into minute particles beneath his heel. "Curse her! I'll have my revenge somehow!" I heard him mutter; and then he fell to drinking more wine.

How beautiful to me that morning looked, as the first cold streak of daylight which

ment, without at all calculating the consequences to which it might lead, and now sank down on the stairs in the dark with a heart that beat as though it must burst its bounds.

Mr. Black quickly picked himself up with many oaths, from among the broken bottles and stumbled towards the door. "What fool's trick is this?" he shouted through the key-hole. "Open the door, you hag, or I'll murder you when I get out!" But I had struggled up the stairs, and was away in the kitchen by this time, where I quickly re-lighted my candle. Leaving the candle for a moment, I hurried to the back door, and unfastening it, called, at first gently, and then louder, for Wolf, but hearing no growl or recognition, or joyful bark in reply, I hastened as fast as I could across the yard to his kennel; and there by the faint light of the stars, saw my poor dog lying dead and cold—poisoned, doubtless, by this miscreant in the cellar.

This cruel deed seemed to set my blood all aflame with hatred of the man; the loss of my poor favorite touched my feelings far more closely than the loss of my money and plate had done; and with my dread of the wretch swallowed in a great measure by my desire for revenge, I hastened back to the house, contrary to my first impulse, which which had been to rush away and hide myself in the darkness. But what had I to fear now? Was he not trapped?—shut up in the cellar, there to await his doom? Suddenly I remembered that there was a brace of pistols hanging over the fireplace in Fred's little room; should the man succeed in bursting loose—though I had but little fear of it for the door was very strong—they might prove useful; but, on coming to examine them, I found that they were not loaded. At this time Mr. Black was exerting his utmost strength to break open the door; but it was stoutly built, and so far defied all his efforts. I placed the candlestick on a bracket at the top of the stairs, and stood close by my brace of empty pistols, dreading every moment that the door would give way, and the miscreant rush upon me, and yet with a stubborn dog of blood in my heart, which bade me not to flee so remote as there remained a chance, however remote of capturing him. He ceased his efforts at that time, and I could hear him moving about in the dark. What was he about to do? Not long was I left in doubt, for I had hardly asked myself the question, when the noise of a pistol-shot resounded through the house, responded to by a scream from me, the door at the bottom of the stairs fell back on its hinges; he had shot away the bolt.

"Now, mum, I'll say off for your little trick!" I heard him say. The next instant I saw him with a bottle in each hand, and a large open knife between his teeth, emerge out of the gloom into the dull twilight made by the light of my candle at the entrance of the cellar.

"Come one step nearer, and you are a dead man!" I exclaimed, standing at the top of the stairs, and pointing both pistols full at him.

He turned yellow with fear, even through the lamplight with which his face was smeared as he glanced up and saw me standing there; and, dropping the bottles, he slunk back into the darkest corner of the cellar.

"Ha, ha! what a jolly lark!" he exclaimed, with a wretched attempt to laugh. "I said it all along you were a brick. But I say, mum, just turn them barkers away for a moment, will you, while I come up stairs? Let by-gones be by-gones, and we'll bid each other a friendly farewell."

"Come a step nearer, at your peril!" I said. "You have poisoned my dog, and robbed me of my money; you are a coward and a thief; and here you shall remain, unless you prefer being shot through the head, until I give you in custody of the police."

A long and terrific volley of curses was his only reply, but he still kept carefully out of sight for as much as he feared the police, he feared a bullet infinitely more. "If he only knew the pistols are not loaded!" I kept repeating to myself.

After this, the silence remained unbroken for nearly five minutes; he was probably brooding over what course he should next adopt. At length, he spoke again: "Let me and you be reasonable, now," he said; let us come to terms. I'll give you back the spoons, and the plate, and—"

"Not if you were to give back what you have stolen to the uttermost farthing, would I let you go! Here you are, and here you shall remain till I see those wrists of yours decorated with a pair of handcuffs."

Another terrible volley of oaths was again his reply; then I heard him knock off the neck of a bottle, and drink the contents. What I dreaded more than anything was that he would drink till he lost the sense of fear, and then make a sudden rush up the staircase towards me; but whatever my fears might be, I stood resolutely on the top-most stair, peering down into the darkness, with eyes that never turned away, and a pistol firmly in either hand. Apparently the first result of Mr. Black's extra bottle was to cause him to take out my watch, fling it on the floor, and crunch it into minute particles beneath his heel. "Curse her! I'll have my revenge somehow!" I heard him mutter; and then he fell to drinking more wine.

How beautiful to me that morning looked, as the first cold streak of daylight which

stole in after a time, and seemed to whisper that deliverance was at hand.

Two or three times more did Mr. Black appeal, now to my fear, now to my compassion; but my only reply to him was a warning not to put his foot on the stairs, a warning which he conscientiously obeyed. Then I heard more bottles broken, and I knew he either drinking himself into a state of frenzy or a state of helplessness.

How slowly the morning advanced! Every bone in my body got to ache terribly, long before my weary watch was over; at intervals a strange phantasmagoria of figures, red, blue, and flame colored; then my prisoner below would growl and whine like a wild beast in its lair, and recall my flagging attention to the duty before me. When seven o'clock struck, I was weary almost to fainting; but help was near; for a few minutes later, Bessie and Mary drove up in a light cart, escorted by a stalwart cousin of the latter. I rushed to the door, and opened it as quickly as my trembling fingers would let me, and in a few words everything was told. The stalwart cousin was not to be alarmed by a dozen Mr. Blacks, but walked unconcernedly down stairs to see him, and there found him so helplessly drunk that no precaution was needed to keep him in safety till a constable arrived, took him in custody, and conveyed him to the nearest jail.—*English Magazine.*

What Christmas is, as we grow older.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Time was, with most of us, when Christmas-day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped every thing and every one around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete.

Time came, perhaps, all so soon! when our thoughts overlapped that narrow boundary; when there was some one (very dear we thought then, very beautiful, and absolutely perfect) wanting to the fullness of our happiness; when we were wanting too (or we thought so, which did just as well) at the Christmas hearth, with that some one sat; and when we intertwined with every wreath and garland of our life that some one's name.

That was the time for the bright visionary Christmas which have long arisen from us to show faintly, after summer rain, in the palest edges of the rainbow! That was the time for the beautiful enjoyment of the things that were to be, and never were, and yet the things that were so real in our resolute hope that it would be hard to say, now, what realities achieved since, have been stronger!

What! Did that Christmas never really come when we and the priceless pearl who was our young choice were received, after the happiest of totally impossible marriages, by the two united families previously at daggers-drawn on our account? When brothers and sisters in law who had always been rather cool to us before our relationship was effected, perfectly doted on us, and when fathers and mothers overwhelmed us with unlimited incomes? Was that Christmas dinner never really eaten, after which we arose, and generously and eloquently rendered honor to our late rival, present in the company, then and there exchanging friendship and forgiveness, and founding an attachment, not to be surpassed in Greek or Roman story, which subsisted until death?

Has that same rival long ceased to care for that same priceless pearl, and married for money, and become uxorious? Above all, do we really know now, that we should probably have been miserable if we had won and worn the pearl, and that we are better without her?

That Christmas when we had recently achieved so much fame; when we had been carried in triumph somewhere, for doing something great and good; when we had won an honored and ennobled name, and arrived and were received at home in a shower of tears of joy; it is possible that Christmas has not come yet?

And is our life here, at the best, so constituted that, pausing as we advance at such a noticeable milestone in the track as this great birthday, we look back on the things that never were, as naturally and full as gravely as on the things that have been and are gone, or have been and still are? If it be so, and so it seems to be, must we come to the conclusion, that life is little better than a dream, and little worth the loves and strivings that we crowd into it?

No! Far be such misallied philosophy from us, dear Reader, on Christmas-day! Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness, and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially, that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth!

Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring expands! Let us welcome every one of them, and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.

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What Christmas is, as we grow older.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.







## DOSES.

**Iodine Water**  
Is the most important discovery of modern chemistry, and is the only remedy for the most common and most dangerous disease, *Scrophulous Affections*, and is the only remedy for the most common and most dangerous disease, *Scrophulous Affections*, and is the only remedy for the most common and most dangerous disease, *Scrophulous Affections*.

**LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIGESTIVE ORGANS AND GLANDULAR SYSTEM.**  
and to have great control over the

**SCROPHULOUS AFFECTIONS.**  
Notwithstanding the great and abiding which have been devoted to its investigation, it remains almost useless, until Dr. Henry Anderson, a physician and chemist of this city, after years of patient labor and experiment, discovered a chemical process which enabled him to dissolve

**WATER IN THE LIVER.**  
without a solvent. This, considered impossible by the scientific world, is attested by certificates of analysis from Dr. J. R. Clifton, of this city, and Prof. Booth, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia. The importance of this discovery is attested by the fact that it was published in the *Medical Journal*, and its use recommended to practitioners of the American Medical Monthly, July 6, 1856, page 76.

This valuable medicine is now available to the public for the cure of Scrophulous Affections, Consumption, Cancer, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Dyspepsia, and diseases arising from specific causes, &c.

**AS A TONIC.**  
Its operations are gained by strengthening the digestive organs and increasing the appetite. In cases of Dyspepsia, it increases the vitality, and increased nutrition of the body is the result of the employment of Iodine. The patient recovers strength and color, his appetite is improved, and he becomes full, strong and healthy.

Full directions for its use are given in the following testimonials, and may be seen at our office. Price \$1 per bottle, or \$5 per half dozen. Sold by druggists, or sent by Express on receipt of price.

**DR. H. ANDERSON & CO.,**  
Physicians and Chemists,  
No. 45 Broadway, New York.

**Why is Cristadoro's hair dye popular?**  
Read the universal answer to this question.

**BECAUSE**  
It imparts a natural black or brown. It does not crisp or burn the hair. It does not soil the nearest skin. It is applied in five minutes.

**THEREFORE**  
The Man of Taste approves it. Those who value Silken Hair use it. The Ladies everywhere buy the Hair.

Manufactured by J. Cristadoro, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

**Married.**  
Poor—Cotton—in Salisbury, Dec. 23d, by Rev. Benjamin Sawyer, Mr. R. Poole, of Woburn, to Miss Mary W. Clough, of Salisbury, daughter of the officiating clergyman.—No cards.

**Leslie—Auld**—In Boston, Dec. 24th, by Rev. Dr. Neale, David W. Leslie, of North Woburn, to Miss Ellen Auld, of Boston.

**Died.**  
HEALEY—In East Woburn, Dec. 10th, Mrs. Ann, wife of Mr. George Healey, aged 49 yrs., 8 mos., formerly of Sheffield, England.

AYER—In Woburn, Dec. 16th, Mary Jane, daughter of the late Warren Ayer, aged 53 yrs., 11 mos., 19 days.

SAWYER—In Woburn, Dec. 21st, of diphtheria, Eddie Russell, only child of Edwin Sawyer, aged 10 yrs., 10 mos., 10 days.

TUTT—In North Woburn, Dec. 22d, Hannah, wife of Aaron Tuttle, aged 77 yrs., 6 months.

CONVERSE—In Woburn, Dec. 23d, Polly E., wife of the late Luther Converse, aged 77 yrs., 4 months.

HITCHCOCK—In South Reading, Dec. 11th, Widow Rebecca Hutchinson, aged 80 yrs., and 10 months.

BLAISDELL—In Winchester, Dec. 15th, of diphtheria, Charles, eldest son of Albert and Hannah Blaisdell, aged 13 yrs.

HARDEN—In Reading, Dec. 19th, Kate Mullen, youngest daughter of Sylvester Harden, Esq., aged 15 years.

SHELAN—In East Cambridge, Dec. 20th, Thomas Shelan, aged 50 years.

**LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN.**  
FOR THREE DAYS ONLY.  
MONDAY, DEC. 28th, and to be continued TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29th and 30th; also, on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock.

**The Great Art-Wonder of the Age.**  
**THE STEREOGRAPH.**  
(Name entered according to act of Congress by Ephraim Brown, Esq., of Lowell, Secretary of the Howard Fire Insurance Co., Boston, and Lecturer on Geology and Paleontology.)

**THE WORLD PHOTOGRAPHED**  
and presented to vast audiences at once, upon more than 30,000 square feet of illuminated canvas. Stereographs taken from the most famous scenes by the Stereograph with wonderful Stereoscopic effect, thereby rendering the toil and expense of procuring travel needless.

**BEAUTIFUL GALLERY OF STATUARY,**  
comprising a large and varied collection from the best masters, will be given each evening. Also, landscape scenery, mountains, hills, valleys, cities, plains and architectural ruins, magnificent palaces and villas, and in fact almost every object of interest in the civilized world. A view of the BEST ST. PATRICK in Antiquity, also, having the best at Antiquity. Photographs of American Heroes and Scenery.

Entire change of programme at each exhibition.

A GRAND MATINEE on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in order that families and schools may avail themselves of the opportunity.

TERMS OF ADMISSION, 15 cents. At the afternoon entertainment, adults 15 cents, children 10 cents, and in the evening at 7 o'clock, to commence at 7 o'clock. Afternoon, open at 3 o'clock, and at 5 o'clock.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
MIDDLESEX, ss.

To the Heirs at Law, and others interested in the estate of ELBRIDGE WYMAN, late of Woburn, in said county, deceased: GREETING.

WHEREAS, WILIAM P. WYMAN, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the second account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased, and you are hereby called to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the second Tuesday of January, next, to wit: on the 2nd day of January, next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed; and the said William P. is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, in the Middlesex Advertiser, a newspaper published at Woburn, at least three times successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Tuesday.

Witness, WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of December in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

**LIST OF LETTERS** remaining in the Woburn Post Office, Dec. 26, 1863.

Constance, Anna Hall, J. Collins, Nellie Pressey, Addie Collins, Sarah, Mrs. Richardson, Esther.

NATHAN WYMAN, P.M.

**January Magazines,**  
For sale at the Woburn Bookstore.

## COLLECTOR'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the under-mentioned Collector of Taxes for Winchester will sell at public auction, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on SATURDAY, JANUARY 10th, 1864, at the Selectmen's Room, in 12 Court Street, Winchester, for non-payment of the taxes hereinafter mentioned, the several lots or parcels of land hereinafter described, and several buildings belonging to, or in possession of, the several persons hereinafter named, on the first day of May, 1863.

One lot of land belonging to N. T. Dow and others, described as follows: Bounded westerly by Main Street, southerly by land now or formerly of W. C. Symmes; easterly by land of W. C. Symmes, and northerly by a private street. Said lot contains about seventy thousand square feet of land; and the sum of nine dollars and thirty cents is assessed on said estate for the State, County and Town tax of 1863, which is unpaid.

One lot of land belonging to J. L. Goldwater, of Medford, described thus: Beginning at the corner of Bacon and Church streets, thence running North-easterly one hundred and fifty feet on Church street, thence by land late of Francis Harding North-westerly two hundred and twenty feet; thence southerly by a thirty foot street, one hundred and twenty feet on Church street, thence southerly on Bacon street, two hundred and thirty-six and one-half feet. Said lot contains about three hundred and thirty square feet of land, and the sum of nine dollars and twenty-four cents is assessed on said estate for the State, County and Town tax of 1863, which is unpaid.

One lot of land with the buildings thereon, belonging to Philip Kelly, of Charlestown, described as follows: Beginning at the corner of North Street, thence running North-easterly one hundred and fifty feet on North Street, thence by land late of Francis Harding North-westerly two hundred and twenty feet; thence southerly by a thirty foot street, one hundred and twenty feet on Church street, thence southerly on Bacon street, two hundred and thirty-six and one-half feet. Said lot contains about three hundred and thirty square feet of land, and the sum of nine dollars and twenty-four cents is assessed on said estate for the State, County and Town tax of 1863, which is unpaid.

One lot of land with the buildings thereon, belonging to Thomas Mann, situated on Swanwick street, bounded southerly by the lot of Stephen Nichols, being the lot numbered twenty-six on a plan of land doled by Zachariah Symmes, June 11th, 1839. Said premises contain about three-eighths of an acre of land, and the sum of nine dollars and seventy-two cents is assessed on the same for the State, County and Town tax of 1863, and the same is unpaid.

One lot of land belonging to Frederick Kidder, of Boston, described thus: South by land now or late of Church Lane, North by a Private Street, East and West by land now or late of the Northern part of Winchester, No. 14 and part of 15, C. & J. R. land. Said premises contain about five-sixths of an acre of land; and the sum of two dollars and seventy cents is assessed on the same for the State, County and Town tax of 1863, and the same is unpaid.

One lot of land belonging to Frederick Kidder, of Boston, described thus: South by land now or late of Church Lane, North by a Private Street, East and West by land now or late of the Northern part of Winchester, No. 14 and part of 15, C. & J. R. land. Said premises contain about five-sixths of an acre of land; and the sum of two dollars and seventy cents is assessed on the same for the State, County and Town tax of 1863, and the same is unpaid.

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ter. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hill-side beyond the shapely diffused town, and in the quiet keeping of the trees that gird the village, steeples, remembrances are cut in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles around many a mound of earth. In town and village, there are doors and windows closed against the weather, there are flaming logs heaped high, there are joyful faces, there is healthy music of voices. Be all ungentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the Household Gods, but be those remembrances admitted with tender encouragement! They are of the time and all its comforting and peaceful reassurances; and of the history that re-enters upon earth the living and the dead; and of the broad beneficence and goodness that too many men have tried to tear to narrow shreds.

#### Pampering the Rising Generation.

We remember certain wise old-fashioned family rules which are sadly missed now; "Children should be seen and not heard;" "still less to intrude their opinions, or contradict older persons." We had then none of those forward, precocious little prigs who, by a foolish parental vanity, are now encouraged to be prominent, and to be ever restless till they are observed. Again, we remember that all luxuries were regarded as rare treats, and often heard, "You are not to expect what your elder brothers have." So there was a settled principle that children should be kept in their proper places, and not think too much of themselves. In all these little things they were taught self-denial, where now they are led to think the world all made for them. The whole of kindness seems to be to pamper and indulge till children are cloyed beyond the sphere of simple pleasures. The child's dance, with all the instincts of the little flirt and coquette, now takes the place of the old-fashioned Christmas gambols in which children were happy without vanity, and did not retire fevered with late hours after a stimulus that made them yearn for dissipation and excitement far from natural to their years.

Charles Lamb said, "The poor do not bring their children up; they drag them up." So we do not bring them up; we force them up. All is precocious; the simplicity of childhood is gone. We see all the airs and attitude of little men and women.

A father of our own standing, when examining into the habits and extravagance of a youth at Cheltenham College—not that the habits there are above the average of modern boys—exclaimed—"Why, this is the extravagance of Oxford, not of school. Our temptations used to be in tarts and apples, bats, balls, and marbles; now you have fancy ties, studs, and all kinds of foppery, with liquors and confectioners' bills!" The luxury of Eton is now dangerously great. Imagine a boy writing to his father that "if he wished him to do the right sort of thing, he must send him a case of champagne!" and having it!

To visit a friend's son at school is now an expensive piece of attention. Shillings and half-crowns used to be handsome; now nothing less than gold is expected. Two or three sovereigns are now as commonly given to take to school as from ten to fifteen shillings used to be.

These are among the advantages of the rising generation. If such effluence were the measure of our national prosperity—if sovereigns could be as easily made by the man as squandered by the boy—it were something; but surely it is a cruel kindness where a cursey and a hundred a year, or a commission with a little more than the pay, or seven years of brilliantness at the bar, or, perhaps, the expenses of London living on the salary of an official, is the sphere for which such a youth of prodigality and indulgence is the supposed preparation.—*English Paper.*

#### Hints to Mothers—Speak Low.

I know some houses, well built and pleasantly furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the disease is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life—an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when parrots and windows are open, and even Pol Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while many a home where the low, firm tones of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye is low, never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mothers! it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you even to try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any—they make them only ten times heavier. For your own as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh word and angry voice.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*



### HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective and alterative of wonderful efficacy in disease of the

**Stomach, Liver and Bowels,**  
Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intestinal Pile, Cramps, and Spasms, and all Complaints of either sex, arising from Biliary Weakness, whether chronic or acute.

Nothing is so wholesome, genial and restorative in its nature, enters into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind, no deadly botanical element, no fiery extract, but it is a combination of the extracts of rare botanical herbs and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is to be forewarned against disease, and so far as the human system can be protected by human means against maladies engendered by an unwholesome atmosphere, impure water, and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

In distaste for food, indigestion, and loss of appetite, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is a powerful remedy. It is a powerful tonic, and is cured by a very brief course of this marvelous medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being pined with quinine for months in vain, if they take a course of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, are not only cured, but their health is restored in a few days by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated, and the appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of Dyspepsia and in less confirmed forms of Indigestion. Acting as a gentle and painless aperient, as well as upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the Constipation superinduced by irregular action of the digestive organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Locomotor Ataxia, and of Languid Habits, find in HOSTETTER'S BITTERS a powerful and reliable remedy. It is a powerful tonic, and is cured by a very brief course of this marvelous medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being pined with quinine for months in vain, if they take a course of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, are not only cured, but their health is restored in a few days by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produces effects which must be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated. In cases of Debility and Indigestion arising from Old Age, it excels the electrician. In the convalescent stages of all diseases, it is a powerful tonic, and is cured by a very brief course of this marvelous medicine. Fever and Ague patients, after being pined with quinine for months in vain, if they take a course of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, are not only cured, but their health is restored in a few days by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburg.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Storekeepers everywhere.

### HELMHOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

**COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.** A positive and specific remedy for Catarrh of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dropsical Swellings. This Medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Viscosity or Catarrhal Deposits, and all Unnatural Effluvia are removed, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

**Helmhold's Extract Buchu.** For Weaknesses arising from Excesses, Habits of Dissipation, Early Indulgence or Abuse, atonicity, Nervousness, Catarrh of the Bladder, Indigestion to Excretion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Uterus, Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Skin, Catarrh of the Face, Dryness of the Skin, Eruptions on the Face, These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine cures, will result in the following diseases: Catarrh of the Bladder, Catarrh of the Uterus, Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Skin, Catarrh of the Face, Dryness of the Skin, Eruptions on the Face, These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which this medicine cures, will result in the following diseases: Catarrh of the Bladder, Catarrh of the Uterus, Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Skin, Catarrh of the Face, Dryness of the Skin, Eruptions on the Face, These 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